



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

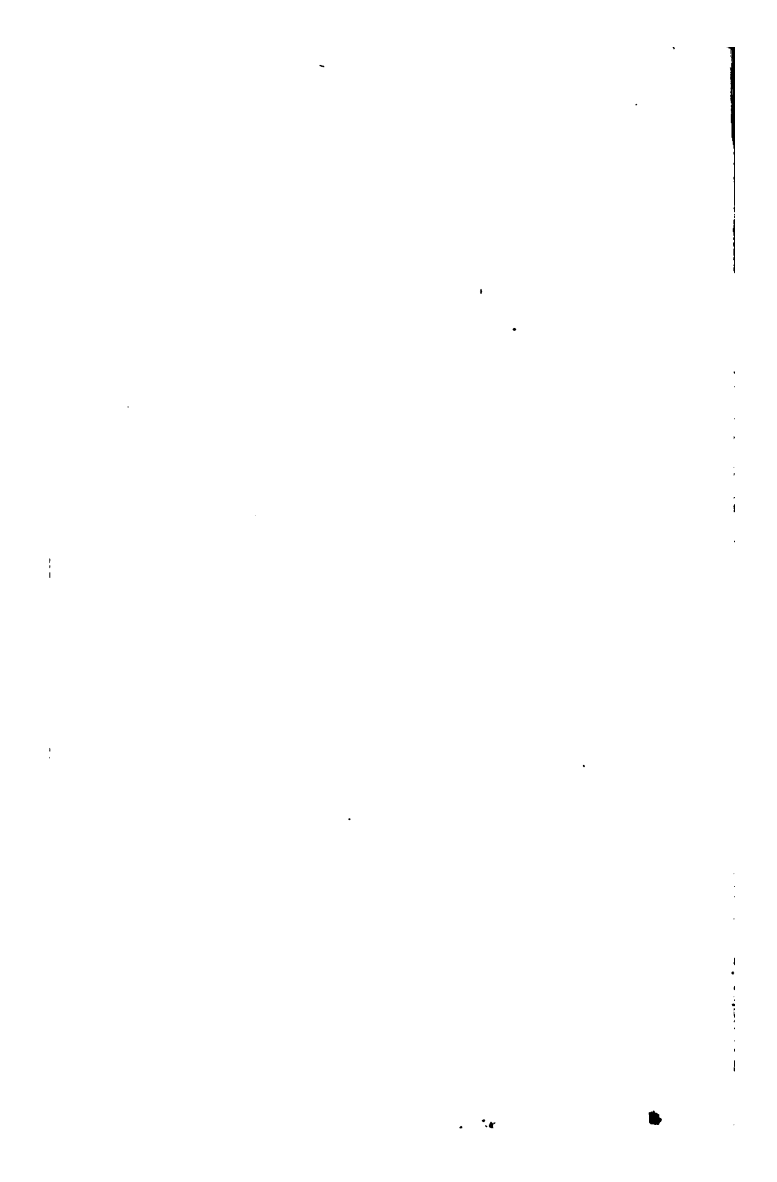


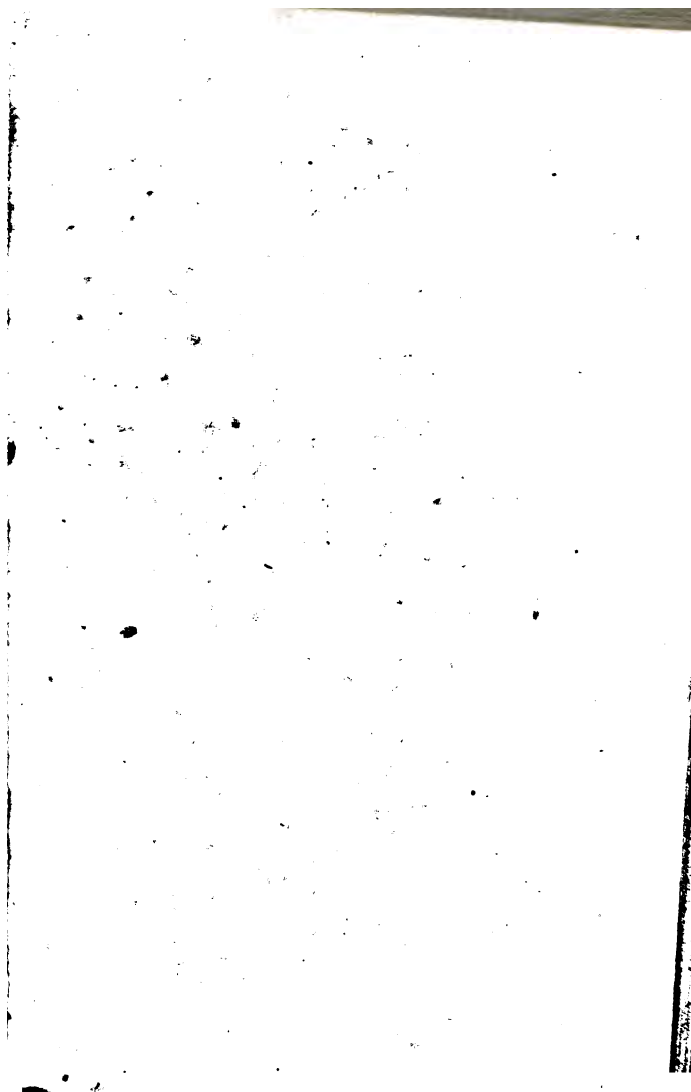
WOMAN'S ARCHIVES

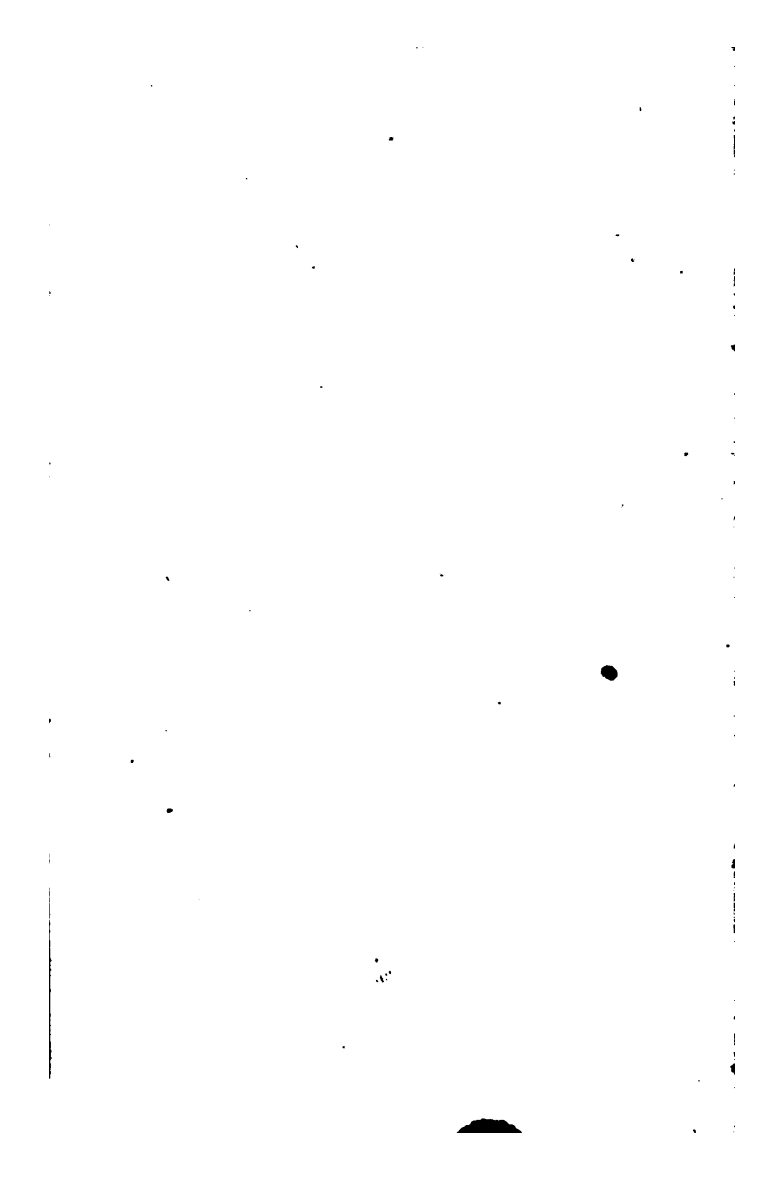
Gift of

MARION HATHWAY PARKER '16









THE
LADIES' BOOK OF ANECDOTES
AND
SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

COMPILED
BY REV. DANIEL SMITH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY REV. R. S. FOSTER.

New-York :
PUBLISHED BY CARLTON & PHILLIPS,
200 MULBERRY-STREET.
1852.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by
LANE & SCOTT,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern
District of New-York.

920
5642

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

THE compiler of the following pages makes no apology for offering this small volume of facts and incidents to the public. If worth publishing, it needs no apologies; if not, they would be useless. But perhaps a few words of explanation may not be deemed amiss. The compiler regards a good anecdote—one that rivets attention, and “points its own moral”—as a gem; a small one if the reader please, but still a gem—a gem worth setting; and he has no objection to employ an occasional hour in the humble work of fixing it in an appropriate and permanent position. Facts illustrate principles—they both entertain and instruct. They are as much better than the great mass of works of fiction, as truth is better than falsehood—as decidedly preferable, as real lakes, fountains, and streams, are to the faithless, tantalizing mirage of the desert. Our

characters are formed by our associations—our principles are derived from our company and our books. If you wish to awaken energy, courage, and fortitude, let examples of these qualities be frequently presented to the mind. If you would bring out a character adorned with Christian graces—a living example of “the beauty of holiness,” while the agent is the Holy Spirit—the *instruments* must be those living models, and the memorials of those of whom it is emphatically said, “They being dead yet speak.” In one word—good company and good books are the *chief instruments of Providence* in the formation of virtuous characters. Bad company and bad books are the two most potent instruments of corruption and vice.

But then the question arises, as to the latter, What books are bad?—a question of immense magnitude, and one in which every person has a deep interest; but one which can be answered here only in a very summary manner.

1. All books are bad whose tendency is to impair our reverence for God, or the teachings of his word.

2. All books are bad which excite the passions and imagination, while they either leave the understanding uninformed, or mislead it *through* the

excitement of passion and imagination. This remark applies especially to those works of fiction which are designed "to thrill, and dazzle, and horrify."

3. All books are bad that lower the standard of morals, paint vice in pleasing colours, familiarize the mind with scenes of licentiousness, and that destroy or impair delicacy of feeling and sentiment.

4. Those books are bad which present false views of life and society, and raise expectations that are never to be realized.

A large majority of works of fiction are liable to the above objections. They inculcate no reverence for God; they impair and destroy our relish for his word—where can you find an habitual novel-reader that loves the Bible!—they excite the passions; they leave the understanding a waste, barren "as the heath in the desert;" they paint vice in alluring colours; they make the mind familiar with licentious scenes and characters; and they present false views of life and manners.

To the incessant reader of works of fiction—and there are many that read little else—life becomes a feverish dream, a state of mental delirium. The quicker sensibilities, and the more active imagina-

tion of woman, contribute to make this delirium the more complete. Spending days and nights in devouring each new stimulating potion, compounded by the quacks of literature, she comes at length to live in *an ideal world*. She is, or would be, not a mere woman, but "*an angel*." To be merely loved, falls infinitely below her expectations; she must be "*adored*." She must live amid groves, and lakes, and glens, and cascades. She must have life spiced with numerous "*adventures*." She must never employ her time in anything bearing the remotest relation to household duties; that would be "*low and vulgar*." She must never visit the cellars or garrets of poverty and suffering; that would "*so shock her delicacy*."

Such are the notions with which a class of scribblers are filling the heads of our young ladies. The supply creates the demand: one exciting potion produces a craving appetite for the second, until the subject, like the Chinese opium-smoker, lives a large portion of her time in an ideal world.

But these day-dreams cannot last always. The time for awaking comes at length. She finds *the real world* to be made of sterner materials than her *ideal* of life and society. Amid the storm

and tumult of life, there are duties to be performed, responsibilities to be met, pains to be borne, and rude buffetings to encounter. Disappointment is followed by repining, irritability, discouragement, and disgust. Life becomes a burden, and is dragged out in weariness—as useless as it is wretched.

That the tendency of much of the reading of the present day is in this direction—that it misleads and enervates while it excites—and that no inconsiderable portion of it is indelicate, voluptuous, and licentious, none can deny.

Allowing these premises, and with the important fact before us, that our schools and seminaries, and the unceasing issues of the press, are creating a taste—a general taste—for reading, and one that will be gratified with food of some kind, it becomes the friends of virtue and piety to be on the alert, to supply a wholesome and nutritive intellectual and moral aliment for these millions of young readers. If a portion of light reading is demanded, let it be furnished; but let it be truth, not falsehood; let it tend to the formation of virtuous, and not vicious characters.

Entertaining these sentiments, the compiler of this volume has aimed at preparing a fourth small volume, for the fire-side, or a leisure hour, that

should both please and edify. He believes it such as a husband may find pleasure in presenting to his wife; a parent to a daughter; a brother to a sister; or a companion to his friend. If it do a little good, it will be immensely better than doing harm.

D. S.

Kingston, Feb. 25, 1851.

CONTENTS.

Female Heroism.

	Page		Page
A Mind superior to Misfortune.....	17	Mrs. Thomas Heyward...	41
Heroic Enterprise of Clælia.....	19	Miss Mary Anna Gibbes...	42
Margaret of Anjou.....	21	Mrs. Richard Shubrick...	43
Singular Adventure of a Poetess.....	22	Intrepid Mother.....	45
Touching Incident.....	27	A Courageous Woman...	46
A Revolutionary Matron..	28	The Miller's Maid, or the Value of Presence of Mind.....	48
Intrepid Enterprise.....	29	Mrs. Garnault.....	55
Grace Darling.....	30	Another Grace Darling...	63

Mental Culture.

Anne, Mother of Lord Bacon	68	Eliza Frothingham	78
Miss Hannah Adams.....	69	Mrs. Sarah B. Judson.....	80
Francisca Anna Pascalis Canfield	74	Early Rising.....	83

The Wife.

The Baroness of Reidesel	84	Amusing Incident	145
The Duchess of Bavaria..	92	Extravagance and Bankruptcy	148
Struggle between Conjugal and Filial Love.....	93	Reforming a Wife.....	149
Gertrude von der Wart...	96	Bridal Quarrels.....	151
Lady Rachel Russell.....	102	Power of a Smile.....	154
The Soldier's Wife.....	103	"A soft answer turneth away wrath".....	155
Life is Sweet	109	More Prayer.....	156
Mrs. Ann H. Judson	111		
An Instructive Sketch....	140		

The Mother.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

The Mother.....	157	The Dead Child.....	163
Three Days of Agony.....	158	The Mother and the Lion.	165
The Frozen Dead	162	Merchandise of Children ..	166

	Page		Page
The Perilous Journey.....	167	Affecting Family Scene...	177
Perilous Combat.....	172	Marchioness de Spadara...	177
The Rock of the Mother..	172	Melancholy Catastrophe..	178

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

Mother of Baron Cuvier..	179	The Sailor and his Praying	
Mother of Lamartine.....	180	Mother	225
My Mother's Example	181	A Mother's Memory	227
Drop Words and Smiles...	182	A Spoiled Child.....	228
Governing with the Eye..	183	"Forsake not the law of	
Power of the Voice.....	183	thy mother".....	228
Mrs. Sarah Edwards.....	186	Mrs. Susannah Wesley...	229
The Mother's Last Prayer	187	An Incident, with a Moral.	239
Mrs. Savage.....	192	Parents of Joshua Rowley	
Mother of Dr. A. Clarke...	193	Gilpin.....	243
A Scene in Philadelphia		Memoir of Doctor Scott's	
Penitentiary.....	193	Eldest Daughter.....	253
"Let me be Buried by my		My Mother never tells a lie	259
Mother".....	195	"Afraid to see God".....	260
Rev. Henry Longdon....	199	Time to begin.....	261
Mrs. Beecher.....	203	A Wise and pious Mother.	263
Monica, Mother of St. Au-		The Ruined Son.....	263
gustine	204	The Indulged Child.....	267
Mother of Rev. Dr. Waugh	210	The Will Conquered....	269
The Mother of Washington	212	The Mother of Byron....	271
Lady Stormont.....	224	A Word to Mothers	274
The Best Recommenda-		Contagious Effect of a Mo-	
tion.....	224	ther's Fear	274

The Daughter.

My Mother.....	276	A Family made Happy....	286
The Shipwreck.....	277	Results of Decision and	
Gentle Reproof.....	282	Perseverance ..	288
Incident at Whalesback		Happy Results of Early	
Lighthouse.....	282	Piety	295
The Useful Epistle.....	284	Affecting Admonition	298

The Sister.

The Duchess D'Alençon..	300	Bety Ambos.....	302
-------------------------	-----	-----------------	-----

The Orphan.

Washington's Advice to a		The Sick Orphan.....	332
Young Lady—an Orphan	325	The Orphan Sisters.....	337
Pity the Orphan	327		

CONTENTS.

11

The Christian.

	Page		Page
Faith	339	Death of Mrs. Sarah Wesley.....	351
Love for the Bible.....	340	The Aggressive Principle.....	352
Princess Amelia.....	340	A Wounded Conscience..	353
Light after Darkness.....	341	"Did not know she had a Soul"	355
Dr. Gifford and the Prisoner	341	The First Awakened in a Revival	355
Mrs. Robinson.....	342	The Death of a Missionary	357
Mrs. Legare.....	347		
Mrs. Lewis.....	348		
Beautiful Apologue.....	350		
"A Word in Season".....	350		

Benevolence and Benevolent Efforts.

The Countess of Warwick	361	The Widow's Offering....	367
Lady Huntingdon's Gardener.....	362	Mrs. Hannah More.....	368
The Reformed Soldier....	363	The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.....	368
Missionary Zeal.....	366	The Difference.....	369

Amusements.

WORKS OF FICTION.

Robert Hall's Opinion of Miss Edgeworth's Writings.....	371	Medical Testimony.....	375
Coleridge's Opinion of the Works of Fiction.....	372	Hannah More's Opinion...	375
President Humphrey's "	373	Dr. Beecher on French Novels.....	376
A Historical Testimony...	374	Charity of the Novelist....	378
		Fenelon's Opinion.....	380
		Goldsmith's Opinion.....	381

DANCING.

Mrs. Judson	362
-------------------	-----

THEATRES.

The Burning of Richmond Theatre, 1811	383	A Conclusive Argument..	383
---	-----	-------------------------	-----

DRESS.

Exercise and Dress.....	387	The Converted Karen....	394
The Pearl of Great Price..	392		

Marriage.

Romantic Incident.....	395	Miss Gamble and W. Wirt	398
Sage Advice.....	396	A Broken Heart..	401
A Fact with a Moral.....	397	Mr. Pitt and Sir William Farquhar.....	409
Marriage in Lapland.....	397		

Chastity.

	Page		Page
The Difference.....	404	Reproof shall not be wiped away"	418
Grief that knows no Solace	404	A Narrow Escape.....	418
The Unexpected Wedding	408	Timely Visit.....	420
A broken Heart.....	410	Villanous Attempt.....	421
"A Wound and Dishonour shall he get, and his		The Danger of Trusting Young Females Alone..	422

Miscellaneous.

A Nunnery Abandoned... ..	424	Providential Deliverance..	435
A Ready Reply.....	425	Piety Respected.....	438
A Dream.....	425	The Perils of Falsehood..	438
Presentiment.....	428	The Old Man and the Princess.....	439
Hospitality.....	429	The Beautiful Maniac	441
The Dark Places of the Earth	430	Almost Fatal.....	444
God was in Christ.....	431	Two Noble-hearted Children.....	445
Infanticide	431	A Child's Faith.....	447
Signal Deliverance.....	432		
There are No Graves There	433		

INTRODUCTION.

THE power of well-conceived and well-uttered anecdote has been universally experienced. Its charm is felt in the nursery, and ceases not amid the decay of age. Savage and civilized bow to its sway. The poet uses it to embellish his verse—the orator, to give power and pathos to his address—the historian, to impart life and sparkle to his narrative—the polemic, to strengthen and rivet his argument—and the moralist and divine, to enforce and illustrate the great and infinite truths of ethics and religion. It soothes to quietness and arouses to revenge—tranquillizes and inflames. Whose heart has not heaved and palpitated under its spell, and then hushed and stood still as the thrilling recital went on? Whose soul has not been stirred to its depths at the story of heroic deeds? Whose eye has refused copious tears at the joyous issue of chivalrous struggles? When did the well-told tale want a listener—the truthful anecdote a reader? Some, indeed, may scorn it, and turn away; but anecdote has a philosophy—a power. The compiler has sought to turn this power to a good and useful purpose in the following pages. The volume is not intended to occupy the place of more serious and weighty productions, which need to be read with care

and studied with labour; but rather as a book of useful and entertaining recreation. Great truths are sought to be illustrated and enforced by worthy and influential examples; so that in a leisure hour or a spare moment a gem may be obtained—an impulse acquired. It is believed that such a book will find readers, and cannot fail to impart pleasure: and it is to be hoped that many, who may find time to cast upon its pages but the transient glance of the otherwise unemployed minute, may derive high impulses, be awakened to noble aspirations, or find fresh cheer in the toil of worthy deeds.

This volume is one of a series, comprising *Anecdotes of the Christian Ministry*, *Anecdotes for the Fireside*, *Anecdotes for the Young*. The subjects which it proposes to illustrate are as follows:—

Chapter I.—*Female Heroism*.—The illustrating cases are selected from authentic history,—and, possessing all the charms of fiction, have the advantage of rigid truthfulness. Margaret of Anjou, queen of Henry VI.—Madame Deshoulières, the celebrated French poetess—the heroine of Monterey—Mrs. Lewis of our own Revolution—Grace Darling, immortalized by the rescue of the Forfarshire crew, in Berwick Bay—Mrs. Thomas Heyward, who refused to illuminate for the victory at Guildford—the youthful Mary Anna Gibbes—Mrs. Shubrick, the intrepid—and many others, enrich this section of the work with most interesting and instructive incidents. The Miller's Maid, or the value of presence of mind, is a moving and beautiful sketch. Mrs. Garnaut, by Wendell Phillips, is the outline of a long life crowded into a few years, exhibiting a self-sacrifice and devotion rarely found in the annals of

the race. This chapter alone, for the pleasure and profit it will furnish to the reader, is worth double the price of the volume. It would be difficult to place in the hands of a child or youth a book which will be read with greater avidity, and which when read will leave so useful an impression,—expanding the mind with noble and magnanimous sentiments, and exciting to high and worthy deeds.

The second section is entitled *Mental Culture*, and selects its examples from such names as Anne, the mother of Lord Bacon—Hannah Adams—Eliza Frothingham—Sarah B. Judson, and others well known to fame, as furnishing brilliant instances of the highest mental culture. The youthful reader will especially derive profit, as well as entertainment, from the sketch of Miss Adams, whose writings add lustre to our indigenous literature, and show what may be achieved even under great difficulties. Miss Frothingham, also, one of our country's ornaments, will incite to noble thoughts and high efforts.

The Wife.—This constitutes the third subject,—and furnishes a wide and varied range of sparkling and beautiful narrative. The first is a sketch of the Baroness of Reidesel, the amiable wife of General Reidesel, of the army of Burgoyne, and embraces some of the stirring scenes of the Revolution. It will be perused with excited interest,—and will show how wives may be lovely and useful even amid the roughest scenes of life. The interesting anecdote of the Duchess of Bavaria—which, though repeated a thousand times, will never fail to elicit tears, as an instance of pure affection and great heroism—is the second in this rich casket. Gertrude von der Wart—Lady

Rachel Russell—Ann H. Judson, enrich this section, with many others less known, but worthy of immortality. The young wife and the fair candidate for connubial responsibilities will learn invaluable lessons here in a small space.

Then follow in succession sections, all fraught with many interesting examples, entitled—Maternal Affection—Maternal Influence—The Daughter—The Sister—The Orphan—The Christian—Benevolence and Benevolent Efforts—Works of Fiction—Dancing—Theatres—Dress—Marriage—Chastity—Miscellaneous.

I am well persuaded that the compiler will have contributed a valuable auxiliary for good in this volume,—and whoever may purchase and read it will be the gainer. The student will find it a pleasing recreation from his toil; the business-man, a good companion for his spare moments; the youth, a good prompter; age, a good support; and all who may choose to obtain it will find a cheap source of useful and entertaining information, and of profitable and purifying intellectual pleasure. As a book for the spare minutes, and as particularly adapted to entertain and profit the young, I most cordially commend it to all, praying for it a career of success and usefulness.

R. S. FOSTER.

THE
LADIES' BOOK OF ANECDOTES.

FEMALE HEROISM.

A MIND SUPERIOR TO MISFORTUNE.

THE conduct of a French woman, at that disastrous period when the Revolution involved hundreds of families in misery and ruin, displayed much strength of mind and fortitude.

Her family, consisting of her husband and five children, pined in want, in a small cottage at the extremity of a town. They had formerly been opulent, and the father, whose temper was violent, supported his misfortune with an impatience difficult to express. He frequently considered whether he should not put an end to his life. His wife, observing the agitation of his mind, and knowing him capable of a rash act, meditated on the means of withdrawing him from his project. But the difficulty was to find motives sufficiently strong. His affection for her and his children was rather calculated to push him to extremity; for it was evident, he never thought on them without anguish border-

ing on despair. To propose to him to have recourse to the charity of his neighbours, she knew would wound his pride, which was excessive. Besides, she was not certain of the success of that expedient, and she knew that a refusal would be a thousand times more cruel than any species of torture. Even the resource of consolation was not left her, for her husband would not listen to any topic that might afford hope, but impatiently pressed her to die with him, and to persuade their children to the same resolution. Surrounded by so many subjects of discouragement, the wife never abandoned herself to despair. One idea arose in her mind, which she expressed to her husband with so much tenderness and courage, that it almost instantly restored his mind to tranquillity.

"All is not lost," she said; "I have health, and our five children also. Let us leave this town, and retire to some place where we are not known, and I and my children will labour to support their father." She added, that if their labour was insufficient, she would privately beg alms for his support. The husband ruminated a while over this proposition, and took his resolution with a constancy worthy of the honourable life he ever after led.

"No," he said, "I will not reduce you to the disgrace of beggary for me; but since you are capable of such attachment to me, I know what remains to render me worthy of it."

He then lost no time in collecting together the remnants of his property, which produced a hundred

pistoles, and quitted the town with his family, taking the road to a distant department; and in the first place where he thought he was not known, he changed his dress for the coarse attire of a peasant, making his whole family do the same; and, continuing his route, arrived at a town which he thought fit for his purpose; in the neighbourhood of which he hired a cabin, with a field, and a small vineyard. He then bought some wool and flax to employ the girls, and tools, to cultivate the land, for himself and the boys, the use of which he hired a person to teach him.

A few weeks sufficed to conquer all difficulties. The example of the father and mother excited emulation among the children, and, acquiring a competence from its labour and constancy, originating in the courage and fortitude of a virtuous woman, the whole family lived from that time in perfect peace and domestic union.

HEROIC ENTERPRISE OF CLOELIA.

True nobility is exempt from fear;
More can I bear than you dare execute.—SHAKESPEARE.

In the early part of the history of Rome, the inhabitants of that city, having concluded a peace with Porsenna, king of Etruria, in order to render their treaty more lasting, sent their daughters to that monarch as hostages.

Upon their arrival at the camp of the Etrurians, one of these virgins, named Clœlia, considering that their chastity was not secure among so many war-

riors, exhorted her companions to deliver themselves from this just apprehension, telling them that it would be better to expose their lives than their honour. Having succeeded in bringing her companions to entertain the same opinion, they unanimously adopted the courageous resolution of escaping from their enemies by swimming across the Tiber to Rome. This extraordinary feat they actually performed in safety, and, under the guidance of Clœlia, arrived at their native city ; but, although their parents could not fail to applaud their adventurous enterprise, they would not thus suffer the public faith to be violated, and, with true Roman severity, they sent them back to the king, that he might punish them if he thought proper.

Brought into the presence of Porsenna, the monarch inquired who first proposed so dangerous an enterprise ! The Roman virgins, imagining that this question was put with a view of punishing the author of the project, remained silent ; but they were spared the pain of betraying their leader by the candid avowal of Clœlia, who informed Porsenna that she alone was the author of the offence ; and that, in consequence, no one but herself deserved punishment. Porsenna was so charmed with this frank acknowledgment, that he could not refrain from bestowing on the courage of the captive maiden the admiration it so justly merited ; he immediately granted her her own liberty, and that of her companions, presenting her, at the same time, with a cataphractory horse, which was the recompense of a brave man who had sig-

nalized himself in battle ; as much as to say, that her action equalled that of the most brave. He also permitted Clælia to choose, among the other hostages, those whom she would most like to set at liberty ; she immediately selected all the young children, as she considered their situation most exposed to fatigue and danger.

Accompanied by the Roman virgins and the children whose freedom she had obtained, Clælia returned to Rome with all the magnificence of a triumph, where she was received with joy equal to her own by its citizens, who were justly proud of their alliance with so illustrious a female. A statue on horseback was afterwards erected in a public market-place, to commemorate the virtue and boldness of Clælia, and the generosity of Porsenna.

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

Courage alone can save us.—SOUTHEY.

IN the chivalrous ages, woman not only attacked and defended fortifications, but even commanded armies and obtained victories.

Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, by her uncommon genius and courage, supported her feeble husband under the most trying circumstances, teaching him how to conquer, by her example : she replaced him on the throne, and twice relieved him from prison. This queen displayed a remarkable presence of mind on many occasions, but more particularly once when she had escaped with great difficulty from the field of battle ; and, carrying her

infant son in her arms, was seeking for shelter in a neighbouring forest : wandering about in this forlorn situation, she lost her way, and was stopped by some robbers, who, after plundering her of her jewels, began to quarrel concerning the division of the booty. Margaret took advantage of this favourable opportunity to make her escape, which she had scarcely effected, when, breathless and ready to faint with fatigue, she encountered another robber, sword in hand. The maternal affection and never-failing presence of mind of the queen suggested the following expedient at this critical moment :—" Here, my friend !" she exclaimed, (as she advanced and presented her child to the robber,) " to your care I commit the safety of your king's son." The ruffian, overcome with astonishment and delight at the confidence so unexpectedly reposed in him, afforded the royal fugitives all the protection and assistance which their situation demanded, and finally procured them a safe passport to Flanders.

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF A POETESS.

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.—SHAKESPEARE.

MADAME DESHOULIERES, the celebrated French poetess, was at one time on a visit at the chateau of the Count and Countess de Luneville. Upon her arrival, she was requested to make her choice of all the bed-rooms in the mansion, one only excepted, which no one was permitted to enter, as a report had been circulated that it was a haunted apartment, and,

from the strange noises that had been frequently heard at night in it, it was generally believed to be the case, by the inhabitants of the chateau. Madame Deshoulieres was no sooner made acquainted with this circumstance, than, to the surprise and terror of her friends, she declared her intention of occupying this dreaded room in preference to any other. The count looked aghast, as she disclosed this determination, and, in a tremulous voice, entreated her not to be so rash, since, however brave curiosity might, at present, make her, it was probable that she would pay too dearly for its gratification.

The countess, observing that all that her husband said failed of intimidating the high-spirited Madame Deshoulieres, now added her persuasions to divert her friend from the enterprise, from which the bravest man might shrink appalled. All the arguments that could be urged were insufficient to shake the determined purpose of the adventurer. Her courage was superior to these representations of the dangers to which she was going to expose herself, because she was convinced that they must owe their colouring to superstition, acting upon weak minds; she entertained no faith in the fleshy arm of a departed spirit, and from an immaterial one her life was safe. Her noble host and hostess pleaded, pitied, blamed, but at length yielded to her wish of taking possession of the haunted chamber. Madame Deshoulieres found it grand and spacious,—the windows dark, from the thickness of the walls,—the chimney antique, and of cavernous depth. As soon as Madame

was undressed, she stepped into bed, and ordered a large candle to be placed in the bracket, which stood in a stand near it, and, enjoining her *femme-de-chambre* to shut the door securely, dismissed her. Having provided herself with a book, according to custom, she calmly read her usual time, and then sunk to repose. She was soon roused by a noise at the door; it opened, and the sound of footsteps succeeded. Madame Deshoulières immediately decided that this must be the supposed ghost, and, therefore, addressed it with the assurance that, if it hoped to frighten her from her purpose, of detecting the impostor which had excited such foolish alarm throughout the castle, it would find itself disappointed in the attempt, for she was resolutely bent upon penetrating and exposing it, at all hazards. No answer was returned; the threat was reiterated, but all to no purpose. At length the intruder came in contact with a large screen, which it overturned so near the bed, that, getting entangled in the curtains, which played loosely on the rings, they returned a sound so sharp, that one under the influence of fear would have taken it for the shrill scream of an unquiet spirit; but Madame was perfectly undismayed, as she afterwards declared. On the contrary, she continued to interrogate the nocturnal visitor, whom she suspected to be one of the domestics; but it still maintained an unbroken silence, though nothing could be less quiet in its movements, for now it ran against the stand on which stood the heavy candle and candlestick, which fell with a thundering noise.

At length, tired of all these exertions, it came and rested itself at the foot of the bed. Madame Deshoulieres, still retaining her self-possession, immediately exclaimed, "Ah! now I shall ascertain what thou art!" at the same time she extended both her hands towards the place against which she felt that the intruder was resting. They came in contact with two ears, soft as velvet, which she firmly grasped, determined to retain her hold till the morning should lend its light to discover to whom or to what they belonged. Day at length released her from the awkward and painful position in which she had remained for many hours, and discovered her prisoner to be Gros Blanc, a large dog belonging to the chateau, and as worthy, if faith and honesty deserve the title, as any of its inhabitants. Far from resenting the bondage in which Madame Deshoulieres had so long kept him, he licked her hands, while she enjoyed a hearty laugh at this ludicrous end of an adventure, for which she had braced every nerve.

In the mean time, the count and countess, wholly given up to their fears, had found it impossible to close their eyes during the night. The trial to which their friend had exposed herself grew more terrible to their imagination, the more they dwelt upon it, till they at length persuaded themselves that death would be the inevitable consequence. With these forebodings, they proceeded, as soon as it was light, to the apartment of Madame Deshoulieres; scarcely had they courage to enter it, or to speak when they had done so.

From this state of petrification they were relieved by their friend undrawing her curtains, and paying them the compliment of the morning, with a triumphant look. She then related all that had passed, with an impressive solemnity; and, having roused intense curiosity to know the catastrophe, she said, "Monsieur, you shall no longer continue in an illusion which long indulgence has endeared to you. There. (pointing to Gros Blanc) is the nocturnal visitor whom you have so long taken for the ghost of your mother;" for such the count had concluded it to be, from his mother having been the last person who died at the chateau. "I will now," continued the heroic lady, "complete my task, and emancipate your mind from the shackles of superstition, by proving to you that all which has so long disturbed the peace of your family has arisen from natural causes." Madame arose, and made her friends examine the lock of the door, the wood of which was so decayed as to render the locking of it useless, against a very moderate degree of strength. This facility of entrance had been, evidently, the cause of Gros Blanc, who liked not sleeping out of doors, making choice of this room. The rest is easily accounted for: Gros Blanc smelt, and wished to possess himself of the candle, in attempting which he committed all the blunders, and caused all the noises which had disturbed the silence of the night; and he would have taken possession of the bed also, if he had not given the lady an opportunity of seizing his ears. Thus are the most simple events magni-

fied into omens of fearful and supernatural agency, while the conduct of Madame Deshoulieres affords one example, among many others, of the superiority which presence of mind and courage possess over superstition and credulity.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

THE Louisville Journal publishes the following extract of a letter from Monterey, describing a most touching incident in the great battle :—

CAMP MONTEREY, Oct. 7, 1846.

Hungry and cold, I crept to one corner of the fort to get in the sunshine, and at the same time to shelter myself from the bombs that were flying thick around me. I looked out, and, some two or three hundred yards from the fort, I saw a Mexican female carrying water and food to the wounded men of both armies. I saw her lift the head of one poor fellow, give him water, and then take a handkerchief from her own head and bind up his wounds; attending one or two others, she went back for more water. As she was returning I heard the crack of one or two guns, and the good creature fell; after a few struggles all was still—she was dead. I turned my eyes to heaven, and thought, “O God! and this is war!” I cannot believe but that the shot was an accidental one. The next day, passing into another fort, I passed her dead body. It was lying on its back, with the bread and broken gourd containing a few drops of water. We buried her amidst

showers of grape and round shot, occasionally dodging a shell or twelve pounder, and expecting every moment to have another grave to dig for one of ourselves.

A REVOLUTIONARY MATRON.

PERHAPS no saying of Washington is more frequently quoted upon patriotic occasions in Virginia, than this: "Leave me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of Augusta, and I will rally around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust, and set her free."

The incident, however, which led to this remark, is not so generally known. It is thus related in Howe's Historical Collection: "When the British force under Tarleton drove the Legislature from Charlotteville to Staunton, the stillness of the Sabbath eve was broken in the latter town by the beat of the drum, and volunteers were called for, to prevent the passage of the British through the mountains at Rockfish Gap. The elder sons of Mr. Lewis, who then resided at the old fort, were absent with the Northern army. Three sons, however, were at home, whose ages were seventeen, fifteen, and thirteen years. Mr. Lewis was confined to his room by sickness, but his wife, with the firmness of a Roman matron, called them to her, and bade them fly to the defence of their native land. "Go, my children," said she, "I spare not my youngest, my fair-haired boy, the comfort of my declining years. I devote you all to my country. Keep back the

foot of the invader from the soil of Augusta, or see my face no more." It was the narration of this incident to Washington, which caused the enthusiastic exclamation so often quoted.

INTREPID ENTERPRISE.

It was to a woman that Europe was first indebted for the introduction of inoculation for the smallpox, originally a benefit of the greatest consequence. When Lady Mary Wortley Montague resided at Constantinople with her husband, who was ambassador to the Ottoman court, the practice of inoculation was universal throughout the Turkish dominions. Lady Mary examined into the practice with such attention as to become perfectly satisfied of its efficacy, and gave the most intrepid and convincing proof of her belief, in 1717, by inoculating her own son, who was then about three years of age. Mr. Maitland, who had attended the embassy in a medical character, first endeavoured to establish the practice in London, and was encouraged by Lady Mary's patronage. In 1721 the experiment was successfully tried on some criminals. With so much ardour did Lady Mary, on her return, enforce this salutary innovation among the mothers of her own rank, that, as we find in her letters, much of her time was necessarily dedicated to various consultations, and to the superintendence of the success of her plan. In 1722 she had a daughter of six years old inoculated, who was afterwards Countess of Bute; and, in a short time, the children of the royal family that had not had

the smallpox, underwent the same operation with success; the nobility soon followed the example; and the practice thus gradually extended among all ranks and to all countries, in spite of many strong prejudices which it had to encounter.

GRACE DARLING.

IN bringing to view records of the humanity of woman, what name is more deserving of a place in our pages than that of Grace Darling?—a name, from the court to the cottage, associated with one of the noblest acts of heroism which have done honour to the female sex. I will proceed at once to her history, for the conduct of this young woman needs no comment; it appeals directly to the heart of every individual.

Grace Darling was one of the numerous family of William Darling, a light-house keeper. Her grandfather, Robert Darling, originally a cooper, at Dunse, in Berwickshire, removed to Belford, in Northumberland, and finally settled as keeper of the coal-light on the Brownsman, the outermost of the Farne Islands, on the coast of the last-mentioned county. William Darling succeeded his father in that situation, but in 1826 was transferred to the lighthouse on the Longstone, another of the same group of islands.

Grace was born November 24th, 1815, at Bainborough, on the Northumberland coast, being the seventh child of her parents. These children were all educated in a respectable manner; Grace writing a hand equal to most ladies. She assisted her

mother in managing the little household at Longstone, and was remarkable for her retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. She had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred by which her name has been rendered so famous.

The Farne Islands, twenty-five in number, at low tide, though situated at no great distance from the Northumbrian coast, are desolate in an uncommon degree; and through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great force. Many a shipwreck must have happened there in ancient as well as modern times. Some of these are on record, but I will not pause to relate them. Mr. Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says, "It was, like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds, waves, and tempests, since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass, nor a grain of earth; it was bare and iron-like stone, crusted round all the coast, as far as high-water mark, with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same; into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring, in raging whiteness, and churning the rude fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices with sea-weeds, like great round ropes, and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly."

Such was the scene of the early days of Grace Darling : this young person herself is said to have been about the middle size, of fair complexion, and a comely countenance, with nothing masculine in her appearance ; but, on the contrary, gentle in aspect, with an expression of the greatest mildness and benevolence. William Howitt, the poet, who visited her after the deed which made her so celebrated, found her a realization of his idea of Jeanie Deans, the amiable and true-spirited heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel, who did and suffered so much for her unfortunate sister. She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. " You see," says he, " that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion—a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration ; puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself."

The following is the account of the event which withdrew the name of Grace Darling from its hitherto humble obscurity, and called into action the whole energies of her mind and heart, in one momentary impulse of feeling :—

" The *Forfarshire* steamer, a vessel of about 300 tons' burden, under the command of Mr. John Humble, formerly master of the *Neptune*, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of

Wednesday, the 5th of September, 1838, about half-past six o'clock, with a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet iron ; and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained, Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards ; in all, sixty-three persons.

"The *Forfarshire* was only two years old, but there can be no doubt that her boilers were in a culpable state of disrepair. Previous to leaving Hull, the boilers had been examined, and a small leak closed up ; but when off Flamborough Head, the leakage re-appeared, and continued for about six hours ; not, however, to much extent, as the pumps were able to keep the vessel dry. In the subsequent examinations, the engine-man, Allen Stewart, stated his opinion, that he had frequently seen the boiler as bad as it was on this occasion. The fireman, Daniel Donovan, however, represented the leakage as considerable ; so much so, that two of the fires were extinguished, but they were re-lighted after the boilers had been partially repaired. The progress of the vessel was, of course, retarded, and three steamvessels passed her before she had proceeded far. The unusual bustle on board the *Forfarshire*, in consequence of the state of the boilers, attracted the notice of several of the passengers ; and Mrs. Dawson, a steerage passenger, who was one of the survivors, stated, that even before the vessel left Hull, so strong was her impression, from indica-

tions on board, that all was not right, that if her husband, who is a glassman, had come down to the packet in time, she would have returned with him on shore.

“In this inefficient state the vessel proceeded on her voyage, and passed through the ‘Fairway,’ between the Farne Islands and the land, about six o’clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick Bay about eight o’clock the same evening, the sea running high, and the wind blowing strong from the north. From the motion of the vessel, the leak increased to such a degree that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in. About ten o’clock she bore up off St. Abb’s Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines, soon after, became entirely useless, and the engine-man reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length, breakers were discovered close to leeward; and the Farne lights, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board.

Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert the catastrophe by running the vessel between the islands and the mainland ; she would not answer the helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock she struck, with her bows foremost, on the rock, the ruggedness of which is such, that at periods when it is dry, it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it ; and the edge which met the *Forfarshire's* timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep, or more.

" At this juncture, a part of the crew, intent only on self-preservation, lowered the larboard quarter boat down, and left the ship. Amongst these was Mr. Ruthven Ritchie, of Hill of Ruthven, in Perthshire, who had been roused from bed, and had only time to put on his trousers, when, rushing upon deck, he saw and took advantage of this opportunity of escape, by flinging himself into the boat. His uncle and aunt, attempting to follow his example, fell into the sea, and perished in his sight. The scene on board was of the most awful kind. Several females were uttering cries of anguish and despair ; and amongst them stood the bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection which it was not in his power to give. Very soon after the first shock, a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and, raising her off the rock, allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken in two pieces ; and the after part,

containing the cabin, with many passengers, was instantly carried off, through a tremendous current, called the Pifa Gut, which is considered dangerous even in good weather, while the fore part remained on the rock. The captain and his wife seem to have been amongst those who perished in the hinder part of the vessel.

“At the moment when the boat parted, about eight or nine of the passengers betook themselves to the windlass, in the fore part of the vessel, which they conceived to be the safest place. Here, also, a few sailors took their station, although despairing of relief. In the fore cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the waves, was Sarah Dawson, the wife of a weaver, with two children. When relief came, life was found trembling in the bosom of this poor woman, but her two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms.

“The sufferers, nine in number, (five of the crew and four passengers,) remained in their dreadful situation till day-break, exposed to the buffeting of the waves, amidst darkness, and fearful that every rising surge would sweep the fragment of wreck on which they stood into the deep. Such was their situation, when, as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone, by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. A mist hovered over the island; and though the wind had somewhat abated in violence, the sea, which even in the calmest weather is never at rest amongst the gorges between these iron pinnacles, still raged

fearfully. At the lighthouse there were only Mr. and Mrs. Darling, and their heroic daughter. The boisterous state of the sea is sufficiently attested by the fact, that, at a later period of the day, a reward of £5, offered by Mr. Smeddle, the steward of Bamborough Castle, could scarcely induce a party of fishermen to venture off from the mainland.

“To have braved the perils of that terrible passage, then, would have done the highest honour to the well-tried nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex; but what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm? Through the dim mist, with the aid of the glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succouring them? Mr. Darling, it is said, shrunk from the attempt—*not so his daughter*. At *her* solicitation, the boat was launched: with the assistance of her mother, the father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed, that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, others of the family being always at hand.

“In estimating the danger which the heroic adventurers encountered, there is one circumstance which ought not to be forgotten. Had it not been ebb-tide, the boat could not have passed between the islands; and Darling and his daughter knew that the tide would be flowing on their return, when their

united strength would have been utterly insufficient to pull the boat back to the lighthouse island ; so that, had they not got the assistance of the survivors in rowing back again, they themselves would have been compelled to remain on the rock beside the wreck, until the tide again ebbed.

“ It could only have been by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock ; and when there, a danger—greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it—arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and preventing its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever-restless chafing and heaving of the billows. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The deep sense which one of the poor fellows entertained of the generous conduct of Darling and his daughter, was testified by his eyes filling with tears when he described it. The thrill of delight which he experienced when the boat was observed approaching the rock, was converted into a feeling of amazement, which he could not find language to express, when he became aware of the fact that one of their deliverers was a female !

“ The sufferers were conveyed, at once, to the lighthouse, which was in fact their only place of refuge at the time ; and, owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there from Friday till Sunday. A boat’s crew, that came off to their

relief from North Sunderland, were also obliged to remain. This made a party of nearly twenty persons at the lighthouse, in addition to its usual inmates; and such an unprepared-for accession could not fail to occasion considerable inconvenience. Grace gave up her bed to poor Mrs. Dawson, whose sufferings, both mental and bodily, were intense, and contented herself with lying down on a table. The other sufferers were accommodated with the best substitutes for beds which could be provided, and the boat's crew slept on the floor around the fire.

"The entire number saved was eighteen, of whom thirteen belonged to the vessel, and five were passengers. The remainder, including the captain and his wife, Mr. Bell, factor to the Earl of Kinnoul, the Rev. John Robb, Dunkeld, and some ladies in a respectable rank in society, perished.

"The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name over all Europe. Immediately on the circumstances being made known through the newspapers, that lonely lighthouse became the centre of attraction to curious and sympathizing thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in most instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father over to Alnwick Castle, and pre-

sented her with a gold watch, which she always afterwards wore when visitors came.

"The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks; the president presented her with a handsome silver tea-pot; and she received almost innumerable testimonials, of greater or less value, from admiring strangers. A public subscription was raised, with a view of rewarding her for her bravery and humanity; her name resounded with applause amongst all ranks; portraits of her were eagerly sought for; and to such a pitch did the enthusiasm reach, that a large nightly sum was offered her by the proprietors of one or more of the metropolitan theatres, and other places of amusement, on condition that she would merely sit in a boat for a brief space, during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers were, however, promptly and steadily refused. It is, indeed, gratifying to state, that, amidst all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered upon her never produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement of her circumstances, to reside at the Longstone lighthouse with her father and mother, finding in her limited sphere of domestic duty on that sea-girt islet a more honourable and more rational enjoyment than could be found in the crowded haunts

of the mainhead ; and thus affording by her conduct the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed."

MRS. THOMAS HEYWARD.

AN order having been issued for a general illumination, to celebrate the supposed victory at Gildford, the front of the house occupied by Mrs. Heyward and her sister, Mrs. George Abbott Hall, remained in darkness. Indignant at so decided a mark of disrespect, an officer forced his way into her presence, and sternly demanded of Mrs. Heyward, "How dare you disobey the order which has been issued? why, madam, is not your house illuminated?" "Is it possible for me, sir," replied the lady, with perfect calmness, "to feel a spark of joy? Can I celebrate the victory of your army, while my husband remains a prisoner at St. Augustine." "That," rejoined the officer, "is a matter of little consequence; the last hopes of rebellion are crushed by the defeat of Greene: You *shall* illuminate." "Not a single light," replied the lady, "shall be placed with my consent, on such an occasion, in any window in the house." "Then, madam, I will return with a party, and before midnight level it to the ground." "You have power to destroy, sir, and seem well disposed to use it, but over my opinions you possess no control. I disregard your menaces, and resolutely declare, *I will not illuminate.*" Mrs. Heyward was graceful and majestic in person, beautiful in countenance, angelic in dis-

position. None but a ruffian could have treated her with indignity. On the anniversary of the surrender of Charleston, May 12th, 1781, an illumination was again demanded, in testimony of joy for an event so propitious to the cause of Britain. Mrs. G. A. Hall, who laboured under a wasting disease, lay at the point of death. Again Mrs. Heyward refused to obey. Violent anger was excited, and the house was assailed by a mob with brickbats, and every species of nauseating trash that could offend or annoy. Her resolution remained unshaken, and while the tumult continued, and shouts and clamour increased the indignity, Mrs. Hall expired.

MISS MARY ANNA GIBBES.

DURING the invasion of Provost, while the British army kept possession of the sea-board, a Hessian battalion occupied the house and plantation of Mr. Robert Gibbes, on the banks of the Stono. To excite general alarm, and more particularly to annoy the post, two gallies from Charleston, ascending the river in the night time, unexpectedly opened a heavy fire of grape and round shot on the house and neighbouring encampment. The family, who had been allowed to remain in some of the upper apartments, were now ordered to quit the premises, and Mr. Gibbes, a martyr to infirmity, and his numerous family, set out at midnight for an adjoining plantation. When beyond the reach of the shot, which had incessantly passed over the heads of the party, an inquiry being made respecting the safety of the chil-

dren, it was found that, in the hurry and terror of the moment, a distant relation, a boy as yet in early infancy, had been left behind. The servants were entreated to return for him, but refused; and he must have been left to his fate, had not the heroism and affection of *Miss Mary Anna Gibbes*, then but thirteen years old, inspired her with courage to fly to his rescue. The darkness of the night was profound, yet she returned alone, the distance being fully a mile; and after a long refusal, having by tears and entreaties obtained admission from the sentinel, ascended to the third story. There she found the child, and carried him off in safety, though frequently covered with the dirt thrown up by the shot, and greatly terrified by their constant approach to her person.

MRS. RICHARD SHUBRICK.

THERE was an appearance of personal debility about this lady, that rendered her peculiarly interesting; it seemed to solicit the interest of every heart, and the man would have felt himself degraded who would not have put his life at hazard to serve her. Yet, when firmness of character was requisite, when fortitude was called for to repel the encroachments of aggression, there was not a more intrepid being in existence. The following is a noble instance of it. An American soldier flying from a party of the enemy, sought her protection, and was promised it. The British pressing close upon him, insisted that he should be delivered up, threatening immediate

and universal destruction in case of refusal. The ladies, her friends and companions, who were in the house with her, shrunk from the contest, and were silent ; but, undaunted by their threats, this intrepid lady placed herself before the chamber into which the unfortunate fugitive had been conducted, and resolutely said,—“To men of honour the chamber of a lady should be as sacred as the sanctuary ! I will defend the passage to it though I perish. You may succeed, and enter it, but it shall be over my corpse.” Said the officer, “If muskets were only placed in the hands of a few such women, our only safety would be found in retreat. Your intrepidity, madam, gives you security ; from me you shall meet no further annoyance.”

Nor is this the only instance of her unconquerable fortitude. At Brabant, the seat of the respectable and patriotic Bishop Smith, a sergeant of Tarleton’s dragoons, eager for the acquisition of plunder, followed the overseer, a man advanced in years, into the apartment where the ladies of the family were assembled, and on his refusal to discover the spot in which the plate was concealed, struck him with violence, inflicting a severe sabre wound across the shoulders. Aroused by the infamy of the act, Mrs. Shubrick, starting from her seat, and placing herself between the ruffian and his victim, resolutely said, “Place yourself behind me, *Murdoch* ; the interposition of my body shall give you protection, or I will die :” then, addressing herself to the sergeant, exclaimed, “O what a degradation of manhood—

what a departure from that gallantry which was once the characteristic of British soldiers! Human nature is degraded by your barbarity ;—but should you persist, then strike at *me*, for till I die, no further injury shall be done to *him*. The sergeant, unable to resist such commanding eloquence, retired. The hope, however, of attaining the object in view, speedily subjected the unfortunate Murdoch to new persecution. He was tied up under the very tree where the plate was buried, and threatened with immediate execution unless he would make the discovery required. But although well acquainted with the unrelenting severity of his enemy, and earnestly solicited by his wife to save his life by a speedy confession of the place of deposit, he persisted resolutely, that a sacred trust was not to be betrayed, and actually succeeded in preserving it. When complimented at an after period on his heroic firmness, he asserted, that he was strengthened in his resolution by the recollection that a part of the plate belonged to *the church*, and that he should have considered it as *sacrilege*, had he suffered it, through a weakness of disposition, to fall into the hands of robbers.

INTREPID MOTHER.

THE superiority to all selfish consideration which characterizes maternal tenderness, has often elevated the conduct of woman, and has seldom appeared more admirable than in the wife of a soldier in the 55th regiment, in America, during the campaign, in 1777. Sitting in a tent with her husband at breakfast, a

bomb entered, and fell between them and a bed where their infant lay asleep. The mother begged her spouse would go around the bomb, before it exploded, and take away the child, as his dress would allow him to pass the narrow space between the dreadful messenger of destruction and the bed. He refused, and left the tent, calling to his wife to hasten away, as in less than a minute the fuse would communicate to the great mass of combustibles. The poor woman, absorbing all care in anxiety to save her child, adjusted her garments to guard against touching the bomb, snatched the unconscious innocent, and was hardly out of reach, when all the murderous materials were scattered around. Major C——, of the 55th regiment, hearing of this action, distinguished the heroine with every mark of favour. She survived many years to lament his fate at Fort Montgomery, in the following month of October.

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

In Prussia as well as in Holland, captains in the merchant service of small property, which generally consists of a little vessel commanded by themselves, make their ship their home, and live there constantly with their families, who accompany their head in all his voyages. One of these Prussian captains, M. Hesser, was recently navigating his galliot *Minerva*, from *Konigsberg* to *Riga*. On board his vessel were his young wife, with three small children, and his crew, composed of a mate and four sailors. In the Baltic, during a violent

storm in the night, while Hesser and his men were on deck, the galliot was run into by an English merchant ship, *Star*, Captain Robson. The shock of the two vessels was so great that Captain Hesser and one of his sailors were thrown against the prow of the *Star*, to which they clung, and from whence they crawled on board that ship. The three other sailors fell into the sea, and disappeared immediately, so that there remained on the galliot only Mrs. Hesser, her three children, and the mate; the latter, unfortunately, during the accident, had met with a severe fall, by which he was so seriously wounded that he was unable to work. In this state of things, Mrs. Hesser had the courage to take upon herself the charge of navigating the ship. By turns, captain, mate, and sailor, using the little nautical knowledge she had been able to acquire in her former voyages, this intrepid young woman succeeded, by incessant labour, for eighteen hours, in gaining with her vessel the port of Riga. The native and foreign sailors at Riga, having learned the courageous conduct of Mrs. Hesser, caused a medal to be struck in her honour, and the corporation of seamen at Riga, presented her with one thousand rubles—four thousand francs. Captain Hesser and the sailor who were saved on board the *Star*, were carried by that vessel to Rostoch, in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, whence they arrived safe and sound at Riga.

THE MILLER'S MAID, OR THE VALUE OF
PRESENCE OF MIND.

NEAR the hamlet of Udorf, on the banks of the Rhine, not far from Bonn, there yet stands the mill which was the scene of the following adventure:—

One Sunday morning, the miller and his family set out as usual to attend service at the nearest church, in the village of Hensel, leaving the mill, to which was attached the dwelling-house, in charge of his servant maid, Hanchen, a bold-hearted girl, who had been some time in his service. The youngest child, who was still too young to go to church, remained also under her care.

As Hanchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interrupted by a visit from her admirer, Heinrich Botteler. He was an idle, graceless fellow, and her master, who knew his character well, had forbidden him the house; but Hanchen could not believe all the stories she had heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. On this occasion she greeted him kindly, and not only got him something to eat, at once, but found time in the midst of her business to sit down and have a gossip with him, while he did justice to the fare set before him. As he was eating he let fall his knife, which he asked her to pick up for him. She playfully remonstrated, telling him she feared, from all she heard, he did little enough

work, and ought at least to wait upon himself. In the end, however, she stooped down to pick up the knife, when the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming; then, with an oath, he desired her to tell him where her master kept his money, threatening to kill her if she did not comply with his demand. The surprised and terrified girl in vain attempted to parley with him; he still held her tightly in his choking grasp, leaving her no other choice but to die or betray her master. She saw there was no hope of softening him or changing his purpose; and, with a full conviction of his treachery, all her native courage woke in her bosom. Affecting, however, to yield to what was inevitable, she answered him, in a resigned tone, that what must be, must be; only, if he carried off her master's gold, he must take her with him too; for she would never stay to hear their suspicions and reproaches—entreating him, at the same time, to relax his grasp of her throat, for she could hardly speak, much less do what he bid her, while he held her so tight. At length he was induced to quit his hold, on her reminding him that he must lose no time or the family would be returning from church. She then led the way to her master's bedroom, and showed him the coffer where he kept his money. "Here," she said, reaching to him an axe, which lay in a corner of the room, "you can open it with this, while I run up stairs to put all my things

together, besides the money I have saved since I have been here."

Completely deceived by her apparent readiness to enter into his plans, he allowed her to leave the room, only exhorting her to be as quick as possible, and was immediately absorbed in his own operations; first opening the box, and then disposing of the money about his person. In the mean time Hanchen, instead of going up stairs to her own room, crept softly along several passages till she again reached her master's chamber. It was the work of a moment to shut and bolt the door upon him; and this done, she rushed to the outer door of the mill to give the alarm. The only being in sight was her master's little boy, a child of five years old: to him she called with all her might, "Ran, run to meet your father as he comes from church; tell him we shall be murdered if he does not come back!" The frightened child did as she bid him, and set off running on the road she pointed out.

Somewhat relieved by seeing that the child understood her, and would make her case known, she sat down for a moment on the stone seat before the door, and, full of conflicting emotions of grief and thankfulness for her escape, she burst into tears. But at this moment a shrill whistle aroused her attention: it was from the prisoner, Heinrich, who, opening the grated window above her head, shouted to some accomplice without to catch the child that was running away so fast, and to kill the girl. Hanchen looked around in great alarm, but saw no one. The

child still continued to run with all its might, and she hoped that it was but a false alarm to excite her and overcome her resolution : when, just as the child reached a hollow in the next field, (the channel of a natural drain,) she saw a ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and, snatching up the child in his arms, hasten with him towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived the full extent of her danger, and formed her plan for escaping it.

Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance into the building, every other means of obvious access being prevented by strong iron gratings fixed up against all the windows, and then took her post at the upper casement, determined to await patiently her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if indeed inevitable—for she was fully resolved to enter into no terms, and that nothing should induce her to give up her master's property into the robbers' hands. She had hardly had time to secure herself in her retreat, when the ruffian, holding the screaming child in his hands, and brandishing a knife in one hand, came up, and bade her open the door, or he would break it down, adding many awful oaths and threats, to which her only answer was, that she put her trust in God. Heinrich, who from his window was witness of this colloquy, now called out to cut the child's throat before her eyes if she still persisted in her refusal. Poor Hanchen's heart quailed

at this horrible threat, but only for a moment. The death of the child could be no gain to them, while her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and her master, too, would be robbed. She had no reason either to suppose that her compliance would save the life of the child. It was to risk all against nothing, and she resolved to hold out to the last, though the villain from without renewed his threats, saying, that if she did not open the door to him he would kill the child, and then set fire to the mill over her head. "I put my trust in God," was still the poor girl's answer.

In the mean time the ruffian set down the child for a moment to look about for combustibles to carry out his threat. In this search he discovered a mode of entering the mill unthought of by Hanchen. It was a large aperture in the wall communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill; and it was a part entirely unprotected, for it had never been contemplated that any one would seek to enter through so dangerous an inlet. Triumphant at this discovery, he returned to tie the hands and feet of the poor child to prevent its escape, and then stole back to the aperture by which he intended to procure an entrance. The situation of the building prevented Hanchen seeing anything of this, but a thought had meanwhile struck her. It was Sunday, when the mill was never at work: if, therefore, the sails were set in motion, the whole neighbourhood would know that something unusual was the matter, and her master especially would hasten

home to know the meaning of anything so strange.

Being all her life accustomed to the machinery of the mill, it was the work of a moment to set it all in motion—a brisk breeze which sprung up at once, set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine wheeled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axis; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as the machinery came into action: the mill was in full operation. It was at this moment that the ruffian intruder had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aperture in the wall, and getting himself safely lodged in the interior of the great drum wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable, when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from this perilous situation, were fruitless. In his terror he uttered shrieks and horrible imprecations. Astonished at the noise, Hanchen went to the spot, saw him caught like a rat in his own trap, from which it was no part of her plan to liberate him. She knew he would be more frightened than hurt if he kept within his rotary prison without any rash attempt at escape, and that even if he became insensible he could not fall out of it.

In the mean time the wheel went round and round with its steady, unceasing motion; and round and round he went with it, while sense remained, beseeching Hanchen with entreaties, promises, and

wild, impotent threats, which were all equally disregarded, till, by degrees, feeling and perception failed him, and he heard no one. He fell senseless at the bottom of the engine, but, even then, his inanimate body continued to be whirled round as before ; for Hanchen did not dare to trust appearances in such a villain, and would not venture to suspend the working of the mill, nor stop the mill gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

At length she heard a loud knocking at the door, and flew to open it. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of his neighbours, all in the utmost consternation and wonder at seeing the mill-sail in full swing on a Sunday, and still more so when they found the poor child lying bound on the grass, who, however, was too terrified to give any account of what had happened. Hanchen, in a few words, told all ; and then her spirit, which had sustained her through such scenes of terror, gave way under the sense of safety and relief, and she fell fainting in their arms, and was with much difficulty recovered. The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged from his dreadful prison. Heinrich, too, was brought forth from the miller's chamber, and both were in a short time sent bound under a strong escort to Bonn, where they soon after met the reward of their crimes.

The story of this extraordinary act of presence of mind concludes by telling us that Hanchen, thus effectually cured of her *penchant* for her unworthy suitor,

became eventually the wife of the miller's eldest son, and thus lived all her life in the scene of her imminent danger, and happy deliverance.

MRS. GARNAUT.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MRS. GARNAUT was the second daughter of William and Ann Jones, and born at Swansea, Wales, on the 8th day of April, 1810. While she was at school, near Bath, her parents died, leaving to her care an elder sister then sinking in consumption, and a brother and three sisters younger than herself. To these she was father, mother, brother, and sister, watching over their interests and devoted to their welfare till years separated them to various fortunes. Subsequently she married Richard Garnaut, the son of a French emigrant, a mechanic of great taste and ability. They came immediately to America, and finally settled in Boston, where, not three years after her marriage, she lost her husband and eldest child. Left alone, with her infant, in a strange land, without means and with few friends, she manifested the same energy and trustfulness, the same putting aside of all regard for her own comfort and profit, which made her last years so efficient and beautiful.

After an interval, she connected herself with the Moral Reform Society of Boston, and laboured in its cause many years; and when worn out by the varied efforts which her restless benevolence added

to the care and confinement of the office she held, became the matron of the Home, established in Albany-street, for the shelter of orphan and destitute children. Exhausted by watching over the two infants of a woman who had died of cholera, with no hope of saving them, but with all the tenderness of a mother's love, she fell herself a victim to the disease, on Monday, the 3d of September, aged thirty-nine years.

This is the outline of a long life crowded into few years.

The societies with which she was connected were devoted to special objects : not so her heart. Her ceaseless activity made light of cares which were enough for the whole strength and the whole twelve hours of others ; and found leisure to seek out and relieve all kinds of distress. Hers was practical doing of good, and no service was too humble for her to perform. Children left in cellars by drunken parents, and brought to her so loathsome and diseased that other benevolent institutions, though rich in municipal bounty, refused to take them in, she received, not to give to domestics, (she had none,) but to wash, tend, care, and serve herself. Women and young persons for whom John Augustus could find no shelter elsewhere, he carried, without a doubt, to her ; and in those many cases where a woman's influence and aid are indispensable, Mrs. Garnaut was his adviser and companion.

To the forsaken victim of seduction or temptation she has again and again given up her own room

and bed, hoping that, if under her eye, she could strengthen their faltering resolution, and give them back to reconciled families. Again and again deceived, she has gone on with loving patience, and been rewarded at last with abundant success. Women ruined by love of drink, and passing almost all their time in the House of Correction, fled to her for refuge from themselves; and lived usefully and virtuously after struggles and falls which would have tired out any heart and any faith but hers. In many towns are little ones whom her exertions have saved from utter neglect, or the worse influence of abandoned parents, and provided with homes and instruction. Insane girls, for whom she has found one shelter after another, from which morbid suspicions would drive them, always came back to her, and rested content while under her roof. The morning after her death it was pitiful to behold the bitter grief of homeless and friendless persons, gathered by the news, who felt they had lost both parent and friend. She died watching over what all saw were the deathbeds of children, from which so many fled, whose parents she had never seen: and in this her death was the exact type of a life given, so much of it, to those who from vice or extreme youth could not repay her even with gratitude.

A young woman, she put aside all thoughts of herself, or danger to herself, in reaching any she sought to save. Strong in a good purpose, she entered fearlessly, alone, the most abandoned haunts of vice, ventured on shipboard at night, to snatch a victim

from certain ruin ; and, plain in speech, feared neither station nor wealth in her rebuke.

Wherever Mrs. Garnant was, might be said to be the vanguard of benevolent effort. Was her society devoted to children, still she could not shut her door to want, even in adults. Many years of devoted labour had made her known to a large circle of friendless beings, and in every new trouble they fled to her.

While engaged in moral reform she did as much for the intemperate, and gave her nights to sick chambers, where, save her unwearied love, none but the physician ever entered. Before the most loathsome disease, in the presence of the most resolute vice, neither her faith nor her love ever faltered. When others thought they had done enough to give up, she still persevered, forgiving seventy times seven ; and the poor wanderer seemed to feel that there was one heart that would never be closed against her, and in every passing hour of virtuous resolution sought her, with full assurance of sympathy and aid, like a child who knows that a mother's heart will never cease to hope : and in many cases was her faith sustained. Much, doubtless, was owing to the fascination of a manner recognised by every one who came within its influence. It was the fitting expression of a heart overflowing with love for every human being.

Her own means, the little presents to her child, the compensation paid her, were used to enable the institution she controlled to go on ; and they were

given away as freely as the funds specially committed to her for distribution. She never looked upon any thing as her own. Dr. Follen has made a beautiful use of the sculpture of St. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar. The emigrant, the intemperate woman just reformed, both too poorly clad to get places, the sick girl without friends or means, for whom this loving stranger has taken the shawl from her own shoulders, the shoes from her own feet, could have pointed to a daily practice of the same love.

Her life was cheered with some testimonies of gratitude, and a thousand histories of touching interest lie buried in her grave. She was a child to the last in her undoubting faith, in her entire unconsciousness of her own peculiar traits, and in the joyousness of her spirits. But though a child in her love and her unselfishness, she was profoundly alive to all the great questions of reform and social improvement. Taken early from school, life had been her only education, and with no leisure for books, she had learned through her affections; and here, as our wisest statesman has said, "the heart was the best logician." She saw the right with the unerring intuition of a good heart. Neither sect, class, colour, nor country affected her feelings. She had good intellectual ability, sound, practical sense, rare judgment, sagacity that few could deceive, that probed every case, and did what she did intelligently.

Bereaved of so many of her relations, separated

from her kindred, constantly in the presence of so much sickness and want, she was yet always young, the sunshine of any circle, enjoying life intensely, happy under all circumstances, full of health, her day perpetual gladness, as if her pathway had been as full of heaven as the heart that trod it.

We say of some, and very truly, that theirs is a Christian life; but it is very rare that, as in this case, the traits of any one are so unalloyed as actually to remind us of, to recall, the traits of the Great Master. I never knew one so unconsciously penetrated with the thought that she "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." She literally "cared for nothing;" but, like Luther's bird, rested all her interests on the Infinite Love, after which her own life and spirit were so closely copied.

The marked peculiarity of her character was this entire giving up of herself to others, and the beauty of it, her perfect unconsciousness of it. So utterly unconscious was she of this active and unceasing devotedness, that she neither seemed to think herself different from others, nor to deem that they ought to leave the usual way of the world to be like her.

She had that rare union of great tenderness and great firmness of character:—though her heart bled at the sight of woe, she yet faced and alleviated sufferings of the most horrid description, with a spirit full of courage and hope.

She died worn out, doing all her kind heart dictated, and all the wretched needed, but more than one person's strength, or the means placed in her

hands, were sufficient for. She felt she had herself still to give, and died in the sacrifice. All this, so feebly described, was the work of one young woman, left in a strange land, without means and without friends. Those who know her, have the joy of remembering that they did not entertain this angel unawares.

The poor and the frail are tempted on every side. Not a week, not a day goes by, that hundreds of human beings do not hesitate at the two paths, tempted by poverty and necessity to choose the wrong, and yet urged by the still, small voice within, to adhere to the right. It is at such moments that kindness, sympathy, and assistance are all-powerful.

Only a few days since, an aged citizen of Philadelphia was waited upon by a stranger, who asked to have a few moments of conversation with him in private. The opportunity was afforded with great cheerfulness. The Western merchant—for such, in fact, he was—was ushered into the parlour of the Philadelphian, when something like the following conversation took place:—

“You seem to have forgotten me, Mr. H.”

“I have an indistinct recollection of having seen you before, and the tone of your voice is not unfamiliar; but beyond this my memory fails.”

“My name is Charles B——, and twenty years ago I was an inmate of a Philadelphia prison, of which you were a frequent, a benevolent, a kind-hearted visitor.”

"I remember, I remember!" said the other, brightening, smiling, and grasping the hand of the stranger; "you look so well, have improved so greatly, that I hope, nay I feel satisfied, that all has gone right with you."

A tear trembled in the eye of the other at so cordial and kindly a recognition: his voice failed for a moment—but then rallying again, he proceeded to tell his story. At the age of fifteen he was a neglected orphan, and with fine natural talents, a cheerful disposition, and a good heart, he was thrown into the society of the vile and dissolute, in one of the most wretched sections of Philadelphia county. There, in connexion with several other lads, equally deserted or misled, he committed, was arrested for, tried and convicted of, petty theft.

While in prison, he was visited again and again by the Philadelphia philanthropist, who succeeded, not only in eradicating the vicious views he had imbibed, but in showing him the folly of vice, and the certainty of its punishment, and inspiring him with a determination to act correctly, the moment he should be released. The visitor was satisfied with his sincerity, and gradually took a deep interest in his case. At the expiration of his sentence, he provided him with means, and having stated all the facts in a confidential manner to a friend in the West, obtained him a situation in a flourishing city of that section of the Union. The youth was overwhelmed with gratitude. He had found a friend for the first time in his brief career. His course from that moment

was onward. He speedily won the confidence of his employer, on whose death, ten years thereafter, he succeeded to a large share of his business.

"I am new," he said, "an equal partner in the reputable and prosperous house of — & Co., of —, and I have visited Philadelphia, not only on business, but with the object of seeking out and returning my heart-warm acknowledgments to my early, my ever-cherished, and my often remembered benefactor."

The old merchant wept with joy at such a reform, and acknowledged that this single incident had repaid him for the hours and days and weeks he had devoted, always prayerfully, to the blessed cause of kindness and prison reform.

ANOTHER GRACE DARLING.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY IN CANADA.

In attending to the building of the church, and to my other duties, I had to cross a large and rapid river. In the winter this was easy enough, as during that season the ice is seldom less than two feet thick. In the spring it is impassable, in this vicinity, during the continuance of the freshets, rising sometimes as high as nineteen feet.

In the summer and autumn the communication was convenient enough by means of a ferry.

A young man and his sister have kept this ferry for several years, during which they have performed many acts of heroic benevolence, and have rescued numbers of their fellow-creatures from a watery

grave. One of these had so much of a perilous adventure in it, that I shall make no apology for giving some account of it, the more especially as I was myself one of the trembling and anxious spectators of the whole scene.

A raft of timber, on its way down the river to the nearest port, was dashed to pieces by the violence of the rapids. There was the usual number of men upon it, all of whom, except two, were fortunate enough to get upon a few logs that kept together, and were comparatively safe, while their two poor comrades were helplessly contending with the tumbling waves. After a minute or two, and when one more would have been their last, a long oar, or sweep, belonging to the wrecked raft, came floating by.

They instantly seized it, and held on till they were carried down more than a mile, loudly calling for help as they went along ; but what aid could we render them ? No craft, none at least which was on the banks of the river, could live in such a boiling torrent ; for it was during one of the high spring freshets. But the ferryman was of a different opinion, and could not brook the thought of their dying before his eyes, without his making a single effort to save them. " How could I stand idly looking on," he said to me afterwards, " with a tough ash oar in my hand, and a tight little craft at my feet, and hear their cries for help, and see them drowned ? He determined at all risks to try to rescue them. He could not, however, go alone, and there was not

another man on that side of the river within half a mile of him. His sister knew this, and, like another Grace Darling, proposed to accompany him on his perilous adventure. From being so often on the water with her brother, she well knew how to handle an oar. Often, indeed, without him, she had paddled a passenger across the ferry in her little canoe. He accepted her proposal, and we had the satisfaction of seeing the light punt put off from the shore opposite that from which we were idly and uselessly looking on, and shoot gallantly over the surging torrent towards the sinking men. We feared, however, that it would not be in time to save them, as their cries for help grew fainter and fainter, till each one, we thought, would be their last. We saw that the oar, with the drowning men clinging to it, was floating rapidly down the middle of the stream—which in this particular locality is more than a quarter of a mile in breadth, and would inevitably, in two or three minutes more, be in the white water among the breakers, when their fate must be sealed, and the boat, if it followed, be dashed to pieces among the rocks. This was the principal point of danger, and they had to run down with a most fearful proximity to it, to take the course which the drowning men were drifting, and, as they did so, to seize hold of them without losing their own headway, for there was not time for that. They succeeded in shooting athwart the current, rapid as it was, just below the men. With breathless and painful anxiety we saw them execute this dangerous manœuvre.

We saw the ferryman lean over the side of his boat for a moment, as it passed them, while his sister backed water with her oar.

"They are saved!" some one said, close behind me, in a whisper so deep and earnest that I started, and turned to look at the speaker; when another, who heard him, exclaimed: "No, no! they are gone! they are lost! the boat has left them!" and sure enough it had. But in an instant, just as we thought they were about to be driven into the fatal breakers, they turned, to our inexpressible delight, as if drawn by some invisible power, (the rope that the ferryman had attached to the oar was indeed invisible to us,) and followed the boat.

The ferryman and his sister had yet to pull a fearful distance to get out of that part of the current leading to the breakers, but they accomplished it. The man had the bow oar, and we could see the tough ash bend like a willow wand, as he stretched out to keep the head of the boat partially up the stream. His sister, too, "kept her own," and the little punt shot out rapidly into the comparatively quiet stream, beyond the influence of that fearful current which was rapidly driving them upon the breakers.

When this was accomplished, our fears for the safety of the noble-hearted brother and sister were at an end, and we took a long breath. Still we continued to watch their proceedings with the deepest interest.

The moment they got into a less rapid current,

which, they knew, led into comparatively still water, they ceased rowing, and allowed the punt to float down with it. The young ferryman now drew up the sweep alongside, and succeeded in getting the two unfortunate men into his boat. While he was doing this his sister went aft, and used her oar as a rudder to steer the boat. At the foot of the current, which they soon afterwards reached, there was no further danger. But we watched them still; and we saw them row ashore, on their own side of the river. One of the poor fellows was so much exhausted that the ferryman had to carry him on his back to the nearest house.

Twelve months after this took place, I had the satisfaction of presenting to this worthy ferryman, in the presence of above five hundred men, a beautiful silver medallion, sent out to me by the Royal Humane Society, to which I had transmitted an account of the occurrence. Nor was the heroine of my story forgotten. A similar medallion was given to him for his sister. She could not with propriety be present herself, as it was the annual muster-day of the militia in that locality.

A concise account of the particulars of the transaction, beautifully engrossed in vellum, and signed by his grace the Duke of Northumberland, as president of the society, accompanied each medallion. I need scarcely add, that the old and widowed mother of these young people, who lives with them, and is wholly dependent upon them for her support, was a proud woman that day.

MENTAL CULTURE.

ANNE, MOTHER OF LORD BACON.

THIS distinguished woman, the second daughter of Sir Anthony Cook, was one of four sisters, all remarkable for their intellectual attainments. She was married to Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

Sir Anthony superintended the education of his daughters himself, and, thinking that women are as capable of learning as men, he instilled into the minds of his daughters, at night, what he had taught the young prince, Edward IV., during the day. His first care was to give them a true sense of religion, and his next, to inure them to submission, modesty, and obedience. Their book and pen were their recreation—the music, the court, and city, their accomplishment—the needle in the closet, and housewifery in the hall and kitchen, their business. They all married happily; and in their choice were guided more by the reason of their father than by his will, and were led rather by his counsel than directed by his authority. Their classical acquirements made them conspicuous, even in that age of learned women. Anne, the mother of Francis, was distinguished both as a linguist and a theologian.

Lady Bacon had two sons, Nicholas, the elder, who became a very eminent man; and Francis, the

future philosopher. Both of them owed the early part of their education to their accomplished mother, and it is admitted, that to her zeal and anxious care—to the pains which she bestowed upon her sons from their early infancy, Francis was mainly indebted for the great reputation that will ever dignify his name. Lord Bacon's veneration for his mother, and his due sense of her valued tuition, was shown by his desire to be interred in the same grave with her, at St. Michael's, near St. Alban's, —a striking instance, and a most beautiful example of the advantage that may be derived from maternal influence, early and discreetly exerted over the tender mind of infancy.

MISS HANNAH ADAMS.

THE name of Hannah Adams is identified with American literature, and her history furnishes a fine illustration of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, before which a less energetic spirit would have sunk into total despondency.

Miss Adams was born in Medfield, Mass., 1755. From infancy she had a very slender constitution, and was thereby prevented from acquiring the little education then to be had at a country school. But, possessing a great thirst for knowledge, she found means to gratify her taste by extensive reading, though at first not of the most solid kind. Her natural sensibility was extreme, and it was early aggravated by the influence of poetry and novels. In her tenth year she lost her excellent mother, and

soon after a favourite aunt. These events made a deep impression on her sensitive mind.

Her father's failure in business, a few years later, conspired with the deep melancholy of her feelings, to prevent her from entering into general society. Hence arose a timidity and awkwardness of manners which were never wholly removed. Through the kindness of some literary gentlemen, who boarded awhile at her father's, she became acquainted with Latin and Greek, geography and logic. She pursued these studies with such ardour and success, that not long after she actually fitted three young men for college.

The incident which led her to write her Dictionary of Religions, is thus related by herself:—
“While I was engaged in learning Latin and Greek, one of the gentlemen who taught me, had by him a small manuscript from Broughton's Dictionary, giving an account of Calvinists, Arminians, and several other denominations which were most common. This awakened my curiosity, and I assiduously perused all the books I could obtain, which gave an account of the various sentiments described. I soon became disgusted with the want of candour in the authors I consulted, in giving the most unfavourable descriptions of the denominations they disliked, and applying to them the names of heretics, fanatics, and enthusiasts. I therefore formed a plan for myself, made a blank book, and wrote rules for transcribing and adding to my compilation. But, as I was stimulated to proceed only by curiosity, and

never had an idea of deriving any profit from it, the work went on very slowly, though I was pressed to make every exertion in my power for my immediate support."

The first edition of this work was published under the title of—"A view of All Religions." This was in 1794, when she was twenty-nine years of age. It was, in part, transcribed for the press by her elder sister, Elizabeth, whom she called "her friend, counsellor, and guide." This beloved and pious sister not long after sunk into the grave, in a state of mind indicative of the ripeness of her Christian character, constantly expressing her "entire submission to the Divine will, and laying all her burden at the foot of the cross." To use Miss Hannah Adams' own language :—

"Dearer than life, or aught beneath the skies,
The bright ideas and romantic schemes
Of perfect love and friendship fancy paints,
In her were realized."

"To describe the excess of my grief would be impossible. Everything appeared gloomy. My health was feeble; I was entirely destitute of property; my father's circumstances were very low; and I had no other relation or friend from whom I might expect assistance. But, notwithstanding all the difficulties of my situation, I determined to make every exertion to help myself, considering, that if I were even unsuccessful in my attempts to extricate myself from poverty, my efforts would awaken the activity of my mind, and preserve me from sinking

under the weight of affliction I sustained in losing the best of sisters. It was perhaps a happy circumstance that stimulated me to exertion in this most gloomy period of my existence."

Those who knew Miss Adams, might indeed wonder that any motive could induce her to publish a book. Her humility, her diffidence, her want of early advantages, her total ignorance of business, were obstacles that seemed insurmountable. She tried various other methods to earn a subsistence, such as spinning, weaving, making lace, and braiding straw; but, from various circumstances, all failed. "It was desperation," says she, "and not vanity, that induced me to publish." Four editions of her "Views of Religion" were published during her lifetime in this country, and an English edition, with improvements, by the Rev. Andrew Fuller. These improvements she adopted in her fourth edition, changing the title, and adding much from other sources to the value of the work.

Her next work was a "History of New-England." The difficulties she encountered in the preparation of this work, may be estimated by the fact, that at that time "there was not any history of New-England extant, except Mather's Magnalia and Neal's History; and these extended only to an early period in the history of our country. If there had been only one work that reached to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, my task had been far less laborious." In executing it, she so injured her eyes, as to be threatened with a total loss of sight;

but by applying laudanum and sea-water several times a-day, for two years, she so far recovered as to resume her studies, and, by the assistance of a copyist, the history was prepared for publication, in 1799. The Rev. Dr. Freeman aided her essentially, in making a contract with the publishers of this book.

Soon after, she published a "Concise View of the Christian Religion," selected from the writings of eminent laymen.

Necessity still urging her to write, she, in 1810, entered upon her well-known "History of the Jews." Her eyes failing her again, she left Dedham, and went to Boston for medical aid. Several benevolent gentlemen now united in rewarding and animating her efforts, by settling upon her an annuity for life. She now had a home in Boston, with new literary advantages, and numerous literary friends. By the aid of the large library of the Rev. J. S. Buckminster, she was able to finish her work. It was published in 1812, only a few months before her death.

An intimate friend says of her: "To an almost child-like simplicity and singleness of heart she united a clear and just conception of character, a deep and affecting humility, a dignity and elevation of thought, that commanded the respect and veneration of those around her. Amid many infirmities, she retained the freshness and enthusiasm of youth. Her love of nature was exhaustless. It was her delight to gather around her images of natural and moral beauty."

Miss Adams lived at a period when the Socinian controversy ran high in Massachusetts; and her views of some of the great doctrines of Christianity appear to have become perplexed and partially clouded. She, however, never descended to those depths of doubt and scepticism into which many modern professors of that school have fallen. She had a firm faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures, so that, "in moments of doubt or despondency, a passage from Scripture would disperse the clouds that gathered round her, and the brightest sunshine would diffuse itself over her mind and countenance. Her conscience was tremblingly alive, her standard of moral excellence high, and her timidity and self-distrust great."

The life of Hannah Adams is full of instruction. Among those who have successfully struggled against peculiar difficulties in the culture of the mind, and the pursuit of knowledge, she deserves a high rank.

FRANCISCA ANNA PASCALIS CANFIELD.

FRANCISCA ANNA PASCALIS CANFIELD, was born in Philadelphia, in August, 1803. She was the daughter of Felix Pascalis, M. D., distinguished in the medical and philosophical world, for his numerous dissertations on abstruse subjects, for his practice in the yellow fever, and other extraordinary disorders, and as a political economist, who had made great exertions in introducing into the United States the Chinese mulberry-tree, in order to encourage the

making of silk in this country. Her parents resided for some years after their marriage in Philadelphia, of which place her mother was a native, and afterwards removed to New-York. Miss Pascalis was remarkable for her intellectual acquirements, when quite a child, although she had not any extraordinary advantages of education. Her father was too busy in his professional and philosophical pursuits to pay much attention to his daughter's education, and her mother went no farther in the course of her studies, than to see that she was industrious, and could give a good account of her time.

In school, Miss Pascalis was at the head of her class, and mastered languages with such readiness, that her instructors often suspected her father of devoting his time in bringing her forward, when he hardly knew what she was studying at the time. She made translations from the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, for mere amusement, or for school exercises; and many of them have been preserved by her friends, and show unquestionable evidences of genius. She early caught the spirit of universal grammar, and found no difficulty in getting possession of the beauties and idiom of a language. Her poetical taste early appeared, and at a very tender age she wrote sonnets, criticisms, satires, hymns, and epistles to her friends, in verse.

Before Miss Pascalis had left school, she translated from the French a volume of Lavater's work, for a friend, who had engraved the plates of the work from the original. Soon after this she trans-

lated the "Solitaire," from the French, and the "Roman Nights," from the Italian of Alexander Verri, and the "Vine Dresser," from the French, at a subsequent period. The English of her works is extolled as excellent.

Many of the periodicals of the day were adorned by compositions from her pen, both in prose and verse. The Minerva, the Mirror, and other papers, were much indebted to her pen for some of their most attractive articles. There are many of her tales which purport to be translations, that were known to be originally from her study, never having seen the light before they appeared in an English dress. She changed the signature to her poetical effusions, as well as to her prose works, for concealment, not wishing it to be known that she wrote so much.

Miss Pascalis was married to Mr. Canfield. He was a man of enterprise, but failed soon after their marriage. The union of such an accomplished woman with Mr. Canfield was not hailed as a very suitable one, and so it proved. On the change of his fortunes, she entreated him to come down to his situation, and make safe and sure efforts to rise again. This did not agree with his views, and her advice was disregarded. Mrs. Canfield was never heard to repine. She made the best of everything. Among other attempts to retrieve his fortunes, her husband published a paper, the great object of which was to give the public all such matters and things as are necessarily connected with banks and broker-

age, and in this department he was an adept. To this he added a literary department, of which his wife took charge. But few readers of miscellaneous literature thought of looking into such a paper for matters of taste and genius, and of course her efforts were almost entirely "wasted on the desert air." Many editors plundered her columns, thinking that they should never be detected. It was not the proper situation for one so well calculated to fill a higher sphere. But as editor of this department she continued a helpmate to her husband, while the paper existed, and it was continued for several years.

Among other accomplishments, she was an excellent painter, and if she had confined her attention to that branch of the fine arts, she would have been the first female painter of the age. She drew a landscape, a flower, a stream, or a human being, all with equal ease. She sketched with readiness, and finished with taste. Some of her copies of old pictures have deceived professional painters. One of her copies was sold at auction for an original, and the mistake was not discovered until mentioned by her father. In writing, she seemed to have been constantly under the influence of the advice thus given to Pindar: "Moderate your fire; the axle of your chariot wheels burns too soon." Nature had given her the power of a satirist, and sometimes she was induced to show that she possessed it; but she preferred to praise the good, rather than to censure the blamable. She wrote

some critical notices of reviews, which cut deep, and were felt long.

Dr. Pascalis was an ambitious man, and indulged the fond belief, that he should see his daughter sought for, and distinguished, in the first circles of mind and accomplishments, and never enjoyed himself a moment after this vision of his hopes had disappeared, by the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Canfield. There seems to be, in the inscrutable laws of Divine Providence, in his moral government, a blight upon the expectations and prospects of those who disregard the deep feelings of parental advice, in the choice of a partner for life. The kindest attentions of a fond husband, and the innocent prattle of sweetest babes, and all the enjoyment of fortune, cannot efface from the mind of a woman the frowns of a father at her disobedience, long after the face, on which the frown has settled, has mouldered into dust. Mrs. Canfield died on the 28th of May, 1823.

ELIZA FROTHINGHAM.

ELIZA FROTHINGHAM, was born in Newburyport, a seaport of Massachusetts, in 1792. She was a young lady of talents, and in that quiet and delightful town received a good, solid education, with a share of ornamental acquirements. She was desirous of gaining knowledge, and made no ordinary efforts to obtain it. Her father died in 1807, just as she was leaving school, and left his family in easy circumstances. On quitting school, as was the

fashion then, when a girl was well-grown, she pursued a course of rigid self-instruction, in the higher branches of learning. In the town of her nativity, were probably established the finest primary and infant schools that can be found in the annals of instruction. This was nearly half a century since. These schools were under the direction of the school committee, and were kept by females. The Hon. Jonathan Jackson, and the Rev. John Murray, were instrumental in getting the town to establish these schools. No mention was made in their report, of the existence of any such infant schools in Germany or elsewhere. The institutions were, of course, confined to the town, the limits of which were narrow; and, on its borders, there were children who could not share the advantages of the labours of these female instructors. Seeing this, a few pious and spirited young ladies opened schools for them in several places, and became voluntary teachers, without the slightest reward, except the consciousness of doing good. Miss Frothingham was among the most diligent of these teachers. The task of instruction was not all; these young ladies took great pains in dressing their children in decent apparel, generally made from garments partly worn, that had been given them for that purpose. Before she was twenty years of age, she became devoted to the cause of religion, and seemed to take but little interest in the affairs of the world. She gave up all amusements, but never discovered the slightest marks of severity towards others. Those

whom she strove in vain to allure from the vanities of the world, had her entreaties and her prayers, but never her frowns. She looked on the world as passing away, and not worth much anxiety. She was the friend of the poor at all times, and truly, "her pity gave, ere charity began." There was no parade in her benevolence; she gave so delicately, that everything from her hand received a new value, from the manner of bestowing. She entered the house of want and sickness, with some confidential friend, when the world were not gazing, and literally did good by stealth. When she found herself approaching another world, her serenity was not disturbed; all was calm about her heart. She would sit and gaze on the evening star, as though onward, that way, she was soon to take flight. At such times, even firm-nerved philosophy wished to catch a glow of this amiable enthusiast, but could not. She left the world without a sigh.

MRS. SARAH B. JUDSON.

OUR admiration of this accomplished female missionary—familiar with more than one of the dialects of Pagan Asia, as with her mother tongue; and a writer of excellent tracts, which still plead the cause of the Saviour, though the hand which penned them lies palsied in death—rises high, when we turn to the history of her early youth, and read such extracts from her diary as are contained in the following sketch:—

"There are many persons yet living who have a

distinct remembrance of a fair young girl, who years ago had her home in the pleasant town of Salem, Massachusetts. She came thither, to use her own words, pined in early childhood, from among 'beautiful groves, orchards filled with fruit-trees, and gently gliding streams : ' she expresses in the same connexion some dissatisfaction with exchanging all these pleasant things for ' nothing but houses and steeples.' The little girl was no favourite of fortune—that is, fortune on the golden side—for there were many mouths to feed in her father's house, and the means were scanty. She was the eldest of thirteen sons and daughters ; and while those nearest her own age were yet in the cradle, the stern lesson was begun, and little Sarah became inured to toil and care. A tiny manuscript volume, traced in carefully formed characters, almost the only relic of her busy childhood, gives, in simple sentences, whole tales replete with meaning :—' My mother cannot spare me to attend school this winter, but I have begun this evening to pursue my studies at home.' Again, the ensuing spring :—' My parents are not in a situation to send me to school this summer, so I must make every exertion in my power to improve at home.' These entries, made in a miniature day-book, at an age when few children can frame a correct sentence, bring before us a series of struggles, which affection may be allowed to contemplate with a proud sorrow. A mind less richly endowed must have sunk under such discouragements, but not so hers. Though strikingly modest,

she had yet an elasticity of spirit, an innate vigour and hopefulness, which silently buoyed her up, and pushed her onward ; and to this she gradually added habits of patient industry and quiet endurance. Improvement—intellectual improvement—was at this time the one grand object, apart from the performance of the duties of the day, which occupied her entire attention—the nucleus of thought and action. A few years later than the date of the little day-book, we find in a note to a friend the following suggestion :—‘ I feel very anxious to adopt some plan for our mutual improvement. I think it might be useful for us to write to each other frequently, and let the subject be something from the Holy Scriptures.’

“ At the age of seventeen we find her teaching for a few months, that she may gain the means of studying for the same length of time ; and then pursuing the laborious task of paying for the morning’s recitation, by taking charge of a class of little girls during the remainder of the day, and no doubt poring over her books far into the night. We are accustomed to consider a self-educated man, with all his physical strength and multiplicity of resources, worthy of all praise : what then shall we say of the woman, who, unassisted and alone, goes beyond most of her sex in accomplishing the same object ? It is difficult to ascertain the extent of our young student’s school education ; but passages from letters to intimate friends tell something ; and the degree of mental discipline which she brought to the per-

formance of later duties, proves that her attainments were not superficial :—‘ We have finished Butler’s Analogy since you left school, and are now taking lessons in Paley’s Evidences.’—‘ I am studying Campbell’s Philosophy of Rhetoric.’—‘ I am engaged this term in the study of logic and geometry.’—‘ I am at home this winter, teaching my little brothers, and so have more leisure to devote to Latin.’

“ Thus, with a multiplicity of duties on her hands, was she toiling along the upward path of mental improvement, preparing for still heavier but more precious toil.”

EARLY RISING.

THE difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to twenty thousand hours,—or eight years, one hundred and twenty days, and ten hours,—which will afford eight hours a day, for exactly ten years ; so that it is the same as if ten years of life were added, in which we could command eight hours each day for the cultivation of the mind.

THE WIFE.

THE BARONESS OF REIDSEL.

ON the 7th of October, says the Baroness of Reidesel, I expected Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, and Fraser to dine with us. I saw a great movement among the troops: my husband told me, it was merely a reconnoissance; which gave me no concern, as it often happened. I walked out of the house, and met several Indians in their war dresses, with guns in their hands. When I asked them where they were going, they cried out, "War! war!" (meaning that they were going to battle.) This filled me with apprehension, and I had scarcely got home before I heard reports of cannon and musketry, which grew louder by degrees, till, at last, the noise became excessive.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests whom I expected, General Fraser was brought on a litter, mortally wounded. The table, which was already set, was instantly removed, and a bed placed in its stead, for the wounded general. I sat trembling in a corner. The noise grew louder, and the alarm increased; the thought that my husband might be brought in, wounded as severely, was terrible to me, and distressed me exceedingly.

General Fraser said to the surgeon, "Tell me if

my wound is mortal, do not flatter me." The ball had passed through his body; and, unhappily for the general, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. I heard him often exclaim with a sigh: "O fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! O my poor wife!"

He was asked, if he had any request to make, to which he replied, that, "If General Burgoyne would permit it, he would like to be buried, at six o'clock in the evening, on the top of a mountain, in a redoubt which had been built there." I did not know which way to turn; all the other rooms were full of sick. Towards evening, my husband coming, then I forgot all my sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to me. He ate in great haste, with me and his aid-de-camp, behind the house.

We had been told that we had the advantage of the enemy: but the sorrowful faces I beheld told a different tale; and before my husband went away, he took me to one side, and said everything was going very bad, that I must keep myself in readiness to leave the place, but not to mention it to any one. I made the pretence that I would move the next morning into my new house, and had everything packed up ready.

I spent much of the night in comforting the wife of the wounded general, and then went again to my children, whom I had put to bed. I could not go to sleep, as I had General Fraser, and all the other wounded gentlemen, in my room; and I was sadly

afraid my children would awake, and, by their crying, disturb the dying man in his last moments, who often addressed me, and apologized "for the trouble he gave me."

About three o'clock in the morning, I was told he could not hold out much longer. I had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis, and I then wrapped up my children in their clothes, and went with them into the room below. About eight o'clock in the morning he died.

After he was laid out, and his corpse wrapped up in a sheet, we came again into the room, and had this sorrowful sight before us the whole day; and, to add to the melancholy scene, almost every moment some officer of my acquaintance was brought in wounded. The cannonade commenced again; a retreat was spoken of, but not the smallest motion was made towards it. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the house, which had just been built for me, in flames, and the enemy was now not far off. We knew that General Burgoyne would not refuse the last request of General Fraser, though, by acceding to it, an unnecessary delay was occasioned, by which the inconvenience of the army was much increased.

At six o'clock the corpse was brought out, and we saw all the generals attend it to the mountain; the chaplain performed the funeral service, rendered unusually solemn and awful from its being accompanied by constant peals from the enemy's artillery. Many cannon balls flew close by me, but I had my

eyes directed towards the mountain, where my husband was standing, amidst the fire of the enemy, and of course I could not think of my own danger.

As soon as the funeral service was finished, and the grave of General Fraser was closed, an order was issued, that the army should retreat. My calash, says the Baroness of Reidesel, was prepared, but I would not consent to go before the troops. Major Harnage, although suffering from his wounds, crept from his bed, as he did not wish to remain in the hospital, which was left with a flag of truce. When General Reidesel saw me in the midst of danger, he ordered my woman and children to be brought into the calash, and intimated to me to depart without delay.

I still prayed to remain ; but my husband, knowing my weak side, said, " Well, then, your children must go, that at least they may be safe from danger." I then agreed to enter the calash with them, and we set off at eight o'clock. The retreat was ordered to be conducted with the greatest silence ; many fires were lighted, and several tents left standing. We travelled continually during the night, and the day following.

About evening, we arrived at Saratoga : my dress was wet through and through with rain, and in that state I had to remain the whole night, having no place to change it ; I, however, got close to a large fire, and, at last, lay down on some straw. At this moment, General Phillips came up to me, and I asked him why we had not continued our retreat, as

my husband had promised to cover it, and bring the army through. "Poor, dear woman," said he, "I wonder how, drenched as you are, you have the courage still to persevere, and venture further in this kind of weather. I wish," continued he, "you were our commanding general; General Burgoyne is tired, and means to halt here to-night and give us our supper."

On the morning of the 7th, at ten o'clock; General Burgoyne ordered the retreat to be continued, and caused the handsome houses and mills of General Schuyler to be burned; we marched, however, but a short distance, and then halted. The greatest misery, at this time, prevailed in the army; and more than thirty officers came to me, for whom tea and coffee were prepared, and I shared with them all my provisions, with which my calash was in general well supplied.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we again heard the firing of cannon and small arms; instantly, all was alarm, and everything in motion. My husband told me to go to a house not far off. I immediately seated myself in my calash, with my children, and drove off; but scarcely had we reached it, before I discovered five or six armed men on the other side of the Hudson. Instinctively, I threw my children down in the calash, and then concealed myself with them. At that moment the fellows fired, and wounded an already wounded English soldier, who was behind me; poor fellow, I pitied him exceedingly, but, at that moment, had no means or power to relieve him.

A terrible cannonading was commenced by the enemy, which was directed against the house in which I sought to obtain shelter for myself and children, under the mistaken idea that all the generals were in it. Alas! it contained nothing but the wounded, and women. We were, at last, obliged to resort to the cellar for refuge; and in one corner of this, I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth, with their heads on my lap; and in the same situation I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon-balls passed through the house, and we could distinctly hear them roll away.

One poor soldier, who was lying on a table, for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by a shot, which carried away his other. His comrades had left him; and, when we went to his assistance, we found him in a corner of the room, into which he had crept, more dead than alive, scarcely breathing. My reflections on the danger to which my husband was exposed, now agonized me exceedingly; and the thoughts of my children, and the necessity of struggling for their preservation, alone supported me.

On the 17th of October, the convention was completed. General Burgoyne, and the other generals, waited on the American General (Gates); the troops laid down their arms, and gave themselves up prisoners of war. My husband, says the Baroness, sent a message to me, to come over to him with my children. I seated myself once more in my dear calash, and then rode through the American camp.

As I passed, I observed, (and this was a great consolation to me,) that no one eyed me with looks of resentment, but that they all greeted us, and even showed compassion in their countenances, at the sight of a woman with small children. I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was quite a new situation to me. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, took my children from the calash, and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears. "You tremble," said he, addressing himself to me; "be not afraid." "No," I answered, "you seem so kind and tender to my children, it inspires me with courage."

He now led me to the tent of General Gates, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were on a friendly footing with the former. Burgoyne said to me, "Never mind, your sorrows have now an end." I answered him, that I should be reprehensible to have any cares, as he had none; and I was pleased to see him on such a friendly footing with General Gates. All the generals remained to dine with General Gates.

The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me: "You will be very much embarrassed to eat with all these gentlemen; come, with your children, to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal meal, and give it with a free will." I said, "You are certainly a husband and a father, you have shown me so much kindness." I now found that he was General Schuyler. He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beefsteaks, pota-

toes, and good bread and butter! Never could I have wished to eat a better dinner. I was content. I saw all around me were so likewise; and, what was better than all, my husband was out of danger.

When we had dined, he told me his residence was at Albany, and that General Burgoyne intended to honour him as his guest, and invited myself and children to do so likewise. I asked my husband how I should act; he told me to accept the invitation. As it was two days' journey there, he advised me to go to a place which was three hours' ride distant. General Schuyler had the politeness to send with me a French officer, a very agreeable man, who commanded the reconnoitring party of which I have before spoken; and when he had escorted me to the house where I was to remain, he turned back again.

Some days after this we arrived at Albany, where we so often wished ourselves; but we did not enter it as we expected we should—victors! We were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, not as enemies, but kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness; as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General Schuyler's beautifully finished house to be burned: in fact, they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollection of their own injuries in the contemplation of our misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him: "You show me much kindness, although I have

done you much injury." "That was the fate of war," replied the brave man, "let us say no more about it."

THE DUCHESS OF BAVARIA.

WHEN the forfeited life of a husband is at stake, what will not the ingenuity of a wife's affection devise to secure his safety?

Guelph, Duke of Bavaria, having made war on the Emperor, Conrad the Third, that prince besieged him in the castle of Weinsperg. The duke supported the siege with heroic bravery, and only yielded to superior force. The emperor treated the person whom Guelph had sent to him to capitulate with great civility, and gave his word that the duke and his troops should be permitted to pass through the imperial army unmolested. The duke's lady, however, suspected that some fatal design against her husband was concealed under this appearance of clemency. She therefore wished to make a more certain engagement than that of mere words. She sent a gentleman to the emperor, to demand from him safe conduct, not only for herself, but also for the other ladies and women that were in the castle; that they might be suffered to pass unmolested, and be conducted to a place of security; and that they should also be at liberty to take whatever they could carry with them. To this request, Conrad readily acceded.

In the presence of the emperor and all his army, their departure from the castle took place; but

every one was overcome with astonishment, when they saw pass first the duchess, then countesses, baronesses, and other ladies of quality, whose husbands had offended against the emperor, each with difficulty carrying her lord on her shoulders.

It had been supposed in the army, that when the duchess demanded the favour it was only with a view to save their gold, silver, and jewels, and no suspicion was entertained of their real intentions. The emperor was surprised at the sight, and could not help being touched with the tenderness and courage of these ladies, who considered their husbands as their real treasure, which they esteemed more than gold or jewels. Yielding to the admiration this example of conjugal tenderness had occasioned, the emperor pardoned the men for the sake of the women, whom he commended for their fidelity to their husbands. After treating them to a splendid dinner, Conrad came to a sincere accommodation with Guelph and his companions, and the town was saved.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN CONJUGAL AND FILIAL LOVE.

CHELONIS, daughter of Leonidas, King of Sparta, was equally unfortunate as a wife and a daughter, but performed her duty faithfully under each character, adhering always to the most unfortunate side.

Leonidas, suspecting that a conspiracy had been formed against him, fled for shelter to the Temple of Minerva, upon which Cleombrotus, his son-in-law,

seized upon the reins of government. Chelonis, hearing that her father had fled, quitted her husband to console her parent in his affliction, and she attended him while in sanctuary, sympathizing in all his sorrows : but when the fortunes of Leonidas changed, she changed too. She joined her husband as a suppliant for pardon ; and when Leonidas came with his soldiers to the temple in which Cleombrotus had sheltered himself on his change of circumstances, he found Chelonis sitting by her husband on the ground, with great marks of tenderness, having her two children, one on each side, at her feet.

All who were present melted into tears at this moving sight, and were struck with admiration at the virtue and tenderness of the princess, and the amiable force of conjugal love. Leonidas, addressing his son-in-law, reproached him in terms of resentment with conspiring against him, though honoured with his alliance, depriving him of the crown, and banishing him the country ; while the unhappy Cleombrotus, unable to deny these accusations, testified his confusion by his silence.

Chelonis, perceiving her husband's distress, pointed to her mourning habit and dishevelled hair, and said to her father : " It was not, my dear father, compassion for Cleombrotus which put me in this habit, and gave me this look of misery ; my sorrows took their date with your misfortunes, and have ever since remained my familiar companions. Now you have conquered your enemies, and are again King

of Sparta, should I still retain these ensigns of affliction, or appear in festival or royal ornaments, while the husband of my youth, whom you gave me, falls a victim to your vengeance? If his own submission, if the tears of his wife and children, cannot propitiate you, he must suffer a severer punishment for his offences than you require—he must see his beloved wife expire before him. For how can I survive and support the sight of my own sex, after both my husband and my father have refused to hearken to my supplications; when it appears, that, both as a wife and a daughter, I am born to be miserable with my family? If this poor man had any plausible reasons for what he did, I obviated them all by forsaking him to follow you. But you furnish him with a sufficient apology for his misbehaviour, by showing that a crown is so great and so desirable an object, that a son-in-law must be slain, and a daughter utterly disregarded, when that is the question." Chelonis, after this supplication, rested her cheek upon her husband's head, and, with an eye dim and languid with sorrow, looked round on the spectators. Leonidas, after a few moments' consultation with his friends, commanded Cleombrotus to rise and immediately to quit Sparta, but earnestly importuned his daughter to continue there, and not to forsake a father who gave her such a peculiar proof of his tenderness as to spare the forfeited life of her husband. His solicitations were, however, ineffectual; for when Cleombrotus had risen from the ground, Chelonis placed one child in his

arms and took the other herself; and having paid due homage at the altar, where they had taken shelter, she went with him into banishment.

Plutarch, after relating this interesting story, justly observes, that, "had not Cleombrotus been corrupted with the love of false glory, he must have thought exile, with such a woman, a greater happiness than a kingdom without her."

GERTRUDE VON DER WART.

THE Baroness von der Wart has been justly entitled the most faithful of wives. Her unhappy husband was one of those persons who were accused of being accomplices with John of Swabia, in the assassination of the Emperor Albert; though it appears from the testimony of both early and late historians, that he had taken no immediate part in the deed itself. This event took place in the year 1308, and to the last Rudolph von der Wart maintained his innocence of the crime imputed to him. The unfortunate man was bound alive to the wheel, but even in his last, trying moments he was attended by his wife, Gertrude; who, in a letter to her friend, (Margaret Freienstern,) written some time after that melancholy occasion, gives the following account of those dreadful hours:—

"I prayed under the scaffold on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude. I then arose, and with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel,

laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face which the wind had blown all over it. 'I beseech you, leave me! O, I beseech you!' he exclaimed continually; 'when day breaks, should you be found here, what will be your fate? and what new misery will you bring upon me? O God! is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings?'

" 'I will die with you! 'tis for that I come; and no power shall force me from you,' said I, and spread out my arms over him, and implored God for my Rudolph's death.

"The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us; I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I had found them. It was the guard, who had fled on my appearance, but had remained near the spot; and, as it seemed, caused a report to be made of what had passed; for, at daybreak, all the people, men, women, and children, came flocking out of the town.

"As more people approached, I saw also several women of my own acquaintance; among them was the wife of the bailiff, Hugo von Winterthur; I saluted her, and begged her intervention with her husband, that he might order the executioner to put an end to my husband's cruel sufferings.

" 'He dare not do anything for me,' sighed Wart, upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes; 'he dare not do anything; the queen* pro-

* Agnes, Queen of Hungary, daughter of the murdered emperor.

nounced the sentence, and the bailiff must, therefore, obey ; otherwise, I had well deserved of him that he should do me this last kindness.'

"Some persons brought me bread and confectionary, and offered me wine to refresh me—but I could take nothing ; for the tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart, and was kindly expressed, was to me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased ; I recognised also the sheriff, Steiner von Pfungen, with his two sons, Conrad and Datlikon ; also a Madame von Neufstenback, who was praying for us.

"The executioner came also, then Lamprecht, the confessor. The first said, with a sigh, 'God have compassion on this unhappy man, and comfort his soul !' The latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess ! Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he had called out to the queen, before the tribunal at Brugg, (denying the charge.) The priest was silent.

"All at once, I heard a cry of 'Make way !' and a troop of horsemen approached, with their visors down. The executioner knelt ; the confessor laid his hand upon his breast ; the horsemen halted. Fathers and mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their lances formed a circle, while the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirrups, and said to the executioner : 'Whither are the crows flown, that he still keeps his eyes ?' And this was Duke Leopold.

"My heart ceased to beat, when another knight, with a scornful smile, said: "Let him writhe as long as he has feeling! but these people must be gone. Confounded wretches! this sighing and crying makes me mad! No pity must be shown here;—and she here, who so increases the howling—who is she? and what does the woman want!—away with her!"

"I now recognised the voice of the queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armour of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and it is certain it was Agnes.

"‘It is Wart's wife,’ I heard a third knight say: ‘last night, when the sentence was executed, we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us, and I must find her here then. We thought that, in her despair, she had leaped into the moat of the castle. We have been seeking her since this morning early. What faithful love!—let her alone; nothing can be done with her.’

"I here recognised the mild-tempered Von Landenberg. How well did he now speak for me! I could have fallen at his feet.

"‘Well, Gertrude,’ cried a fourth to me, ‘will you not take rational advice? Do not kill yourself; save yourself for the world! you will not repent of it.’ Who was this? Margaret! I trembled; it was she who wanted to persuade me, at Bruck, to leave the criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I, too, could almost have exclaimed: ‘This is too much!—cease!’

"Agnes made a signal to an esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold. He approached me, but I threw my arm round it, and implored my own and my husband's death : but in vain ; two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from Heaven : it was granted me.

"Von Landenberg (otherwise a faithful servant of Austria) once more ventured to speak for me. 'Cease to humble her : such fidelity is not found on earth ; angels in heaven must rejoice at it : but it would be good if the people were driven away.'

"They let me loose again ; the horsemen departed ; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes ; he had acted strictly according to duty, and executed the will of the queen ; he could now listen to the voice of nature, and weep with me. 'I can hold out no longer, noble lady ! I am vanquished ; your name shall be mentioned with glory among saints in heaven, for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death, and God will give you the crown of life,' said he : he gave me his hand and departed.

"Every one now left the place except the executioner and the guard ; evening came on, and, at length, silent night ; a stormy wind arose, and its howling joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty.

"One of the guard now brought me a cloak, to protect me from the wind, because it was night ; but I got upon the wheel, and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband ; the wind whistled through his hair ; his lips were dry.

I fetched some water in my shoe, which was a refreshment to us both. I know not, my dearest Margaritha, how it was possible for me to live through such heart-breaking and cruel hours. But I lay as if guarded and wonderfully strengthened by God, continually praying, near the wheel, on which my whole world reposed.

"As often as a sigh broke from the breast of my Rudolph, it was a dagger to my heart; but I consoled myself with the hope, that, after a short time of suffering, the eternal joys of heaven would be my portion, and this gave me courage to suffer; I knew, too, for whom I suffered, and this gave me strength in the combat, so that I endured to the very last moment.

"Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged me not to increase his agonies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him; in my prayers to God he found consolation and refreshment, and it was a comfort to his soul when I prayed.

"How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent, permit me to pass over in silence. A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time; I raised myself up to him. He murmured, very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words: '*Gertrude, this is fidelity till death!*' and expired. On my knees I thanked God for the grace which he had given me, to remain faithful to the end."

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

THE reign of Charles the Second was as much graced by the connubial affections of Lady Rachel Russell, as it was stained by the death of her virtuous husband.

That unfortunate young nobleman was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of conspiracy. The day before his trial, he asked leave of the court, that notes of the evidence might be taken for his use. The attorney-general, at the trial, informed him, in reply, that he would be permitted to avail himself of the assistance of one of his servants, for that purpose. "I ask no assistant," returned the prisoner, "but that lady who sits by me." At these words, the spectators, turning their eyes on the daughter of the virtuous Southampton, who rose to assist her husband in his distress, could not refrain from tears, while a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. Lady Rachel continued to take notes during the whole of her husband's trial; and, after his condemnation, she threw herself at the feet of the king, and pleaded, with tears, the merits and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for those offences into which her husband had been drawn by honest, though erroneous principles. Charles beheld, unmoved, the daughter of his best friend weeping at his feet, and even rejected her petition for a respite of a few weeks: the only condescension that she could obtain by her importunity, was a mitigation of the ignoble part of the sentence into that of beheading;

"Merely," as he said, "to show Lord Russell that he could still exercise the royal prerogative." These tears and these supplications were the last instances of feminine sorrow which Lady Rachel betrayed on so trying an occasion.

On finding every effort fruitless for saving the life of her husband, she collected her courage and fortified her mind for the fatal stroke, confirming, by her example, the resolution of her lord. When parting from him, Lady Russell commanded herself with heroic fortitude, and they mutually preserved a solemn and affecting silence. After she was gone, Lord Russell exclaimed, "Now the bitterness of death is past." Lady Russell sustained the loss of this beloved and worthy husband, with the same heroism which she had displayed during his trial and imprisonment: when in open court, attending by his side, and taking notes of all that passed in his favour; when, a suppliant at the feet of the king, she pleaded for a life so precious to her, in the name and for the services of a deceased father; when, in meek and solemn silence, without suffering a tear to escape her, she parted forever with a husband so deservedly beloved; she appears equally an object of sympathy, admiration, and reverence."

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

DURING one of the campaigns in Germany, Napoleon, wrapped in his celebrated great gray coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended

only by two orderly officers. He met on the road a very pretty looking female, who, by her dress, was evidently a vivandiere. She was weeping, and was leading by the hand a little boy about five years of age. Struck by the beauty of the woman, and her distress, the emperor pulled up his horse, by the road-side, and said :—

“What is the matter with you, my dear?”

The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed, and being much discomposed by grief, made no reply. The little boy, however, was more communicative, and he frankly answered :—

“My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beat her.”

“Where is your father?”

“Close by her. He is one of the sentinels on duty with the baggage.”

The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband; but she refused to tell, being fearful lest the captain, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. Napoleon, I am sorry to say, had but little confidence in the fair sex. On this occasion, his habitual suspicions occurred to his mind, and he said :—

“Malpeste! your husband has been beating you; you are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in the fault yourself?”

"Alas, captain! he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one—he is jealous—terribly jealous; and when he gets into a passion, he cannot restrain his violence."

"But that is rather serious; in one of his fits of jealousy, he may inflict on you some severe injury—perhaps kill you."

"And even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him, for I am sure he would not do it willingly. He loves me too well for that."

"And, if I guess rightly, you love him."

"That is very natural, captain; he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy."

So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. Napoleon was moved by this touching picture, in spite of the heart of iron, of marble, or of adamant, which has so often been allotted to him.

"Well," said he, again turning to the woman, "whether you or your husband love each other, I do not choose that he should beat you—I am—I will mention the affair to his majesty—tell me your husband's name."

"If you were the Emperor himself, I would not tell you, for I know he would be punished."

"Silly woman! all I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve."

"That would make me very happy, captain; but though he ill-treats me, I will not get him punished."

The Emperor shrugged up his shoulders, made some remarks upon female obstinacy, and galloped off.

When he was out of the woman's hearing, he said to the officers who accompanied him :—

"Well, gentlemen, what do you think of that affectionate creature ? There are not many such women at the Tuileries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband."

In the course of a few minutes, the baggage, of which the boy had spoken, came up. It was escorted by a company of the 52d. Napoleon despatched one of the officers who was riding with him, to desire the commander of the escort to come to him.

"Have you a vivandier in your company ?"

"Yes, sire," replied the captain.

"Has she a child ?"

"Yes, little Gentil, whom we are all so fond of."

"Has not the woman been beaten by her husband ?"

"I was not aware of the circumstance till some time after the occurrence. I have reprimanded the man."

"Is he generally well conducted ?"

"He is the best behaved man in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Does he know me by sight ?"

"I cannot say, sire ; but, as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it probable he does not."

"Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me, and if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to conduct him before the General of the division."

On inquiry, it appears that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a fine-looking man, about five and twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said, in a familiar tone :—

"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife. She is a young and pretty woman, and a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"Bah, General! if women are to be believed, they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or more of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking—you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice; do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. Your comrades are not absolutely capuchins; but I am much mistaken if they will not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and, if my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

"Ma foi! General, my wife is mine, and I may

beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor, Sire, you look to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife."

Napoleon laughed and said, "My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor."

The word produced its usual magical effect. The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, lowered his voice, and said—

"O, sire, that quite alters the case. Since your majesty commands, I, of course, obey."

"That's right, I hear an excellent character of your wife. Everybody speaks well of her. She braved my displeasure rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant; and when you arrive at Munich, apply to the Grand Marechal du Palais, and he will present you with four hundred francs. With that you may buy a sutler's caravan, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and at some future day he shall be provided for. But mind, never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."

"Ah, sire! I never can be sufficiently grateful for your kindness."

Two or three years after this circumstance, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, you know, had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he had once seen. On one of his marches, he met and re-

cognised the vivandiere and her son. He immediately rode up to her, saying :—

“ Well, my good woman, how do you do ! Has your husband kept the promise he made me ? ”

The poor woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet.

“ O, sire ! O, sire ! Since my good star led me into the gracious presence of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women. ”

“ Then, reward me by being the most virtuous of wives. ”

A few pieces of gold were presented with these words ; and, as Napoleon rode off, the cries of vive l'Empereur, uttered amidst tears and sobs, by the mother and her son, were enthusiastically repeated by the whole battalion.

LIFE IS SWEET.

“ I asked a friend, who had been on a delicious country-excursion,” says Miss Catharine Sedgwick, “ What did you see that best pleased you ? ”

My friend has cultivated her love of moral, more than her perception of physical beauty ; and I was not surprised when, after replying, with a smile, that she would tell me honestly, she went on to say :—
“ My cousin took me to see a man who had been a clergyman in the Methodist Church.* He had suffered from a nervous rheumatism, and from a

* His Memoir, under the title of “ The Superannuate,” written in a lively and interesting style, is published by Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York.

complication of diseases, aggravated by ignorant drugging. Every muscle in his body, excepting those which move his eyes and tongue, is paralyzed. His body has become as rigid as iron. His limbs have lost the human form. He has not lain on a bed for seven years. He suffers acute pain. He has invented a chair which affords him some alleviation. His feelings are fresh and kindly, and his mind is unimpaired. He reads constantly. His book is fixed in a frame before him, and he manages to turn the leaves by an instrument which he moves with his tongue. He has an income of thirty dollars! This pittance, by the vigilant economy of his wife, and some aid from kind rustic neighbours, bring the year round. His wife is the most gentle, patient, and devoted of loving nurses. She never has too much to do, to do all well; no wish or thought goes beyond the unvarying circle of her conjugal duty. Her love is as abounding as his wants—her cheerfulness as sure as the rising sun. She has not for years slept two hours consecutively.

"I did not know which most to reverence, his patience or hers; and so I said to them. 'Ah!' said the good man, with a most serene smile, 'life is still sweet to me; how can it but be so with such a wife!'"

And surely life is sweet to her, who feels every hour of the day the truth of this gracious acknowledgment.

O, ye, who live amidst alternate sunshine and showers of plenty, to whom night brings sleep, and

daylight freshness ; ye murmurers and complainers, who fret in the harness of life till it galls you to the bone—who recoil at the lightest burden, and shrink from a passing cloud—consider the magnanimous sufferer my friend described, and learn the divine art that can distil sweetness from the bitterest cup !

MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

NEITHER in the records of history, nor in the memorials of piety, is there to be found a more elevated and affecting example of conjugal affection, purified and ennobled by Christian principle, than in the history of that devoted missionary, ANN HASSELTINE JUDSON. She rests from her labours, but the memorials of her Christian heroism, and her self-sacrificing spirit, will never be forgotten. The following sketch, of a portion of her labours and sufferings, is from her own pen. It is dated Rangoon. May 26, 1826, and directed to her husband's brother.

"MY BELOVED BROTHER,—I commence this letter with the intention of giving you the particulars of our captivity and suffering at Ava. How long my patience will allow my reviewing scenes of disgust and horror, the conclusion of this letter will determine.

"The first certain intelligence we received of the declaration of war by the Burmese, was on our arrival at Tsen-pyoo-kywon, about a hundred miles this side of Ava, where part of the troops, under the command of the celebrated Bandoola, had encamped. As we proceeded on our journey, we

met Bandoola himself, with the remainder of his troops, gaily equipped, seated on his golden barge, and surrounded by a fleet of gold war-boats, one of which was instantly dispatched to the other side of the river to hail us, and make all necessary inquiries. We were allowed to proceed quietly on, when we had informed the messenger that we were Americans, *not English*, and were going to Ava in obedience to the command of his Majesty.

“On our arrival at the capital, we found that Dr. Price was out of favour at court, and that suspicion rested on most of the foreigners then at Ava. Your brother visited at the palace two or three times, but found the King’s manner towards him very different from what it formerly had been; and the Queen, who had hitherto expressed wishes for my speedy arrival, now made no inquiries after me, nor intimated a wish to see me. Consequently, I made no effort to visit at the palace, though almost daily invited to visit some of the branches of the royal family, who were living in their own houses, out of the palace enclosure. Under these circumstances, we thought our most prudent course lay in prosecuting our original intention of building a house, and commencing missionary operations as occasions offered, thus endeavouring to convince the government that we had really nothing to do with the present war.

“For several weeks, nothing took place to alarm us, and we went on with our school. Mr. J. preached every Sabbath; all the materials for building a brick

house were procured, and the masons had made considerable progress in raising the building.

"On the 23d of May, 1824, just as we had concluded worship at the Doctor's house, the other side of the river, a messenger came to inform us that Rangoon was taken by the English. The intelligence produced a shock, in which was a mixture of fear and joy. Mr. Gougar, a young merchant residing at Ava, was then with us, and had much more reason to fear than the rest of us. We all, however, immediately returned to our house, and began to consider what was to be done. Mr. G. went to Prince Thar-yar-wa-dee, the King's most influential brother, who informed him he need not give himself any uneasiness, as he had mentioned the subject to his Majesty, who had replied, that 'the few foreigners residing at Ava, had nothing to do with the war, and should not be molested.'

"The government were now all in motion. An army of ten or twelve thousand men, under the command of the Kyee-woon-gyee, were sent off in three or four days, and were to be joined by the Sakyah-woon-gyee, who had previously been appointed Viceroy of Rangoon, and who was on his way thither, when the news of its attack had reached him.

"As soon as the army were dispatched, the government began to inquire the cause of the arrival of the strangers at Rangoon. There must be spies in the country, suggested some, who have invited them over.

"At length Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were sum-

moved to a court of examination, where strict inquiry was made relative to all they knew. After their examination, they were not put in confinement, as the Englishmen had been, but were allowed to return to their houses.

"But on the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen of Burmans, accompanied by one, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the King,' said the officer; a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm; 'Stay, (said I,) I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer, 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected—the masons at work on the brick house, threw down their tools and ran—the little Burman children were screaming and crying—the Bengalee servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master—and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off, I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes; but he spurn-

ed my offer, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after, to make some farther attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson ; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration.

“ The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court-house, where the Governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the King, to commit Mr. Judson to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed—and Moung Ing saw no more.

“ It was now dark. I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. The guard instantly ordered me to unbar the doors, and come out, or they would break the house down. I obstinately refused to obey, and endeavoured to intimidate them by threatening to complain of their conduct to higher authorities on the morrow. Finding me resolved in disregarding their orders, they took the two Bengalee servants, and confined them in the stocks, in a very painful position. I could not endure this ; but called the head man to the window, and promised to make them all a present in the morning, if they would release the servants. After much debate, and many severe threatenings, they consented, but seemed resolved to annoy me as much as possible. My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty

of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed. You may well imagine, my dear brother, that sleep was a stranger to my eyes, and peace and composure to my mind.

“The next morning, I sent Moungr Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned, with the intelligence, that Mr. Judson, and all the white foreigners, were confined in the *death prison*, with three pairs of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving! The point of my anguish now was, that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of the government to state my case; and he said he did not dare to consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a note to one of the King's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this message—She ‘did not understand it,’—which was a polite refusal to interfere; though I afterwards ascertained, that she had an anxious desire to assist us, but dared not on account of the Queen. The day dragged heavily away, and another dreadful night was before me. I endeavoured to soften the feelings of the guard, by giving them tea and segars for the night; so that they allowed me to remain inside of my room, without threatening as they did

the night before. But the idea of your brother being stretched on the bare floor, in irons and confinement, haunted my mind like a spectre, and prevented my obtaining any quiet sleep, though nature was almost exhausted.

"On the third day, I sent a message to the Governor of the city, who has the entire direction of prison affairs, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect; and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit my going into town. The Governor received me pleasantly, and asked me what I wanted. I stated to him the situation of the foreigners, and particularly that of the teachers, who were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war. He told me it was not in his power to release them from prison or irons, but that he could make their situation more comfortable; there was his head officer, with whom I must consult, relative to the means. The officer, who proved to be one of the city writers, and whose countenance, at the first glance, presented the most perfect assemblage of all the evil passions attached to human nature, took me aside, and endeavoured to convince me, that myself, as well as the prisoners, was entirely at his disposal—that our future comfort must depend upon my liberality in regard to presents—and that these must be made in a private way, and unknown to any officer in the government! 'What must I do,' said I, 'to obtain a mitigation of the present sufferings of the two teachers?' 'Pay to me,' said he, 'two hundred tiekals, (about a hundred

dollars,) two pieces of fine cloth, and two pieces of handkerchiefs.' I had taken money with me in the morning, our house being two miles from the prison—I could not easily return. This I offered to the writer, and begged he would not insist on the other articles, as they were not in my possession. He hesitated for some time, but fearing to lose the sight of so much money, he concluded to take it, promising to relieve the teachers from their most painful situation.

"I then procured an order from the Governor for my admission into prison; but the sensations produced by meeting your brother in that *wretched, horrid* situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison—for I was never allowed to enter—gave me some directions relative to his release; but before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart, by those iron-hearted jailors, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the Governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, 'Depart, or we will pull you out.' The same evening, the missionaries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on; but was not permitted to enter again for several days.

"My next object was to get a petition presented

to the Queen ; but no person being admitted into the palace who was in disgrace with his Majesty, I sought to present it through the medium of her brother's wife. I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favour. But new times were altered : Mr. Judson was in prison, and I in distress, which was a sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with her attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question to a suppliant, 'What do you want?' but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner, stated our distresses and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head, opened the present I had brought, and coolly replied, 'Your case is not singular ; all the foreigners are treated alike.' 'But it is singular,' said I : 'the teachers are Americans ; they are ministers of religion, have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the King's command. They have never done anything to deserve such treatment ; and is it right they should be treated thus ?' 'The King does as he pleases,' said she ; 'I am not the King, what can I do ?' 'You can state their case to the Queen, and obtain their release,' replied I. 'Place yourself in my situation,—were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female—what would you do ?' With a slight degree of feeling, she said, 'I will present your petition,—come again to-morrow.'

I returned to the house, with considerable hope, that the speedy release of the missionaries was at hand. But the next day Mr. Gouger's property, to the amount of fifty thousand rupees, was taken and carried to the palace. The officers, on their return, politely informed me, they should *visit our house* on the morrow. I felt obliged for this information, and accordingly made preparations to receive them, by secreting as many little articles as possible, together with considerable silver ; as I knew, if the war should be protracted, we should be in a state of starvation without it. But my mind was in a dreadful state of agitation, lest it should be discovered, and cause my being thrown into prison. And had it been possible to procure money from any other quarter, I should not have ventured on such a step.

" The following morning, the royal treasurer, the governor of the north gate of the palace, who was in future our steady friend, and another nobleman, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take possession of all we had. I treated them civilly, gave them chairs to sit on, tea and sweetmeats for their refreshments ; and justice obliges me to say, that they conducted the business of confiscation with more regard to my feelings than I should have thought it possible for Burmese officers to exhibit. The three officers, with one of the royal secretaries, alone entered the house ; their attendants were ordered to remain outside. They saw I was deeply affected, and apologized for what they were about to

do, by saying, that it was painful for them to take possession of property not their own, but they were compelled thus to do by order of the King. 'Where is your silver, gold, and jewels?' said the royal treasurer. 'I have no gold or jewels; but here is the key of a trunk which contains the silver—do with it as you please.' The trunk was produced, and the silver weighed. 'This money,' said I, 'was collected in America, by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a kyoung, (the name of a priest's dwelling,) and for our support, while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it suitable that you should take it?' (The Burmans are averse to taking what is offered in a religious point of view, which was the cause of my making the inquiry.) 'We will state this circumstance to the King,' said one of them, 'and perhaps he will restore it. But is this all the silver you have?' I could not tell a falsehood: 'The house is in your possession,' I replied; 'search for yourselves.' 'Have you not deposited silver with some person of your acquaintance?' 'My acquaintances are all in prison; with whom should I deposit silver?' They next ordered my trunk and drawers to be examined. The secretary only was allowed to accompany me in this search. Everything nice or curious which met his view was presented to the officers, for their decision, whether it should be taken or retained. I begged they would not take my wearing apparel, as it would be disgraceful to take clothes partly worn, into the possession of his Majesty, and to us they

were of unspeakable value. They assented, and took a list only, and did the same with the books, medicines, &c.. My little work-table and rocking-chair, presents from my beloved brother, I rescued from their grasp, partly by artifice, and partly through their ignorance. They left also many articles, which were of inestimable value, during our long imprisonment.

"The officers who had taken possession of our property, presented it to his Majesty, saying, 'Judson is a true teacher; we found nothing in his house, but what belongs to priests. In addition to this money, there are an immense number of books, medicines, trunks of wearing apparel, &c., of which we have only taken a list. Shall we take them, or let them remain?' 'Let them remain,' said the King, 'and put this property by itself; for it shall be restored to him again, if he is found innocent.' This was in allusion to the idea of his being a spy.

"For two or three months following, I was subject to continual harassments, partly through my ignorance of police management, and partly through the insatiable desire of every petty officer to enrich himself through our misfortunes. When the officers came to our house, to confiscate our property, they insisted on knowing how much I had given the Governor and prison officers, to release the teachers from the inner prison. I honestly told them, and they demanded the sum from the Governor, which threw him into a dreadful rage, and he threatened to put all the prisoners back into their original place. I

went to him the next morning, and the first words with which he accosted me were, 'You are very bad; why did you tell the royal treasurer that you had given me so much money?' 'The treasurer inquired; what could I say?' I replied. 'Say that you had given nothing,' said he, 'and I would have made the teachers comfortable in prison; but now I know not what will be their fate.' 'But I cannot tell a falsehood,' I replied. 'My religion differs from yours—it forbids prevarication; and had you stood by me with your knife raised, I could not have said what you suggest.' His wife, who sat by his side, and who always, from this time, continued my firm friend, instantly said, 'Very true—what else could she have done? I like such straight-forward conduct; you must not (turning to the Governor) be angry with her.' I then presented the Governor with a beautiful opera glass I had just received from England, and begged his anger at me would not influence him to treat the prisoners with unkindness, and I would endeavour from time to time, to make him such presents as would compensate for his loss. 'You may intercede for your husband only; for your sake he shall remain where he is; but let the other prisoners take care of themselves.' I pleaded hard for Dr. Price, but he would not listen; and the same day had him returned to the inner prison, where he remained ten days. He was then taken out, in consequence of the Doctor's promising a piece of broad-cloth, and my sending two pieces of handkerchiefs.

"About this period, I was one day summoned to the Leot-dan, in an official way. What new evil was before me, I knew not, but was obliged to go. When arrived, I was allowed to *stand* at the bottom of the stairs, as no female is permitted to ascend the steps, or even to stand, but sit on the ground. Hundreds were collected around. The officer who presided, in an authoritative voice began: 'Speak the truth, in answer to the questions I shall ask. If you speak true, no evil will follow; but if not, your life will not be spared. It is reported that you have committed to the care of a Burmese officer, a string of pearls, a pair of diamond ear-rings, and a silver tea-pot. Is it true?' 'It is not,' I replied; 'and if you or any other person can produce these articles, I refuse not to die.' The officer again urged the necessity of 'speaking true.' I told him I had nothing more to say on the subject, but begged he would use his influence to obtain the release of Mr. Judson from prison.

"For the seven following months, hardly a day passed, that I did not visit some one of the members of the government, or branches of the royal family, in order to gain their influence in our behalf; but the only benefit resulting, was—their encouraging promises preserved us from despair, and induced a hope of the speedy termination of our difficulties, which enabled us to bear our distresses better than we otherwise should have done.

"During these seven months, the continual extortions and oppressions to which your brother, and the

other white prisoners were subject, are indescribable. Sometimes sums of money were demanded, sometimes pieces of cloth, and handkerchiefs; at other times an order would be issued, that the white foreigners should not speak to each other, or have any communication with their friends without. Then, again, the servants were forbidden to carry in their food, without an extra fee. Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had two miles to walk in returning to the house. O how many, many times, have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking chair which you and Deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavoured to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. Sometimes, for a moment or two, my thoughts would glance towards America, and my beloved friends there—but for nearly a year and a half, so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava.

“Some months after your brother's imprisonment, I was permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosures, where he could be much by himself, and where I was sometimes allowed to spend two or three hours. It so happened that the two months he occupied this place was the coldest part of the year, when he would have suffered much

in the open shed he had previously occupied. After the birth of your little niece, I was unable to visit the prison and the Governor as before, and found I had lost considerable influence previously gained; for he was not so forward to hear my petitions when any difficulty occurred, as he had formerly been. When Maria was nearly two months old, her father one morning sent me word that he and all the white prisoners were put into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each, and his little room had been torn down, and his mat, pillow, &c., been taken by the jailers. This was to me a dreadful shock, as I thought, at once it was only a prelude to greater evils.

"I went immediately to the Governor's house. He was not at home, but had ordered his wife to tell me, when I came, not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off, or the prisoners released, for *it could not be done*. I went to the prison gate, but was forbid to enter. All was as still as death—not a white face to be seen, or a vestige of Mr. J.'s little room remaining. I was determined to see the Governor, and know the cause of this additional oppression; and for this purpose I returned into town the same evening, at an hour I knew he would be at home. He was in his audience-room, and, as I entered, looked up without speaking, but exhibited a mixture of shame and affected anger in his countenance. I began by saying: 'Your Lordship has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father. Our obligations to you are very great. We have

looked to you for protection from oppression and cruelty. You have in many instances mitigated the sufferings of those unfortunate, though innocent beings, committed to your charge. You have promised me, particularly, that you would stand by me to the last, and though you should receive an order from the King, you would not put Mr. Judson to death. What crime has he committed to deserve such additional punishment?' The old man's heart was melted, for he wept like a child. 'I pity you, Tsa-yar-ga-dan, (a name by which he always called me,) I knew you would make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say, I do not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is to put them out of sight. I will now tell you (continued he) what I have never told you before, that three times I have received intimations from the Queen's brother, to assassinate all the white prisoners privately; but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it.' I had never seen him manifest so much feeling, or so resolute in denying me a favour, which circumstance was an additional reason for thinking dreadful scenes were before us.

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was at the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in one room, without

a breath of air, excepting from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the Governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained, was permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time.

"After continuing in the inner prison for more than a month, your brother was taken with a fever; I felt assured he would not live long, unless removed from that noisome place. To effect this, and in order to be near the prison, I removed from our house, and put up a small bamboo house in the Governor's enclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison gate. Here I incessantly begged the Governor to give me an order to take Mr. J. out of the large prison, and place him in a more comfortable situation; and the old man, being worn out with my entreaties, at length gave me the order in an official form; and also gave orders to the head jailer, to allow me to go in and out, at all times of the day, to administer medicine, &c. I now felt happy indeed, and had Mr. J. instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low, that neither of us could stand upright—but a palace, in comparison with the place he had left.

"Notwithstanding the order the Governor had given for my admittance into prison, it was with the

greatest difficulty that I could persuade the under-jailer to open the gate. I used to carry Mr. J.'s food myself, for the sake of getting in, and would then remain an hour or two, unless driven out. We had been in this comfortable situation but two or three days, when one morning, having carried in Mr. Judson's breakfast, which, in consequence of fever, he was unable to take, I remained longer than usual, when the Governor in great haste sent for me. I promised him to return as soon as I had ascertained the Governor's will, he being much alarmed at this unusual message. I was very agreeably disappointed, when the Governor informed me, that he only wished to consult me about his watch, and seemed unusually pleasant and conversable. I found afterwards, that his only object was, to detain me until the dreadful scene, about to take place in the prison, was over. For when I left him to go to my room, one of the servants came running, and with a ghastly countenance informed me, that all the white prisoners were carried away. I would not believe the report, and instantly went back to the Governor, who said, he had just heard of it, but did not wish to tell me. I hastily ran into the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight, but in this was disappointed. I ran first into one street, then another, inquiring of all I met, but no one would answer me. At length, an old woman told me the white prisoners had gone towards the little river; for they were to be carried to Amara-pora. I then ran to the banks of the little river, about

half a mile, but saw them not, and concluded the old woman had deceived me. Some of the friends of the foreigners went to the place of execution, but found them not. I then returned to the Governor, to try to discover the cause of their removal, and the probability of their future fate. The old man assured me that he was ignorant of the intention of government to remove the foreigners, till that morning. That since I went out, he had learned that the prisoners were to be sent to Amarapura; but for what purpose he knew not. 'I will send off a man immediately,' said he, 'to see what is to be done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband,' continued he, '*take care of yourself.*' Towards night, however, I came to the determination to set off the next morning for Amarapura; and for this purpose was obliged to go to our house out of town. Never before had I suffered so much from fear in traversing the streets of Ava. The last words of the Governor, '*Take care of yourself,*' made me suspect there was some design with which I was unacquainted.

"The next morning I obtained a pass from government, and with my little Maria, who was then only three months old, Mary and Abby Hasseltine, (two of the Burman children,) and our Bengalee cook, who was the only one of the party that could afford me any assistance, I set off for Amarapura. The day was dreadfully hot; but we obtained a covered boat, in which we were tolerably comfortable, till within two miles of the government house. I then

procured a cart ; but the violent motion, together with the dreadful heat and dust, made me almost distracted. But what was my disappointment on my arriving at the court-house, to find that the prisoners had been sent on two hours before, and that I must go on, in that uncomfortable mode, four miles further with little Maria in my arms, whom I held all the way from Ava. The cartman refused to go any further ; and, after waiting an hour in the burning sun, I procured another ; and set off for that never-to-be-forgotten place, Oung-pen-la. I obtained a guide from the Governor, and was conducted directly to the prison yard. But what a scene of wretchedness was presented to my view ! The prison was an old shattered building, without a roof ; the fence was entirely destroyed ; eight or ten Burmese were on the top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with leaves ; while under a little, low projection, outside of the prison, sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. The first words of your brother were, ' Why have you come ? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here.' It was now dark. I had no refreshment for the suffering prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market of Amarapura ; and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison ; he said no, it was not customary. I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I could find some place

to live in. He took me to his house, in which there were only two small rooms—one in which he and his family lived—the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered to me; and in that little, filthy place, I spent the next six months of wretchedness.

“The next morning, I arose and endeavoured to find something like food. But there was no market, and nothing to be procured. One of Dr. Price’s friends, however, brought some cold rice and vegetable curry, from Amarapura, which, together with a cup of tea from Mr. Lansago, answered for the breakfast of the prisoners; and for dinner, we made a curry of dried salt fish, which a servant of Mr. Gouger had brought. All the money I could command in the world, I had brought with me, secreted about my person; so you may judge what our prospects were, in case the war should continue long. But our Heavenly Father was better to us than our fears; for, notwithstanding the constant extortions of the jailers, during the whole six months we were at Oung-pen-la, and the frequent straits to which we were brought, we never really suffered for the want of money, though frequently for want of provisions, which were not procurable. Here, at this place, my personal bodily sufferings commenced. While your brother was confined in the city prison, I had been allowed to remain in our house, in which I had many conveniences left, and my health had continued good beyond all expectations. But now I had not a single article of convenience—not even a chair or seat of any kind, excepting a bamboo

floor. The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the small pox, the natural way. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson, whose fever still continued in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled, that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighbourhood, or medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backwards and forwards, from the house to the prison, with little Maria in my arms. Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her, for an hour, when asleep, by the side of her father, while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. She was so completely covered with the small pox, that there was no distinction in the pustules. As she was in the same little room with myself, I knew Maria would take it; I therefore inoculated her from another child, before Mary's had arrived at such a state as to be infectious. At the same time, I inoculated Abby, and the jailer's children, who all had it so lightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation in the arm of my poor little Maria did not take—she caught it of Mary, and had it in the natural way. She was then only three months and a half old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was about three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder.

"All the children recovered from the small pox ; but my watchings and fatigue, together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country, which is almost always fatal to foreigners. My constitution seemed destroyed, and in a few days I became so weak as to be hardly able to walk to Mr. Judson's prison. In this debilitated state I set off in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines, and some suitable food, leaving the cook to supply my place. I reached the house in safety ; and for two or three days the disorder seemed at a stand ; after which it attacked me so violently, that I had no hopes of recovery left—and my only anxiety now was, to return to Oung-pen-la, to die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained the medicine chest from the Governor, and then had no one to administer medicine. I, however, got at the laudanum, and, by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder, as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la. The last four miles was in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buries the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart, when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round, thick planks, with a hole in the middle, through which a pole that supports the body is thrust.

"I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook

came out to help me into the house ; but so altered and emaciated was my appearance, that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered, until I came to the English camp.

“ Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of prison, and take the emaciated creature round the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants. I now began to think the very afflictions of Job had come upon me. When in health, I could bear the various trials and vicissitudes through which I was called to pass. But to be confined with sickness, and unable to assist those who were so dear to me when in distress, was almost too much for me to bear ; and had it not been for the consolations of religion, and an assured conviction that every additional trial was ordered by infinite love and mercy, I must have sunk under my accumulated sufferings.

“ It was some time after our arrival at Oung-pen-la, that we heard of the execution of the Pagan Woon, in consequence of which our lives were still preserved. For we afterwards ascertained that the white foreigners had been sent to Oung-pen-la, for

the express purpose of sacrificing them ; and that he himself intended witnessing the horrid scene.

" The time at length arrived for our release from the dreary scenes of Oung-pen-la. A messenger from our friend, the Governor of the north gate of the palace, informed us that an order had been given, the evening before, in the palace, for Mr. Judson's release. On the same evening an official order arrived ; and with a joyful heart I set about preparing for our departure early the following morning. But an unexpected obstacle occurred, which made us fear that I should still be retained as a prisoner. The avaricious jailers, unwilling to lose their prey, insisted that as my name was not included in the order, I should not go. In vain I urged that I was not sent there as a prisoner, and that they had no authority over me—they still determined I should not go, and forbade the villagers from letting me a cart. Mr. Judson was then taken out of prison, and brought to the jailer's house, where, by promises and threatenings, he finally gained their consent, on condition that we would leave the remaining part of our provisions we had recently received from Ava. It was noon before we were allowed to depart. When we reached Amarapura, Mr. Judson was obliged to follow the guidance of the jailer, who conducted him to the Governor of the city.

" My first object the next morning, was to go in search of your brother, and I had the mortification to meet him again in prison, though not the death prison. I went immediately to my old friend, the

Governor of the city, who now was raised to the rank of a Woongyee. He informed me that Mr. Judson was to be sent to the Burmese camp, to act as translator and interpreter, and that he was put in confinement for a short time only, till his affairs were settled. Early the following morning, I went to this officer again, who told me that Mr. Judson had that moment received twenty tickals from government, with orders to go immediately on board a boat for Maloun, and that he had given him permission to stop a few moments at the house, it being on his way.

"For the first fortnight after his departure, my anxiety was less than it had been at any time previous, since the commencement of our difficulties. I knew the Burmese officers at the camp would feel the value of Mr. Judson's services too much to allow their using any measures threatening his life. I thought his situation, also, would be much more comfortable than it really was—hence my anxiety was less. But my health, which had never been restored since that violent attack at Oung-pen-la, now daily declined, till I was seized with the spotted fever, with all its attendant horrors. I knew the nature of the fever from its commencement; and from the shattered state of my constitution, together with the want of medical attendants, I concluded it must be fatal. The day I was taken with the fever, a Burmese nurse came and offered her services for Maria. This circumstance filled me with gratitude and confidence in God; for though I had so long and so constantly made efforts to obtain a person

of this description, I had never been able ; when at the very time I most needed one, and without any exertion, a voluntary offer was made. My fever raged violently, and without any intermission. I began to think of settling my worldly affairs, and of committing my dear little Maria to the care of a Portuguese woman, when I lost my reason, and was insensible to all around me. At this dreadful period. Dr. Price was released from prison ; and, hearing of my illness, obtained permission to come and see me. He has since told me that my situation was the most distressing he had ever witnessed, and that he did not then think I should survive many hours. My hair was shaved, my head and feet covered with blisters, and Dr. Price ordered the Bengalee servant who took care of me, to endeavour to persuade me to take a little nourishment, which I had obstinately refused for several days. One of the first things I recollect was, seeing this faithful servant standing by me, trying to induce me to take a little wine and water. I was, in fact, so far gone, that the Burmese neighbours, who had come in to see me expire, said, ' She is dead ; and if the King of angels should come in, he could not recover her.'

"The fever, I afterwards understood, had run seventeen days when the blisters were applied. I now began to recover slowly ; but it was more than a month after this before I had strength to stand.

"If I ever felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I did at this time. I could not rise from my couch ; I could make no efforts to secure my husband ; I could

only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and *I will hear*, and thou shalt glorify me;' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise, that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered.

"The treaty of peace was soon concluded, signed by both parties, and a termination of hostilities publicly declared. We left Yandabo, after a fortnight's residence, and safely reached the mission house in Rangoon, after an absence of two years and three months. The mission property was all restored."

The following tribute to the benevolence and talents of Mrs. Judson was written by one of the English prisoners, who were confined at Ava with Mr. Judson. It was published in a Calcutta paper, after the conclusion of the war:—

"Mrs. Judson was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the government, which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never expected by any, who knew the hauteur and inflexible pride of the Burman court.

"And while on this subject, the overflowings of grateful feelings, on behalf of myself and fellow-prisoners, compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to that amiable and humane female, who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without any means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infir-

mity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed in every way to alleviate our misery.

"While we were all left by the government destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply.

"When the tattered state of our clothes evinced the extremity of our distress, she was ever ready to replenish our scanty wardrobe.

"When the unfeeling avarice of our keepers confined us inside, or made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the government, until she was authorized to communicate to us the grateful news of our enlargement, or of a respite from our galling oppressions.

"Besides all this, it was unquestionably owing, in a great degree, to the repeated eloquence, and forcible appeals of Mrs. Judson, that the untutored Burman was finally made willing to secure the welfare and happiness of his country, by a sincere peace."

AN INSTRUCTIVE SKETCH.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves.

When the families are unexpectedly reduced to poverty, how pitiful and contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer!

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home: "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other, and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober, we will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see! you shall see!" answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the younger girl, hardly four years old. "I shall not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left their stately house. The servants were

dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture, were sold, and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest instructed in the household, and also assisted the younger children—besides they executed various works which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated bowers, sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do

when we lived in the great house," said the children; "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father; "and you make just such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed: nothing was wasted; nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in the seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"O, no!" was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again: for then," they added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you and mother; now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more!"

HINTS TO HUSBANDS,

BY A WOMAN.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember, that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of it again.

Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault.

Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect; if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal.

Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. It touches her pride—and she will not respect you more or love you better for it.

Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault.

Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women.

Do not often invite your friends to ride, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteemed others more companionable than herself.

If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof.

Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere.

Remember, that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself; and devote a portion, at

least, of your leisure hours, to such society and amusement as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business, and know your income—that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Be it remembered, that pecuniary affairs cause more difficulties in families than any other one cause. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all you possess in the world—therefore she should be made acquainted, as nearly as possible, with that which is of great importance to both. Do not withhold this knowledge in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception—be sure she will discover your selfishness; and though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, her confidence diminished, her pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane.

AMUSING INCIDENT.

COLONEL W——, formerly a well-known character in one of our Eastern cities, was remarkable for one passion out of the ordinary range of humanity; and that was for buying any lot of trumpery which came under the head of “miscellaneous,” for the

reason that it could not be classified. Though close-fisted in general, he was continually throwing away his money, in fives and tens, on such trash. In this way he filled all the odd corners of his dwelling and out-houses with a collection of nondescript articles, that would have puzzled a philosopher to tell what they were made for, or to what use they could be put. This, however, was a secondary consideration with the Colonel; for he seldom troubled his head about articles after they were fairly housed. Not so with his wife, however, who was continually remonstrating against those purchases, which served to clutter up the house, and as food for the mirth of the domestics. But the Colonel, though he often submitted to these remonstrances of his better half, could not resist the passion; and so he went on adding, from week to week, to his heap of miscellanies.

One day, while sauntering down the street, he heard the rich, full tones of the auctioneer, and of course he stepped in to see what was being sold. On the floor he perceived a collection, which looked as if it might have been purloined from the garret of some Museum, around which a motley group had assembled; while on the counter stood the portly auctioneer in the very height of a mock indignant remonstrance with the audience.

"Nine dollars and ninety cents!" cried the auctioneer; "gentlemen, it is a shame, it is barbarous, to stand by and permit such a sacrifice of property! Nine dollars and ninety—Good morning, Colonel!

A magnificent lot of antiques, and all going—going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Gentlemen, you'll never see another such lot—and all going—going—going for nine dollars and ninety cents. Colonel W——, can you permit such a sacrifice?"

The Colonel glanced his eye over the lot, and then, with a nod and a wink, assured him that he could not. The next instant the hammer came down, and the purchase was his at ten dollars. As the articles were to be paid for and removed immediately, the Colonel lost no time in getting a cart, and having everything packed up, and on their way to the house. He proceeded to his own store, chuckling within himself that now, at least, he had made a bargain at which his wife would not grumble.

In due time, the Colonel was seated at the dinner table, when, lifting his eyes, he observed a cloud on his wife's brow.

"Well, my dear?" said he, inquiringly.

"Well," repeated his wife, "it is not well, Mr. W.; I am vexed beyond endurance. You know C., the auctioneer?"

"Certainly," replied the Colonel, "and a very gentlemanly person he is too."

"You may think so," replied his wife, "but I don't, and I will tell you why. A few days ago, I gathered together all the trumpery with which you have been cluttering the house for the last twelve years, and sent it to him with orders to sell the lot immediately to the highest bidder, for cash. He assured me he would do so ~~soon~~ this week at far-

theat, and pay over the proceeds to my order. And here I have been congratulating myself on two things : first, on having got rid of a most intolerable nuisance ; secondly, on receiving money enough therefrom to purchase that new velvet hat you promised me so long ago. And now, what do you think ? This morning, about an hour ago, the whole load came back without a word of explanation !”

The Colonel looked blank for a moment, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery. But the good woman was pacified only by the promise of a ten dollar note, beside that in the hand of the auctioneer.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND BANKRUPTCY

“It is a lamentable fact,” says the author of the “Wife and Mother,” “that at the present day there are hundreds of bankrupts, or tradesmen on the very verge of bankruptcy, or persons of limited income in embarrassed circumstances, whose difficulties have originated in the fondness of their wives for dress and display ; and some of these wives, women professing godliness ! Not very long since, a professional man, with an income, perhaps, of from two to three hundred pounds a year, on which to support himself, a wife, and one child, was arrested for debt. The stir thus occasioned brought to light his general circumstances, when it appeared, that he owed about twelve hundred pounds, more than half that sum being due to mercers, milliners, and jewellers, for his wife’s finery.”

REFORMING A WIFE.

A MAN once came to the Rev. Mr. Scott, complaining of his wife. He said she was so exceedingly ill-tempered, and so studiously tormented him in such a variety of ways, that she was the great burden of his life; and, notwithstanding all the kind methods he had used to bring her to a better disposition, she was not at all improved, but grew continually worse and worse. Mr. Scott exhorted him to try what a redoubled affection and kindness would do, observing to him that the command of Scripture to husbands was, "to love their wives," and that "even as Christ loved the Church."

This advice did not appear to satisfy the man; and he went away much dejected, resolving, however, if possible, to follow it; since, though it had not yet succeeded, he could not but consider it as founded on the word of God. He accordingly increased his attention; and, as an instance of his kindness, the next Saturday evening brought to his wife his whole week's wages, and with an affectionate smile threw it into her lap, begging her entire disposal of them. This did not succeed: she threw the wages in a passion, accompanied with many bitter execrations, at his head; and afterwards continued in the practice of every spiteful and malicious trick that she could devise, or, according to the poor man's own conclusion, that Satan himself could suggest to make his life miserable.

Some years elapsed, during which he sustained as patiently as he could this wicked and undutiful treatment, when Providence favoured him with another interview with his kind friend, Mr. Scott. This happened most opportunely, at a time when a neighbour had been giving the man a supposed recipe for the cure of refractory wives ; and, as a strong recommendation, mentioned that he had tried it on his own wife with the happiest effects. The man therefore came to Mr. Scott with a countenance bespeaking a considerable degree of confidence, which led Mr. Scott at first to hope that his former advice had proved successful ; but he was soon informed that, through the extremely wayward disposition of the woman, it had operated in a way precisely the reverse of what was expected from it. Upon being asked why then he smiled and looked so pleasantly, he said he believed he had really found out a remedy, which, if it should meet Mr. Scott's approbation, would not fail of effecting a cure ; for it had been tried by a neighbour of his on a wife, who, though she had been in all respects as bad as his, was, by one application only, become one of the most obedient and affectionate creatures living. "And what is this excellent remedy ?" said Mr. Scott. "Why, sir, it is a good whipping ! You hear, sir, what good effects have been produced : do you think I may venture to try it ?"

Mr. Scott replied, "I read, my friend, nothing about husbands whipping their wives in the Bible, but just the reverse ; namely, love, which I before

recommended ; and I can by no means alter the word of God ; but I doubt not, if you persevere, it will be attended with a happy result." This advice was accompanied with exhortations to more earnest prayer.

The man, though he left Mr. Scott both with a mind and countenance very different from those with which he came, resolved to follow his directions, as his esteem for him was very great ; and Providence calling Mr. Scott, some time after, to preach at Birmingham, his old friend, who then resided there, came to him after he had concluded the service, and, with a countenance expressive of peace and happiness, said that he should have reason to bless God through eternity for the advice he had given him ; and that he had not been induced by his weak importunities to alter or relax it ; adding, that his wife, who then stood smiling with approbation by his side, was not only become a converted woman, through a blessing on his kind attentions to her, but was one of the most affectionate and dutiful of wives.

BRIDAL QUARRELS.*

TRIFLING disagreements, about a trifling matter, may destroy a life of enjoyment. And it usually happens that when the married pair do quarrel, the occasion is so despicable, they are ashamed to think

* "Bridal Greetings,"—a very excellent little work, published by Lane and Scott, 200 Mulberry-street.

of it. Yet that silly circumstance, like a drop of ink discolouring a whole vessel of water, often spreads its influence over the whole life ;—just as

“ A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turn'd the course of many a river ,
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warp'd the giant oak forever.”

I find an exceedingly painful illustration of these ideas in an English publication, for the truth of which the author pledges his word.

A young couple had passed the first weeks of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene occurred :—

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg-cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what she thought was the wrong end. “ How strange it looks,” she said, “ to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear ! No one else does so, and it looks so odd.”

“ O, I think it's quite as good, in fact better than breaking it at the large end, my love : for when you break the large end, the egg runs over the top,” replied the husband.

“ But it looks very odd, when no one else does so,” rejoined the wife.

“ Well, now, really I think it is not a nice way that *you* have got of eating an egg. That dipping of strips of bread and butter into an egg certainly is

net tidy ; but I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will let me break my egg at the small end," retorted the husband.

"I am quite sure my way is not so bad as eating fruit-pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using the fork ; and you always eat up the syrup as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how very bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The syrup is made to be eaten with the pie, and why should I send it away in the plate ?" asked the husband.

"No well-bred persons clear up their plates as if they were starved," said the bride, with a contemptuous toss of her little head.

"Well, then, I am not a well-bred person," replied the bridegroom, angrily.

"But you must be, if we are to be comfortable together," was the sharp answer of the fastidious lady.

"Well, I must break my eggs at the small end, so it does not signify ; and must also eat the syrup."

"Then, I will not have either fruit-pies or eggs at the table."

"But I will have them," petulantly exclaimed the husband.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

"And so do I," added the now incensed husband, as he arose and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by others

equally trifling in their origin and disgraceful in their character ; until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other, that their home became unendurable, and they separated.

Now, I doubt not, the reader is ready to pronounce this quarrel about the opening of an egg, a foolish affair. It was so ; and yet I seriously question if the first quarrel between a newly-married pair ever has a much more elevated beginning. Little things do great mischief, and are to be watched with suspicious care.

POWER OF A SMILE.

A DECENT countrywoman, says an English divine, came to me one market-day, and begged to speak with me. She told me, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and sought the company of other women : and that, knowing me to be a wise man, I could tell what would cure him. "The remedy is simple," said I ; "*always treat your husband with a smile.*" The woman thanked me, dropped a courtesy, and went away. A few months after, she came again, bringing a couple of fine fowls. She told me with great satisfaction, that I had cured her husband ; and she begged my acceptance of the fowls in return. I was pleased with the success of my prescription, but refused the fee.

A GEM.

THE sunlight that follows a shipwreck is not less beautiful, though it shines upon the remains of the broken bark ; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The domestic circle is always too small to allow of rupture ; it is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to prevent or heal disturbance. There are enough to minister by hints and reports to domestic unkindness ; and unfortunately the best, under such circumstances, are much prone to mistake, and thus misrepresent motives ; and trifles, with no direct object, are magnified into mountains of unintentional offence. It is the same in social life. Let us guard against it. Delicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery ; dampness corrodes, and the rust, though removed, leaves a spot.

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH"

A HUSBAND, in a moment of hasty passion, said to her whom, but a few months before, he had promised to honour, love, and protect : " If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and your happiness !"

" And will you give me back that which I brought to you ?" asked the despairing wife.

" Yes," he replied, all your wealth shall go with you—I covet it not.*

" Alas !" she answered, I thought not of my wealth

—I spoke of my maiden affections—of my buoyant hope—of my devoted love ; can you give these back to me ?”

“No,” said the man, throwing himself at her feet
—“No, I cannot restore these ; but I will do more ; I will keep them unsullied and unstained. I will cherish them through life.”

MORE PRAYER.

A LADY in Germany, who had been a sincere follower of Christ, but whose husband was still unrenewed, was very much afflicted on his account, and told a clergyman that she had done all in her power in persuading and beseeching him to turn from his evil practices, to no effect. “Madam,” said he, “talk more to God about your husband, and less to your husband about God.” A few weeks after, the lady called upon him, full of joy that her prayers to God had been heard, and that a change was wrought upon her husband.

THE MOTHER.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE MOTHER.

"It may be autumn, yea winter, with the woman ; but with the mother, as a mother, it is always spring."

I saw an aged woman bow
To weariness and care ;
Time wrote in sorrow on her brow,
And mid her frosted hair.

Hope from her breast had torn away
Its rooting, scathed and dry ;
And on the pleasures of the gay
She turn'd a joyless eye.

What was it, that, like sunbeam clear,
O'er her wan features run,
As, pressing towards her deafen'd ear,
I named her absent son ?

What was it ? Ask a mother's breast,
Through which a fountain flows,
Perennial, fathomless, and blest,
By winter never froze.

What was it? Ask the King of kings,
Who hath decreed above,
That change should mark all other things
Except a mother's love.

L. H. S.

THREE DAYS OF AGONY.

THE following beautiful story is literally true, and was first published in a lecture delivered by William Tracy, Esq., of Utica, on the early history of Oneida county.

One of the first settlers in Western New-York was Judge W——, who established himself at Whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy, about four years old. You will recollect, the country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W—— saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly, he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and seemed pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him:—an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not yet been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the

sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was, that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came; Judge W—— received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter, and her little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the Judge was convinced his security might depend, and therefore he was exceedingly anxious to make a favourable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country, to live on terms of amity and good-fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them, by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said: "Brother, you ask much, and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge; "is it not an evidence of my good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not believe he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief, "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence; if you will trust, he will trust you. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days, with my answer!"

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and, running to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and, pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W——. He knew that the success of their enterprise—the lives of his family—depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay—stay, my daughter," he said, "bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated a moment; she then slowly returned, placing the boy on the knee of the chief, and, kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed away from the sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing three days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away—and the third day came.

How slowly did the hours pass! The morning waned away, noon arrived, yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W—— walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

As the last rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle's feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits; and so proud was he of his honours, that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms; and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

"The white man has conquered," said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian, he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word; and Judge W—— lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes; and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

THE FROZEN DEAD.

THE scene of the greatest interest at the Hospice of the grand St. Bernard—a solemn, extraordinary interest, indeed—is that of the morgue, or building where the dead bodies of lost travellers are deposited. There are some of them, as when the breath of life departed, and the death angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, stiffened and embalmed them for ages. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones, and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the walls are groups of poor sufferers in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and, in this air, by the preserving elements of an eternal frost, almost as uncrumbling. There are a mother and her child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains pressed to the mother's bosom, only the back part of the skull being visible, the body enfolded in her careful arms—careful in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her offspring from the elemental wrath of the tempest.

The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them both up in one white shroud, and buried them. There is also a tall, strong man, standing alone, the face dried and black, but the white, unbroken teeth, firmly set and closed, grinning from the fleshless jaws; it is a most awful spectacle. The face seems to look at you, from the recesses of the sepulchre, as if it would tell you the story of a death-struggle in the storm. There are other groups

more indistinct, but these two are never to be forgotten; and the whole of these dried and frozen remnants of humanity, are a terrific demonstration of the fearfulness of this mountain pass, when the elements, let loose in fury, encounter the unhappy traveller. You look at all this through the grated window; there is just enough light to make it solemnly and distinctly visible, and to read in it a powerful record of mental and physical agony, and of maternal love in death. The little child hiding its face in its mother's bosom, and both frozen to death!—one can never forget the group, nor the *memento mori*, nor the token of deathless love.

THE DEAD CHILD.

THE following story we heard, a short time since, from a young lady in humble life, an emigrant from Ireland:—

“The steerage of our ship was crowded with passengers of all ages, and before we had been long at sea, a malignant disease broke out among the children on board. One after another sickened and died; and each was in its turn wrapped in its narrow shroud, and committed to the deep, with no requiem but the bursting sigh of a fond mother, and no obsequies but the tears of fathers and brothers, and pitying strangers. As they sullenly plunged into the sea, and the blue waves rolled over them, I clasped my own babe more closely to my bosom, and prayed that Heaven might spare my own child. But this was not to be. It sickened, and day after

day I saw that its life was ebbing, and the work of death begun. On Friday night it died, and to avoid the necessity of seeing what was once so beautiful, and still so dear, given to gorge the monsters of the deep, I concealed its death from all around me. To lull suspicion, I gave evasive answers to all who inquired after it, and folded it in my arms, and sang to it, as if my babe was only sleeping for an hour, when the cold, long sleep of death was on it. A weary day and night had passed away, and the Sabbath came. Like others, I wore my neatest dress, and put on a smiling face—but ah! it was a heavy task, for I felt my heart was breaking. On Monday, the death of the child could no longer be concealed, but, from regard to my feelings, the captain had it enclosed in a rude coffin, and promised to keep it two days for burial, if in that time he should make land. The coffin was placed in the boat which floated at the ship's stern, and through the ship's stern, and through the hours of the night I watched it—a dark speck on the waves, which might shut it from my sight forever. It was then I thought of my dear cottage home, and my native land, and the kind friends I had left behind me; and longed to mingle my tears with theirs. By night I watched the coffin of my babe, and by day looked for the land—raising my heart in prayer to Him who holds the winds in his hand, that they might waft us swiftly onward. On the third morning, just as the sun had risen, the fog lifted, and showed us the green shores of New-Brunswick. The ship was laid to; and the captain,

with several others, took the precious clay in the small boat, and made for the shore, to fulfil his promise. I was not permitted to go, but from the deck of the vessel I could see them as they dug the grave, under the thick shade of the forest trees, on the edge of a sweet glade which sloped down to the water—and in my heart I blessed them, and prayed that God would reward their kindness to the living and the dead. When they returned on board, the captain came to me and said : “ My good woman, the place where your son is buried is Greenville, on the coast of New-Brunswick. I will write it on a piece of paper, that you may know where his remains lie.” I thanked him for his care, and told him the record was already written on my heart, and would remain there till my blessed boy and I should meet in a brighter and happier world.”

THE MOTHER AND THE LION.

A LION having escaped from the menagerie of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, entered Florence, everywhere spreading terror. Among the fugitives was a woman with a child in her arms, which she let fall. He seized, and seemed ready to devour it, when the mother, transported with the tender affections of nature, ran back, threw herself before the lion, and by her gestures demanded the child. The lion looked at her steadfastly,—her cries and tears seemed to affect him, till at last he laid down the child without doing it the least injury.

THE MERCHANDISE OF CHILDREN.

A LATE traveller at the Cape of Good Hope, says, in a letter to a friend : " Having learned that there was to be a sale of cattle, farm-stock, &c., by auction, we stopped our wagon for the purpose of procuring fresh oxen. Among the stock of the farm were a female slave and her three children. The farmers examined them as if they had been so many head of cattle. They were sold separately, and to different purchasers. The tears, the anxiety, the anguish of the mother, while she met the gaze of the multitude, eyed the different countenances of the bidders, or cast a heart-rending look upon the children ; and the simplicity and touching sorrow of the poor young ones, while they clung to their distracted parent, wiping their eyes, and half-concealing their faces, contrasted with the marked indifference and laughing countenances of the spectators, furnished a striking commentary on the miseries of slavery, and its debasing effects upon the hearts of its supporters. While the woman was in this distressed situation, she was asked, ' Can you feed sheep ? ' Her reply was so indistinct, that it escaped me ; but it was probably in the negative, for her purchaser rejoined, in a loud and harsh voice, ' Then I will teach you with the *sjamboc*,'—a whip made of the rhinoceros's hide. The mother and her three children were literally torn from each other."

THE PERILOUS JOURNEY.

WHEN Captain Peter Powers and his wife pitched their tent in Hollis, which was a little north-west of the present meeting-house in that town, the traces of which are still visible, their nearest neighbour lived in the eastern part of Dunstable, N. H., a distance, probably, at this time, of ten miles, and could not be made at that time much less than twelve, as they had no road but a single track, and spotted trees for their guide. This journey could not be made in the summer season without fording the Nashua, which was done at a place a little south-east of a small island, visible at the left as you now pass the bridge leading from Hollis to Dunstable, Mass. ; and here the river was fordable only when streams were low. Of course the lonely adventurers made their visits but seldom, and never with a view to be absent from their habitations during the night, as they were then the parents of two children, whom they were necessitated to leave at home in a cabin surrounded with Indians. Indeed seldom, if ever, did both parents leave their children and perform this route in company. Now it happened on a summer's morning, in the month of August, that the wife, Anna, found it necessary for her to visit her neighbour, and mounting, at an early hour, a fine Narraganset, a faithful and tried companion in adventures, the river was soon forded, and the whole distance was made, long ere it was high noon. The interview was such as characterized the first settlers in this new coun-

try, where warmth of affection more than supplied the place of a thousand ceremonies, and a sense of dependence prompted to the discharge of kinder offices than mere refinement would recognise as obligatory on her. The hours passed swiftly away—they lived fast: they ate, they drank, they talked much, and blessed God and their king. Nor did a single occurrence tend to interrupt their festivity until about three past meridian, when all were suddenly aroused by a distant though heavy discharge of heaven's artillery. All rushed to the door to witness the aspect of the elements, when lo! it was most threatening and appalling. Nature all around slept, or seemed to be awed into a death-like silence. Not a leaf moved, but when the foundations of the earth responded to the voice of heaven. Already, from north to south, the whole western horizon was mantled in black; and the gathering tempest moved forward as slowly and sublimely as though fully conscious of its power to deride all resistance. Not until this moment did anxious concern possess the breast of Anna for the objects of her affections, whom she had left in that lone, dear cell. In a kind of momentary distraction, she demanded that Narraganset should be pannelled, for she must return to her family that afternoon, whatever might be the consequences to herself. She had rather brave the tempest returning, than endure her foreboding with her sheltered friends. But a sudden change in the elements did more to dissuade her from so rash an attempt, than the entreaties and expostulations of



her friends. From an apparent calm, nature now awoke, and seemed to be rushing into ruin. As though the north called unto the south, and the west unto the east, the *four winds* came on to the conflict. Clouds were driven hither and thither in angry velocity, and all seemed to be propelled in directions counter to each other. The tempest soon burst upon them, and on the whole adjacent country, in an unparalleled torrent. Nothing was heard but the crack or roll of thunder, and the roar of winds and waters—nothing seen but the successive blaze of lightning. The said Anna lived until rising somewhat of ninety years, and could remember distinctly, perhaps, eighty-five years, but in all this time she never witnessed such a scene, nor could she relate anything which seemed to raise such sublimity of feeling in her mind as this.

The tempest lay upon them, with unabated force, several hours, nor did it appear to spend itself until the sun was just sinking below the horizon, when he broke in upon drowned nature in all his smiles, and reflected his golden beams upon the black cloud at the east, in the most enchanting manner. This was the moment for Anna to renew her resolve of returning to her family that night, and, contrary to all reasoning and persuasions, she immediately put it in execution. She mounted her horse, and, bidding adieu to her friends, she entered the twelve-mile forest, just as the sun took his leave of her. She calculated upon a serene and star-light evening, and the extraordinary instinct of her beast, as

well as her experience in the way, and at the fords. But in regard to the former she was wholly disappointed. The wind soon shifted and rolled the same cloud back again, and the rain re-commenced as the night set in, and the wind ceased. At that season of the year the term of twilight was short ; the earth being warm and moistened, evaporation was rapid, and a dense fog arose which soon obstructed vision, and long before she arrived at the fords, she was enveloped in total darkness. Her only guide now was her faithful Narraganset, and the beasts of the forest her companions. She, however, made the best of her circumstances. She entered into conversation with her mare, as was her custom when riding alone ; and when her beast stopped suddenly, tossed up her head and snorted at some wild animal crossing the track before her, as was supposed, Anna would exhort her to possess courage, assuring her "that nothing could harm her, for the beasts were mere cowards in the presence of a brave horse," &c. After this manner, the long way to the ford was passed over in Egyptian darkness ; nor had the thought once occurred to Anna, that so considerable a river as now rolled before her, would be materially affected by a thunder-storm of a few hours ; whereas, so great was the fall of water in this time, that the river, although wide at this place, was bank-full, and pressed on in great rapidity. Nor could the murmur of the waves be heard, by reason of the rain still pouring upon the forest around her. She therefore deter-

mined to give the rein to her experienced beast, believing that she would keep the ford, and land her on the opposite shore at the proper place. The horse entered the stream as soon as at the bank, and in a moment lost her foothold of terra firma, and was rolling in the waves at a full swim. Such, however, was Anna's presence of mind, that she made no exertion to rein her beast, but endeavoured simply to retain her seat, which was now under water, while the waves beat with violence against her waist. The faithful beast made for the opposite shore, but, so strong was the current, that she was either carried below the ford, or, in her exertions to resist it, she overacted and ascended above it, where, at one sweep of her fore feet, she struck upon a rock in the bed of the river, which suddenly raised her somewhat from the water forward, but she as soon plunged again, for the rock was cleared the second sweep. This plunge was so deep, that Anna was borne from her pannel by the gravity of the water; but, pitching forward, she seized Narraganset's mane, as she rose, nor quit her grasp until they were both safely landed on the happy shore! Adjusting her clothes, she remounted, and soon found that her beast was in her accustomed track, and in little more than one hour she alighted at the door of her peaceful cabin, where, by her well-known signal, she broke the slumbers of her husband and babes, and, upon entering, related, in no purer gratitude or greater joy than they experienced in hearing, the result of that adventurous night.

PERILOUS COMBAT.

IN the summer of 1822, a poor woman in the environs of Oneille, in the Duchy of Genoa, of the name of Marie Pittaluga, was in a field with three young children, one of whom was at the breast. Suddenly a ferocious wolf, of an enormous size, sprang upon her, and attempted to tear the infant from her arms; the mother at first repelled the furious animal, and immediately placing the infant in the cradle, and the two other children between her legs, she sustained a contest with her terrible assailant; and, having been bitten several times, she at length succeeded in grasping the wolf firmly by the throat, and preventing him from doing the least injury to the children. The husband of this intrepid female, drawn by her cries, and those of the children, hastened to her assistance; but on his appearance, the wolf made an effort, disengaged himself from the woman's grasp, and took to flight.

THE ROCK OF THE MOTHER.

NEAR the confluence of the Atabapo and the Rio Terni, there is a granite hummock that rises on the western bank, near the mouth of the Guasacari; it is called the Rock of the Guahiba Woman, or the Rock of the Mother, *Piedra de la Madre*. This name was given to it from a singular event, which is related by Humboldt, in his "Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent."

"If," says this enterprising traveller, "in these solitary scenes, man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for a European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtue of a savage and the barbarisms of civilized man !

"In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the mouth of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found, in an Italian hut, a Guahiba mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of Cassava. Resistance was impossible ; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the whites and negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were found, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition, of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for everything is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls ; and it is children, in particular, they seek to capture, in order to treat them, in the mission, as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando, in the hope that the

mother would be unable to find her way back to her home, by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day on which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone towards the missions of the Rio Negro, going up to the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged, by the direction of the sun, that she was removed farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed, and took shelter in the woods; but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock, *la Piedra de la Madre*, a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her

hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of *mavacure*, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

“She was there thrown into one of the caravanseras, that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant, in a straight line. No other path is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo, she must find them again; she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of the Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Gnahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcades. She succeeded, by the help of her teeth, in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night, and at the fourth rising of the sun, was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. ‘What the woman performed,’ added the missionary, who gave us this sad narrative, ‘the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake.’ She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered

with clouds, and the sun, during whole days, appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods, where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a network around the trunks they entwine? How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo? This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days? She said, 'That, exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants, called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests.' We pressed the missionary to tell us whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children; and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but, at our return from the Rio Negro, we learned that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oronoko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

"Such is the remembrance annexed to this fatal rock, to *Piedra de la Madre*."

AFFECTING FAMILY SCENE.

In September, 1789, a little boy about five years old, the son of a man named Freemantle, in St. Thomas's Churchyard, Salisbury, being at play by the dam of the town mill, fell into the water; his sister, a child of nine years of age, with an affection that would have done honour to riper years, instantly plunged in to his assistance. They both sank, and in sight of their mother! The poor woman, distracted with horror at the prospect of instant death to her children, braved the flood to save them; she rose with one under each arm, and by her cries happily brought her husband, who instantly swam to her assistance, and brought them all three safe ashore.

MARCHIONESS DE SPADARA.

THE Marchioness de Spadara was at Messina during the dreadful earthquake which happened in Sicily, in 1782. Fainting from alarm, at its commencement, she was conveyed by her husband to the fort, while he prepared a boat for their departure. While he was absent, his wife recovered her senses, when she found that her infant son was left behind: she ran in the utmost haste to her house, which was still standing; and, proceeding to the room where the child lay, snatched it up from the cradle. Overwhelmed with joy, she was about to return, when she found that the staircase had fallen. She then ran from one part of the house to another, searching

in vain for some means of escape, till the whole building was destroyed, except a balcony, to which she flew, and, with her infant son in her arms, implored assistance from the multitude: no one, however, came to her relief, and the remainder of the building fell, burying the tender mother and her child in the ruins.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.

SOME years ago, a fire broke out at Whitechapel, in a row of houses principally occupied by lodgers. So rapid were the flames, that it was with the utmost difficulty the unfortunate inhabitants could be rescued. One poor woman, with a large family, who had just escaped, was kneeling, with her children around her, to return thanks to God for their preservation, when she found that her youngest child, an infant, was still missing. With a courage and desperation which maternal affection, heightened by despair, could alone have prompted, she flew, half-naked as she was, up the blazing staircase, rushed into the room, snatched the babe from the cradle, and bore it in triumph to her family group; a triumph, alas! short-lived, for the infant was not her own. Misled by the smoke which filled the building, she had entered a wrong apartment, and rescued the child of one of her neighbours, instead of her own. She hastened back, but, by this time, the whole building had fallen in, when she sunk senseless on the ground, and died within a few hours.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

MOTHER OF BARON CUVIER.

THE cares of his excellent mother, during the extreme delicacy of his health, left an impression on M. Cuvier which was never effaced, even in his latest years, and amid the absorbing occupations of his active life. He cherished every circumstance connected with her memory ; he loved to recall her kindness, and to dwell upon objects, however trifling, which reminded him of her. Among other things, he delighted in being surrounded by the flower she had preferred ; and whoever placed a bouquet of red stocks in his study, or his room, was sure to be rewarded by his most affectionate thanks, for giving him what he called " the favourite flower." But this well-judging parent did not confine her cares to his health alone ; she devoted herself equally to the formation of his mind, and was another proof of the influence that a mother's early attentions frequently shed over the future career of her son. She guided him in his religious duties, taught him to read fluently at the age of four years, took him every morning to an elementary school ; and although herself ignorant of Latin, so scrupulously made him repeat his lessons to her, that he was always better prepared with his tasks than any other boy at the

school. She made him draw under her own inspection ; and, by constantly furnishing him with the best works on history and general literature, nurtured that passion for reading, that ardent desire for knowledge, which became the principal spring of his intellectual existence.

THE MOTHER OF LAMARTINE.

LAMARTINE, whose influence for some months was great in France, thus opens the beautiful narrative of his travels in the East :—

“ My mother had received from her, on the bed of death, a beautiful copy of the Bible of Royaumont, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. The Bible had engravings, on sacred subjects, on every page. They depicted Sarah, Joseph, and Samuel ; and, above all, those beautiful patriarchal scenes, in which the solemn and primitive nature of the East was blended with all the acts of the simple and wonderful lives of the fathers of mankind. When I had repeated my lesson well, and read, with only a fault or two, the half page of historical matter, my mother uncovered the engraving, and, holding the book open in her lap, showed and explained it to me as my recompense.

“ She was endowed by nature with a mind as pious as it was tender, and with the most sensitive and vivid imagination. All her thoughts were sentiments, and every sentiment was an image. Her beautiful, noble, and benignant countenance reflected, in its radiant physiognomy, all that glowed in her

heart, and all that was painted in her thoughts ; *and the silvery, affectionate, solemn, and impassioned tone of her voice, added to all that she said an accent of strength, grace, and love, which still sounds in my ear after six years of absence.*

"The sight of these engravings, the explanations, and the poetical commentaries of my mother, inspired me, from the most tender infancy, with a taste and inclination for Biblical lore.

"From the love of the things themselves, to the desire of seeing the places where these things had occurred, there was but a step. I burned, therefore, from the age of eight years, with a desire to go and visit those mountains on which God descended—those deserts where the angel pointed out to Hagar the hidden spring, whence her famished child, dying with thirst, might derive nourishment—those rivers which flowed from the terrestrial paradise—the spot in the firmament at which the angels were seen ascending and descending Jacob's ladder. The desire grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I was always dreaming of travelling in the East."

MY MOTHER'S EXAMPLE.

"I RECOLLECT a young gentleman," says Dr. Alexander, "who, although he had an uncommonly pious mother, broke over all the restraints of his education, and became a professed infidel, and the advocate of licentiousness in its vilest forms ; but a gracious God heard the unceasing prayers of his mother, and by

means somewhat unusual, he was converted from the error of his ways. In speaking of his former career, which he evidently did with shame and humility, he said : ' I could get over all arguments in defence of religion, but one, and that I never could obviate,—which was, the pious example and conversation of my mother. When I had fortified myself against the truth by the aid of Bolingbroke, Hume, and Voltaire, yet, whenever I thought of my mother, I had the secret conviction, which nothing could remove, that there was a reality in religion.' ”

DROP WORDS AND SMILES.

WOULD it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you passed along the streets ? It would make you feel happy for a month to come. Such happiness you can give to others. How, do you ask ? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as you pass along. These are true pearls and precious stones, which can never be lost ; of which none can deprive you. Speak to that orphan child : see the diamonds drop from her cheek. Take the hand of that friendless boy : bright pearls flash in his eyes. Smile on the sad and dejected : a joy suffuses his cheek, more brilliant than the splendour of the precious stones. By the way-side, amid the city's din, and at the fire-side, drop words and smiles to cheer and bless. You will feel happier, when resting on your pillow at the close of the day, than if you had picked up a score of perishing

diamonds. The latter crumble in time—the former grow brighter with age, and produce happier reflections through life.

GOVERNING WITH THE EYE.

"A CIRCUMSTANCE lately crossed my path," says a correspondent of the *Mother's Journal*, "which may afford you some encouragement. I had frequently observed that one of our neighbours seemed to manage her youngest son much more easily than she had done the two older ones. The conversation, on a late visit, having turned upon the subject of her children, I asked her if this was not the case. She replied that it was; and, in answer to my question as to the method which had proved effectual, she observed, that it was owing to a remark which she met in the '*Mother's Journal*,' when this child was very young. She did not remember whether it was by the editor, or by some other person. The remark was this: 'Be certain to have the child look you in the eye when you give a command.' She determined to try it, did so, and was much pleased with the result. I had observed several times that evening, when the child was fretting, that the mother said, 'Lewis, look at me.' He would raise his eye to hers, she would then give the command, and it was heeded."

POWER OF THE VOICE.

THE anecdote of the "*Maniac and the Infant*," touches upon a theme which it would require a

volume to unfold. A mother who has learned the power of "mild, soft, and persuasive tones," and has also learned to give *firm, emphatic, and decisive commands*, in "*mild, soft, and persuasive tones*," has learned one half the secret of success in domestic government. It only requires to add good sense and a good heart—and such a mother will wield a powerful and permanent influence over her domestic circle. Contrast the influence of such a mother with that of one of equal virtue and intelligence, yet one whose *tones are harsh, peevish, and querulous*, and the results speak for themselves.

THE MANIAC AND THE INFANT.

THE following anecdote was related to us by the keeper of a prison where a maniac was confined. He had been brought there in a most desperate state. He had long before been confined in a cell, where, for months, no one dared to enter. Several stout men at last brought him to Hartford-county prison. In a few days the keeper commenced. Resorting to his utmost skill to subdue him, he adopted the following expedient:—

He told his little child, who was then scarcely able to walk, to go to the cell and offer the insane man an apple. Day after day the child went to the cell, and calling the man by name, said,—

"Sir, take an apple, sir."

The maniac turned away in a rage. She continued the practice, and, in her mild, soft voice, again urged the distracted man to accept the little

gift. He seemed inexorable. His eye could not be caught ; for little can be accomplished with any man until the eye is secured.

One day the little child stood at the iron grating, with an apple in her hand, saying,—

“Come, Mr. —, now do accept my apple. Do take it from my hand.”

Her mild, soft, persuasive tones at last touched a tender chord in that distracted soul. It vibrated to the gentle sound of the infant voice. Light broke in upon that darkened mind. Gradually, as the flower yields to the beams of the rising sun, and throws its petals to its refreshing influences, so did the soul of this maniac open to the sweet influences of the infant. He looked upon her, and she upon him ; and, reaching out his hand, quietly took the little token of affection, and ate the apple in her presence. Gradually she subdued him. The keeper, delighted with the experiment, at last took him out one day, letting the child lead him to one of the officers of the city, and introduced him as Mr. —.

“Is this man any near relation to that Mr. —, whom you have confined as a maniac ?” said the officer.

“O, yes,” said the keeper, “he is a very near relative,”—delighted with the innocent deception he was practising ; “he is very nearly related. He is the man himself.”

Had it thundered at that moment, the men would not have been more surprised, and they were about rushing into the street. The keeper assured them

that there was not the least danger. After a short conversation, the restored, with the keeper and the child, returned back to the prison. Here was a most wonderful instance of the power of love. The man was subsequently restored to society.

MRS. SARAH EDWARDS.

SHE had an excellent way of governing her children ; she knew how to make them regard and obey her cheerfully, and in speaking to them used mild, gentle, and pleasant words. If any correction was needful, it was not her manner to give it in a passion. And when she had occasion to reprove and rebuke, she would do it in few words, without heat and noise, with all calmness and gentleness of mind. And in her directions or reproofs, in any matters of importance, she would address herself to the reason of her children, that they might not only know her inclination and will, but at the same time be convinced of the reasonableness of it. She need speak but once ; she was cheerfully obeyed ; murmuring and answering again were not known among them. And the kind and gentle treatment they had from their mother, while she strictly and punctually maintained her parental authority, seemed naturally to promote filial regard, and lead them to a mild, tender treatment of each other : for quarrelling and contention were not permitted among them. She carefully observed the first appearances of resentment and ill-will towards any, in her young children ; and did not connive at it, as many who have the care of children

do, but was careful to show her displeasure at it, and to suppress it. As she was sensible that, in many respects, the chief care of forming the minds of children naturally lies on mothers; as they are most with their children at their most pliable age, when they commonly receive impressions by which they are very much formed for life; so she was very careful to do her part in this important business. And when she met with any special difficulty in this matter, or foresaw any, she was wont to apply to Mr. Edwards for advice and assistance; and on such occasions they would both attend to it, as a matter of great importance. But this was not all in which she expressed the care of her children. She thought that parents had a great and important duty to do towards their children before they were capable of government and instruction. For them she constantly and earnestly prayed, and bore them on her heart before God in all her secret and most solemn addresses to him, and that even before they were born.

Happy are those parents who, like this pious pair, are equally yoked; and disposed to *unite* their authority, counsels, prayers, and experience, in the religious education of their children.

THE MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER.

ONE afternoon, in 18—, several carriages were seen gathering around an elegant mansion, in the town of P—. A clergyman and several physicians were assembled in a darkened chamber around the ac-

complished Mrs. L. The anxious countenances, the light tread, the half-suppressed breathing of the attendants, the solemn stillness that pervaded the whole group, told too plainly their fearful apprehensions that the disease of Mrs. L. would baffle all human skill, and prove fatal to the sufferer. She had been suddenly arrested, in the full flow of health, by a disease that had locked up all her senses in a lethargic stupor, from which the skill of faithful physicians, and the assiduous efforts of sympathizing friends, could not arouse her. The loss of such a friend, under any circumstances, could not but be severely felt; but the affliction would seem greatly increased, were she to pass into the world of spirits without any communication with those who might still linger behind. For several years she had been an ornament to the Church, and her friends earnestly desired to know, whether her religion proved an unfailing support, while passing through the valley of the shadow of death; and when, in the course of his prayer, the clergyman entreated the Lord that her consciousness and power of speech, might, if consistent with the divine will, be restored, most earnestly did every heart join in the request.

When all the means which affection and professional sagacity could suggest, had been tried in vain, her little son, who had just learned to articulate a few words, was brought into the room. With mingled fear and wonder he gazed on his mother, and upon the attendants, watching in silence the issue of the disease. "Ma-ma, ma-ma," exclaimed the

little prattler, after a few moments' silence. These words effected, as if by some mysterious power, what other appliances failed to accomplish; the mother opened her eyes, and slowly stretching out her hand, beckoned for her son. He was placed in her arms: in a low voice, she commended her offspring to God, and prayed that he might meet her in heaven. That was her last prayer: in a few hours that son was motherless.

The scene now changes. We pass the interval of twenty years, and find that son in college. The noble and commanding form of William L., his urbanity of manners and diligence in study, soon won him the esteem of faculty and students. During the first year, he held a high rank in his class, and gave promise of eminent usefulness. But college life puts a young man's principles to a severe test. It is a state of exposure and trial, during which no youth is safe, without devoted piety; a security which William L. did not possess. He formed unfortunate connexions with several idle students, the effects of which were soon apparent in his recitations. He was admonished of his danger, but seemed as if spell-bound by some fascination, from which he could not escape. It has been justly said that idleness is the parent of many vices; so it proved in the present instance. Idleness led on to dissipation; and, after repeated admonitions and fruitless efforts to reclaim him, William L. was expelled from college, a drunkard! Small, indeed, did the probability seem that his mother's last prayer would be answered.

William returned to his home. The report of his expulsion from college, and the cause of it, blasted the high-raised expectations of his friends, and sounded in their ears like the knell of all his prospects and hopes. Still they endeavoured to throw around him such influences and associations as would restore his self-respect; and, with all the eloquence of pure affection, they besought him to abandon at once and forever the intoxicating bowl. Their earnest entreaties led him to moderate, in some degree, his excesses, but produced no radical reformation; and his friends, wearied with unavailing efforts, were beginning to conclude that they must give up his case as hopeless.

One dark, cloudy evening, William was sitting alone in his chamber, musing upon the great change that had, within a few years, come over his prospects, when his uncle entered his room, and proposed a walk. William put on his hat, and accompanied him. Whether by accident or design, they walked in the direction of the grave-yard, and soon found themselves by the grave of Mrs. L. The white tombstones around, scarcely less visible in the darkness, read a silent but impressive lesson on the frailty of man. As they were leaning on the gravestone of Mrs. L., the uncle gave William a description of her character, and of the circumstances attending her death, particularly her dying prayer, that he might meet her in heaven: "and now," said he, taking William by the hand, "will you meet her in heaven, or will you die a drunkard?"

William burst into tears, and sank down upon his mother's grave overwhelmed with emotion. The darkness without was but a faint emblem of the darkness and horror within. Guilt, remorse, shame, stung him to an intensity of anguish, such as he had never known before. His life passed in rapid review: his talents wasted—his time misspent—reputation blasted—hopes crushed—the hearts of friends bleeding over his degradation—a mother's last, fond desire unheeded—her last prayer unanswered—these, and kindred reflections, came crowding upon his thoughts, and death itself seemed preferable to his present degradation and wretchedness. He retired to his chamber, and to a sleepless pillow. The next morning, when the family had gathered around the breakfast-table, they found upon it a temperance pledge, drawn up in strictest form, and signed by William L. From that time may be dated, not only reformation of external character, but also, as is believed, an internal and spiritual renovation of the heart.

He now resolved to resume his studies, and prepare for some useful station; but before he could put his purpose into operation, he was seized with a fever, which left no hope of his recovery. He bore his protracted illness without a murmur, and seemed desirous of recovery only that he might counteract, in some degree, the evil he had already done. On one occasion, when his father told him the physician had recommended him a little wine, he said: "Father, if you insist upon it, I will take wine, though I

should greatly prefer not to do it. I must die, and let me die without being polluted by what has well-nigh wrought my ruin." This request was granted. A few days after, a long and silent procession was seen moving to the church-yard, preceded by the mortal remains of William L. His body slumbers by the side of his mother; but where is the spirit? We believe that the mother's last prayer was answered, and that her son has gone to meet her in heaven.

MRS. SAVAGE.

THE Diary of Mrs. Savage abounds with expressions of concern for her children. At one time she writes: "I read in course, in my closet, Isaiah liv, with the exposition. I was much affected with the 13th verse, 'And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord.' Though it is spoken of the Church's children, I would apply it to my own children, in particular, and desire to act faith on it. I am caring and endeavouring that they may be taught and instructed in the good way. This is the inward desire of my soul. Now, saith God, they shall be taught of *me*, and *all* thy children shall—a sweet promise, it much satisfies me; Lord, set in with poor parents, who desire nothing in the world so much, as to see their children walk in the narrow way that leads to life!"

MOTHER OF DOCTOR A. CLARKE.

DR. ADAM CLARKE, when a boy, having one day disobeyed his mother, she took the Bible, and read and commented on Prov. xxx, 17, in a very serious manner. The poor culprit was cut to the heart, believing the words had been sent immediately from heaven. He went out into the field with a troubled spirit, and was musing on the awful denunciation of Divine displeasure, when the hoarse croak of a raven sounded in his conscience an alarm more terrible than the crack of fire at midnight. He looked up, and soon perceived this most ominous bird, and, actually supposing it to be the raven of which the text spoke, coming to pick out his eyes, he clapped his hands on them, and, with the utmost speed, ran home, to escape the impending danger.

A SCENE IN THE PHILADELPHIA PENITENTIARY.

WE passed out to the ante-room again, where we encountered a new-comer, who had just reached the prison as we re-entered. He had been sent up for five years, on a charge of embezzlement.

He was elegantly attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the *nonchalance* and appearance of a genteel rowdy. He twirled his watch-chain, looked particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was

placed in! The Warden read his commitment, and addressed him with—

“Charles, I am sorry to see thee here.”

“It can’t be helped, old fellow!”

“What is thy age, Charles?”

“Twenty-three.”

“A Philadelphian?”

“Well—kinder, and kinder not.”

“Thee hast disgraced thyself, sadly.”

“Well, I ain’t troubled.”

“Thee looks not like a rogue.”

“Matter of opinion!”

“Thee was well situated?”

“Yes—well enough.”

“In good employ?”

“Well—so-so.”

“And thee has parents?”

“Yes.”

“Perhaps thee hast a mother, Charles?”

The convict had been standing during this brief dialogue, perfectly unconcerned and reckless, until this last interrogatory was put. Had a thunderbolt struck him, he could not have fallen more suddenly than he did, when the name of “mother” fell on his ear! He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountain of his heart seemed to have burst on the instant! He recovered partially—and said, imploringly, to the Warden,—

“Don’t you, sir—for God’s sake, *don’t* call *her* name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don’t mention that name to me!”

There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group who surrounded the unfortunate convict. * * * The black cap was drawn over his head ; he was led to an adjoining apartment and stripped, and shortly afterwards he re-appeared upon the corridor. He passed silently on, in charge of a deputy keeper, to a lonely cell, in a distant part of the prison ; the door creaked on its hinges, he disappeared ; the chain dropped from the outside bolts, and Charles — was a close prisoner for five years to come !

We left the prison with heavy hearts, relieved, however, by the reflection that this was one of the best devised institutions of its kind in the world, (notwithstanding the libels of Charles Dickens,) and that its administration, in the hands of Mr. Scattergood, secured to its unfortunate inmates the most "equal and exact justice."

"LET ME BE BURIED BY MY MOTHER."

THE bustle of the fight was over : the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock, and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me ; the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things mingled together, as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up, I beheld the surgeon's mate,

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protégé of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nurture; and, from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I, too, had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me, in confidence, of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say, for they were rude and coarse—he delicate and sensitive. Often, when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him; for he rushed in just as the sabre stroke was levelled at me, and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had quite forgotten to inquire if he were hurt, though, at the time, I inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant, in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet.

"You don't mean it? He is not dying!"

"I fear sir," said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying idle here!" I exclaimed, with remorse. "Lead me to him!"

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of lunacy he asks for you, sir;" and as the man spoke we stood beside the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear, calm, blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy! Occasionally a light current of wind—O, how deliciously cool in that pent-up hold!—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chesnut locks of the sufferer, as, with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying had been intensely painful, but within the last half-hour had somewhat lulled, though, even now, his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt, with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran

who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said :—

“ He is going fast, poor little fellow—do you see this ?” As he spoke he lifted up a rich, gold locket, which had lain upon the boy’s breast. “ He has seen better days.”

I could not answer, for my heart was full. Here was the being to whom, but a few hours before, I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow ; and yet I had never known his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour ! They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head—said sadly :—

“ Poor little Dick, you ’ll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there ’ll be more than one when the log’s out,” he spoke with emotion, “ to mourn over you.”

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and looked vacantly around. “ Has he come yet ?” he asked, in a low voice. “ Why won’t he come ?”

“ I am here,” said I, taking the little fellow’s hand ; “ don’t you know me, Dick ?”

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said :—

“ You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude, unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It’s a small offering, I know ; but it’s all I have.”

I burst into tears. He resumed :—

“ Doctor, I am dying, ain’t I ?” said the little fellow, “ for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth.”

“ Can I do nothing for you, Dick ?” said I : you saved my life—I would coin my blood to buy yours.”

“ I have nothing to ask—I don’t want to live—only, if it’s possible, let me be buried by mother ; you will find the name of the place, and all about it, in my trunk.”

“ Anything—everything, my poor lad,” I answered, chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel’s smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of the blue sky overhead. His mind wandered.

“ It’s a long, long ways up there ; but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come ! and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark ! is that music ?” and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead.

REV. HENRY LONGDON.

“ I was born in Sheffield, Feb., 1754. Although my parents had had nineteen children, none of them were living when I was born ; and their great desire that I should be spared, led them into an

over-indulgent kind of tuition, which, for some years, proved destructive to our peace and comfort. Crying and fretting, it was thought, would endanger my health, and therefore it was every one's care to prevent me from being hurt or vexed. I have ever considered this treatment as a great infelicity. Everything which I saw, I wished to have; and, lest I should cry, I must have it instantly, if it were possible to procure it. The new toy was soon cast off; and the more I had, the more I wanted. My fond parents were thus in continual bondage; and the domestics were so many slaves to my childish tyranny. That the evils resulting from this mode of educating children may deeply affect my own children who may live to be parents, I will mention some of its baleful consequences, as exemplified in the first seven years of my life. I remember standing one day with a milk-can in my hand, when my father, who was observing me at some distance, saw me in danger of being run over by a cart, and shouted to me to run instantly. The loud voice at once startled me and raised my majesty; and, in revenge, I took the can, laid it before the cart, and the wheel ran over it. What a mistaken affection, that I did not receive from my parent a salutary correction! At another time, having on a new suit of clothes, my father happened playfully to startle me; at which I was so mightily offended, that I took a handful of mire, and rubbed it on my clothes. Not long after this, my father's apprentice boys were going out one



evening to walk in the fields, I told them I would go with them, but they, refusing me, ran away ; I followed them, but, being outrun, in my fury I plunged over-head in a horse-pond. I was conscious of nothing more, till, some hours after, I awoke, as out of a trance, lying upon my mother's knee."

Let all parents be warned by this striking example, and carefully avoid over-indulgence. It strengthens the natural self-will of children, plunges them into danger and misery, and often leads them to ruin. Though this spoiled youth, through Divine grace, became an excellent and useful man, yet he caused his parents much anguish, and retained a degree of positiveness and obstinacy of temper through life, in consequence of his improper education. He proceeds :—

" My father, knowing no remedy for these painful propensities, submitted to them, as admitting of no cure. He was a man of amiable disposition ; but it was not till his last sickness that he seriously considered the importance of religion, and the awful realities of eternity. My mother was a very intelligent and deeply pious woman. The Scriptures were her daily study, and she could say, ' Thy word have I hid in my heart ! ' She enjoyed the comfort of true religion, in its present peace, and its future prospects in a better world. It was with growing concern that my mother beheld my stubbornness. She lamented that she had not begun early with suitable correction. As I had now been seven years under the sole control of my own capricious passions, she thought it

was too late to use correction, and resolved to try to the utmost what her instructions and admonitions, her prayers and example, would avail. Almost as soon as she put her resolution in practice, she saw some fruit of her labour; and at length she could govern me by a kind word, or an affectionate look. With what veneration do I remember her pious care! Now she began to 'train up her child in the way he should go;' and, I remember, I was very early the subject of religious impressions. My understanding was enlightened, my conscience was awakened, and I felt the drawings of the Spirit of God. I had always been kept, as much as possible, from wicked examples; and now I felt astonished when I saw or heard of the wickedness of the wicked. Hearing a carter swear at his horses, I was so affected that I went home weeping; praying that God would have mercy upon him, and not send him to hell. My mother, perceiving the success of her labours, was stimulated, if possible, to greater diligence. At the age of ten, I was taught to pay particular attention to the sermons which I heard. On the evening of the Sabbath, my mother did not fail to inquire how much I could remember of the three discourses I had heard on that day. I often felt the Lord sweetly drawing me to secret prayer, and soon found the habitual exercise of closet devotion to be my delight."

MRS. BEECHER.

ON the east of Long-Island, in one of the most secluded spots in this country, more than thirty years ago, a mother, whose rare intellectual and moral endowments were known to but few, made this simple record :—

“This morning I rose very early, to pray for my children ; and especially that my sons may be ministers and missionaries of Jesus Christ.”

A number of years after, a friend who was present thus describes the mother's dying hour :—

“Owing to extreme weakness, her mind wandered, and her conversation was broken ; but as she entered the valley of the shadow of death, her soul lighted up, and gilded its darkness. She made a feeling and most appropriate prayer, and told her husband that her views and anticipations had been such, that she could scarcely sustain them ; and that if they had been increased, she should have been overwhelmed ; that her Saviour had blessed her with constant peace, and that through all her sickness she had never prayed for life. She dedicated her five sons to God, as ministers and missionaries of Jesus Christ, and said that her greatest desire was, that her children might be trained up for God.

“She spoke with joy of the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, and of the glorious day now ushering in. She attempted to speak to her children, but was so exhausted, and their cries and sobs were such, that she could say but little. Her hus-

band then made a prayer, in which he gave her back to God, and dedicated all they held in common to him. She then fell into a sweet sleep, from which she awoke in heaven."

The prayers of this mother have been answered. All her eight children have been "trained up for God." Her five sons are all "ministers and missionaries of Jesus Christ." And the late Rev. George Beecher was the first of her offspring whom she welcomed to heaven.

MONICA, MOTHER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

ST. AUGUSTINE was born in the city of Tagasta, in Numidia. His father, Patricius, continued a pagan till near his death; when, won by the amiable conversation of his wife, he died in the Christian faith. His mother, Monica, eminent for piety, endeavoured early to instil into his infant mind the pure doctrines of Divine truth, recommending what she taught by her holy life. But that God, without the influence of whose Spirit all teaching is ineffectual, is sometimes pleased to exercise the faith and patience of his people, that they may "be still, and know that he is God;" and ascribe, not to themselves, but to His name, all the glory. Augustine, at an early age, became acquainted with men, who, led away by false learning, were ignorant of the true God. O, how dangerous is the snare of evil friendship! It is the nature of sin to deceive, by the false shadow of that good which in God alone is to be found; and He only who formed the heart,

can raise it from the low and grovelling objects, in pursuit of which, every man in his own ways will wander, to behold the glory and excellency of Him in whose presence there is "fulness of joy."

Augustine was early instructed in the Greek and Latin languages, in which he made very great progress. "Who did not extol," says he, "the noble spirit of my father, in laying out so much money in the education of his son, while yet he had no concern in what manner I grew up to Thee?" Eloquent, learned, and esteemed wise, Augustine was yet ignorant of that God who, though his throne is in the highest heaven, dwells also in the humble and contrite heart. "My pride," he says, "separated me from Thee, and closed my eyes. I am willing to recollect the scenes of baseness through which I have passed—not that I may love them, but love Thee, my God. I do it from the love of Thy love, recollecting my own very evil ways, in the bitterness of memory, that Thou mayest be endeared to me. My soul is a habitation too narrow for Thy entrance, do Thou enlarge it; it is in ruins, do Thou repair it; it has what must offend thine eyes, who shall cleanse it, or to whom shall I cry, but unto Thee. Still, O Lord, in my childhood, I have much to praise Thee for; for many—many were thy gifts. The sin was mine that I sought pleasure, truth, and happiness, not in Thee, but in the creature, and thus rushed into pains, confusion, and errors. While I was yet walking in sin, often attempting to rise, and sinking still deeper, my dear mother, in

vigorous hope, persisted in earnest prayer for me. I remember also, that she entreated a certain bishop to try to reason me out of my errors. 'Your son,' says he, 'is too much elated at present, and carried away with the pleasing novelties of his opinion, to regard any argument. Let him alone, only continue praying to the Lord for him; in the course of his study he will discover his error.' All this satisfied not my anxious parent; with floods of tears, she still persisted in her request, till, a little out of patience with her importunity, he said, 'Begone, good woman, it is impossible that the child of such tears should perish!'

"While I was teaching rhetoric in my native town, I enjoyed the friendship of a young man of my own age; it was a regard influenced by similar studies. He was soon afterwards seized with a fever. I, who loved him with much tenderness, came, not to speak of that Saviour, the knowledge of whose name only can make the dying sinner triumph over his last and dreadful enemy, but to converse on the subjects in which we were wont to rejoice. That vain philosophy could not soothe his dying ear. Delivered from my madness, he was saved by thee, O God! After the death of my friend, I was indeed wretched; and wretched is every soul that is bound by the love of mortal things. The load of misery burdened me: I knew Thou alone couldest care; but I was unwilling, weak, and helpless. Thy hand, my God, in the secret of thy Providence, forsook not my soul; day and night the prayers of my mother came

up before Thee, and thou wroughtest on me in a way marvellous indeed. I was now, in my thirtieth year, still miserable. Troubled in my conscience to set apart some portion of my time each day for the care of my soul; but then, what time shall I have to attend the levees of the great, for study, and for relaxation? What then, if death should suddenly seize you, and judgment overtake you unprepared? Men's goings are from the Lord; it was from Thy influence that I was persuaded to go to Rome instead of Carthage. The deep recesses of Thy wisdom must be confessed by me in this dispensation. The true cause of this removal was hidden, at this time, from me and my mother, who bewailed at my going away, and followed me to the sea-side. I deceived her, though she held me close, with a view to hold me backward, or go along with me. I pretended that I meant only to stay with a friend until he should sail. That night I departed privily, and she remained, weeping and praying. Thus did I deceive her who was such a mother to me! Yet was I preserved from the dangers of the sea; and there was a time coming, when Thou wouldst wipe away my mother's tears, with which she watered the earth, and forgive this my base undutifulness. Courageous through piety, and following me through sea and land, she at length found me, still hopeless with respect to the discovery of Divine truth. Ambrose, the pious bishop of Milan, was charmed with the fervency of her piety, and the amiableness of her good works. I was delighted with his learning, and

the sweetness of his language. I sought for opportunities of conversing with him ; but, engaged in study, and surrounded at all times by persons whose necessities he relieved, I sought in vain. His sermons, however, were profitable to me. Let the Christian orator pray before he speak. Let him lift up his thirsty soul to God, before he pronounce anything. Ambrose had thus prayed for me. The state of my mind was now altered ; my meditations on Thee, my God, were like the attempts of men, desirous of awaking, but sinking again into sleep. But Thou, with whom are the hearts of all, didst shine on me vehemently ; I trembled ; I now sought the way of obtaining strength to enjoy Thee, and found it not till I embraced 'the Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus,' who is 'God over all, blessed for ever,' calling and saying, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' With eagerness I took up the volume of inspiration, particularly the writings of St. Paul. Here now appeared one uniform tenor of godliness, and I learned to rejoice with trembling. The books in which I delighted, had none of the blessed realities which I found here, namely—Salvation, the Holy Spirit, and the Cup of Redemption. In the others, no one hears, 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I determined to return to Africa with my mother ; and, while preparations were made for our departure, we stood in a window facing the coast, at the mouth of the Tiber. We conversed on the eternal life of the saints. It was evident to

us, that earthly pleasures deserved not to be named in comparison. Erecting our spirits most ardently, we ascended above the noblest parts of material creation to Thee, by whom all things were made. In that moment the world appeared to us of no value, and she said soon, 'What do I here! One thing only—your conversion—was an object for which I wished to live. My God has given me this in larger measure; what do I here?' Five days afterwards she fell into a fever, of which she died. One who was with us lamented that she was likely to leave her body in a foreign land: she looked with anxiety to see his conception so grovelling. 'Place this body anywhere; do not distress yourself about it. Nothing,' said she, 'is far to God—I don't fear that he should know where to find it at the resurrection!'"

Soon after the loss of this inestimable parent, Augustine returned into Africa; where, by his preaching, Divine truth, which had almost been buried amidst many errors, raised again its head. His writings were translated into the Greek tongue, and diffused with vigour through the Christian world. For more than a thousand years previous to the Reformation, the light of Divine truth, which shone here and there among individuals, during the dreary night of superstition, was, in many instances, kindled, preserved, and increased by his writings.

Moderate in his dress, furniture, and diet, he constantly practised hospitality. As one evidence of his humble, tender, watchful spirit, he had it written

on his table, that, whoever attacked the characters of the absent, should be excluded. On one occasion, some bishops, with whom he was intimate, breaking the rule, he was at length so much roused as to say, that either those lines must be erased from his table, or he would retire to his chamber. He was very attentive to the wants and comforts of the poor. His sermons were plain, weighty, serious, and affectionate. He followed his own rules, and was himself the preacher he described. At length, this venerable servant of God was seized with a fever, which ended in his dissolution, in the year 430. He lived seventy-six years, forty of which he had been a presbyter or bishop.

"Though dead, he yet speaketh" to all Christian parents, to spare no pains for the conversion of their children, assured that they "who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

MOTHER OF REV. DR. WAUGH.

CONCERNING his mother, Dr. Waugh has left the following account :—

"Piety and meekness, and the tenderest regard for the happiness of her children, formed the outline of her character. Born of eminently pious parents—Alexander Johnstone, farmer in East Gordon, and Elizabeth Waugh—her mind at an early period was formed to the love of goodness. Through life she maintained the character of a godly, modest, and in-offensive woman. Her devotions were regular and

fervent : the law of kindness to all was on her lips ; but towards her children her affection was uncommonly strong, and her religious principles directed her affections into the path of tender solicitude about their eternal welfare. By prayer, by exhortation, by example, and by many tears, did she study to advance our knowledge of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom he had sent. She had herself experienced the sweetness of unaffected godliness, and was greatly concerned that her children might also taste and see that the Lord is gracious."

Few men have attained to high eminence, either in science or religion, who have not expressed deep-felt gratitude for the example, and counsels, and prayers of an affectionate and pious mother : and, in the case of Dr. Waugh, this grateful feeling was strikingly manifested. It were injustice to her memory not to record most prominently the reverential affection with which he ever spoke of the character of his mother. It was his delight to breathe into the ears of his own children the story of her piety and kindness ; to her he looked back, even at the age of three-score years and ten, with all the humility and fondness of a child ; and when, nearly forty years after her death, he heard the summons issued that was to gather him to his fathers, his filial tenderness, even then prompted the wish, that his pillow could have been softened by the hand of his mother, and his heart refreshed and strengthened by her prayers !—thus recommending

on his death-bed the performance of that duty to which he was ever so anxious to direct the attention of the young—"Honour thy father and thy mother."

The laudable exertions of this excellent parent in the religious education of her children, were followed by a rich recompense of reward. With a mind constituted like hers, she tasted the sweetest of all pleasures, in beholding her three children give satisfactory evidence of fearing God from their youth.

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

THE mother of our illustrious Washington furnishes an example of female excellence, and *its reward*, which is unequalled; and yet the model has been hitherto little known. This neglect has not arisen from any indifference of the American people to the virtues of their patriots; but simply, that at the time of the revolution, the public history of the events was paramount to any private relations; and the novel, rapid, and successful experiment of our national character has left little opportunity for domestic and individual history.

For the succeeding sketch we are indebted to George W. P. Custis, Esq., (grandson to Mrs. Washington, the wife of General Washington,) of Virginia:—

The mother of Washington was descended from the very respectable family of Ball, who settled as English colonists, on the banks of the Potomac.

Bred in those domestic and independent habits which graced Virginia matrons in the old days of Virginia, this lady, by the death of her husband, became involved in the cares of a young family, at a period when those cares seem more especially to claim the aid and control of the stronger sex. It was left for this eminent woman, by a method the most rare—by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to form, in the youth-time of her son, those great and essential qualities which gave lustre to the glories of his after-life.

It was remarked by the ancients, that the mother always gave the tone to the character of the child ; and we may be permitted to say, that since the days of old renown, a mother has not lived better fitted to give the tone and character of real greatness to her child, than she whose remarkable life and actions this reminiscence will endeavour to illustrate.

At the time of his father's death, George Washington was only twelve years of age. He has been heard to say, that he knew little of his father except the remembrance of his person, and of his parental fondness. To his mother's forming care he himself ascribed the origin of his fortunes and his fame.

The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was a pattern of order. There, the levity and indulgence common to youth were tempered by a deference and well-regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor condemned any rational enjoyment usual in the spring-time of life, circumscribed those enjoyments within the bounds

of moderation and propriety. Thus he was taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. Still, the mother held in reserve an authority which never departed from her—not even when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say: “I am your *mother*—the being who gave you life—the guide who directed your steps, when they needed a guardian; my maternal affection drew forth your love; my authority constrained your spirit; whatever may be your success or your renown, next to your God your reverence is due to me!” Nor did the son dissent from these truths; but, to the last moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect, and the most enthusiastic attachment. The late Lawrence Washington, Esq., of Chotank, one of the associates of the juvenile years of the chief, and remembered by him in his will, thus describes the home of his mother:—

“I was often there with George—his playmate, schoolmate, and young man’s companion. Of the mother, I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. And, even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of the second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen the awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the father of his country, will remember the ma-

tron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

Such were the domestic influences under which the mind of Washington was formed: and that he not only profited by, but fully appreciated their excellence, and the character of his mother, his behaviour at all times testified. Upon his appointment to the command-in-chief of the American armies, previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericksburg, a situation remote from danger, and contiguous to her friends and relations.

It was there the matron remained during nearly the whole of the trying period of the Revolution. Directly in the way of the news, as it passed from north to south; one courier would bring intelligence of success to our arms, another, "swiftly coursing at his heels," the saddening reverse, of disaster and defeat. While thus ebbd and flowed the fortunes of our cause, the mother, trusting to the wisdom and protection of Divine Providence, preserved the even tenor of her life, affording an example to those matrons whose sons were alike engaged in the arduous contest; and showing that unavailing anxieties, however belonging to nature, were unworthy of mothers whose sons were combating for the inestimable rights of man, and the freedom and happiness of the world.

When the comforting and glorious intelligence

arrived of the passage of the Delaware, (December, 1776,) an event which restored our hopes from the very brink of despair, a number of her friends waited upon the mother, with congratulations. She received them with calmness ; observed that it was most pleasurable news, and that George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal services ; and continued, in reply to the congratulations of patriots, (most of whom held letters in their hands, from which they read extracts,) " But, my good sirs, here is too much flattery—still, George will not forget the lessons I early taught him—he will not forget *himself*, though he is the subject of so much praise !"

Here let me remark upon the absurdity of an idea, which, from some strange cause or other, has been suggested, though certainly never believed, that the mother was disposed to favour the royal cause. Such a surmise has not the slightest foundation in truth. Like many others, whose days of enthusiasm were in the wane, the lady doubted the prospects of success in the beginning of the war ; but when the mother, who had been removed to the county of Frederick, on the invasion of Virginia, in 1781, was informed by express, of the surrender of Cornwallis, she raised her hands to heaven, and exclaimed : " Thank God, war will now be ended ; and peace, independence, and happiness bless our country."

During the war, and indeed during her useful life, up to the advanced age of eighty-two, until

within three years of her death, (when an afflictive disease prevented exertion,) the mother set a most valuable example, in the management of her domestic concerns, carrying her keys, bustling in her household affairs, providing for her family, and living and moving in all the pride of independence. She was not actuated by the ambition for show which pervades lesser minds; and the peculiar plainness and dignity of her manners became in no wise altered, when the sun of glory arose upon her house. There are some of the aged inhabitants of Fredericksburg, who well remember the matron, as, seated in an old-fashioned open chaise, she was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, her little farm, in the vicinity of the town. When there, she would ride about her fields, giving her orders, and seeing that they were obeyed.

Her great industry, with the well-regulated economy of all her concerns, enabled the matron to dispense considerable charities to the poor, although her own circumstances were always far from rich. All manner of domestic economies, so useful in those times of privation and trouble, met her zealous attention; while everything about her household bore marks of her care and management, and very many things the impress of her own hands. In a very humble dwelling, and suffering under an excruciating disease, (cancer of the breast,) thus lived this mother of the first of men, preserving, unchanged, her peculiar nobleness and independence of character.

She was continually visited and solaced by her children, and numerous grandchildren, particularly her daughter, Mrs. Lewis. To the repeated and earnest solicitations of this lady, that she would remove to her house and pass the remainder of her days, to the pressing entreaties of her son, that she would make Mount Vernon the home of her age, the matron replied: "I thank you for your affectionate and dutiful offers, but my wants are but few in this world, and I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." Her son-in-law, Colonel Fielding Lewis, proposed to relieve her of the direction of her affairs: she observed—"Do you, Fielding, keep my books in order, for your eye-sight is better than mine; but leave the executive management to me."

She was always pious; but, in her latter days, her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees, near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things, she communed with her Creator in humiliation and prayer.

After an absence of nearly seven years, it was, at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival, and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. And now mark the force of early

education and habits, and the superiority of the Spartan over the Persian school, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent and instructor. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming—no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone, and on foot, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame. For, full well he knew that the matron would not be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, nor by all the “pomp and circumstance” of power.

The lady was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced ; and it was further told that the victor chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of his childhood ; inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—*not one word !*

The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumours respecting her remarkable life and character ; but forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother that glare and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world.

How were they surprised, when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation, and, at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observed that it was time for old people to be at home, and retired.

The foreign officers were amazed to behold one whom so many causes contributed to elevate, preserving the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips; and they observed, that "if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful their sons were illustrious."

The Marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother, and to ask her blessing.

Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed, "There, sir, is my grandmother." Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered by a plain straw hat, the mother of "his hero!" The lady saluted him kindly, observing—"Ah,

Marquis ! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress.”

Much as Lafayette had seen and heard of the matron before, at this interesting interview he was charmed and struck with wonder. When he considered her great age, the transcendent elevation of her son, who, surpassing all rivals in the race of glory, “bore the palm alone,” and at the same time discovered no change in her plain, yet dignified, life and manners, he became assured that the Roman matron could flourish in the latter day.

The Marquis spoke of the happy effects of the Revolution, and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America, stated his speedy departure for his native land, paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son, and concluded by asking her blessing. She blessed him ; and to the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in these words : “I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy.”

Immediately after the organization of the present government, the chief magistrate repaired to Fredericksburg, to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure for New-York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of his mother, and thus addressed her :—

“The people, madam, have been pleased, with

the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the chief magistracy of these United States; but before I can assume the functions of my office, I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the public business, which must necessarily be encountered in arranging a new government, can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—"

Here the matron interrupted him: "You will see me no more. My great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long of this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to assign you; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly, encircled his neck.

The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long past, carried him back to the paternal mansion, and the days of his youth—and there, the centre of attraction, was his mother, whose care, instructions, and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition—yet how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part with to meet no more.

The matron's predictions were true. The disease, which so long had preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age

of eighty-five, rejoicing in the consciousness of a life well spent, and confiding in the promises of immortality to the humble believer.

In her person, Mrs. Washington was of middle size, and finely formed; her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. It is not the happiness of the writer to remember her, having only seen her with infant eyes. Her daughter he perfectly well remembers. She was a most majestic woman, and so strikingly like the brother, that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cloak around her, and place a military hat upon her head, and such was the perfect resemblance, that, had she appeared on her brother's steed, battalions would have presented arms, and senates risen to do homage to the chief.

In her latter days, the mother often spoke of her own *good boy*, of the merits of his early life, of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of this great republic, she never spoke. Call you this insensibility? or want of ambition? O, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be *good*; that he became *great* when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause.

Thus lived and died this distinguished woman. Had she been a Roman dame, statues would have been erected to her memory in the capitol, and we should have read in classic pages the story of her virtues.

When another century shall have elapsed, and

the nations of the earth, as well as our descendants, shall have learned the true value of liberty, the name of our hero will gather a glory it has never yet been invested with; and then will youth and age, maid and matron, aged and bearded men, with pilgrim step, repair to the now neglected grave of the mother of Washington.

LADY STORMONT.

LADY STORMONT, mother of the late Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, on being complimented by another lady, that "she had the three finest sons in Scotland to be proud of," made answer: "No, Madam, I have much to be thankful for, but nothing to be proud of."

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.

A YOUTH seeking employment came to the city of New-York, and on inquiring at a certain counting-room if they wished a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had, one of which was from a highly respected citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over his carpet-bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor.

"What book is that?" said the merchant.

"It is the Bible, sir," was the reply.

"And what are you going to do with that book in New-York?"

The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face,

and replied : "*I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it.*"

The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time he became a partner in the firm—one of the most respectable in the city.

THE SAILOR AND HIS PRAYING MOTHER.

WHAT thoughts crowd around the heart at the mention of those words! Years may pass away, mountains, rivers, and oceans may intervene between us and the spot where first we heard a mother's prayers, yet they cannot be lost to memory. Sickness, sorrow, and neglect, may be suffered, and even the heart may seemingly become callous to all good impressions, yet at the sound of a mother's—a praying mother's—name, a chord is touched which thrills through the soul, and rarely fails to awaken better feelings. Does danger threaten? We hope, and perhaps fondly anticipate that a mother's prayers, which have been offered on our behalf, may be answered.

Never did I see this more forcibly illustrated than in the case of a weather-beaten sailor, who resided in one of our coast towns. I had the narrative from the lips of the mother. In making his homeward passage, as he "doubled the stormy Cape," a dreadful storm arose. The mother had heard of his arrival "outside the Cape," and was awaiting with the anxiety a mother alone can know, to see her son. But now the storm had arisen, and, as she expected, when the ship was in the most

dangerous place. Fearful that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the requiem of her son, with faith strong in God she commenced praying for his safety. At this moment news came that the vessel was lost! The father, an unconverted man, had till this time preserved a sullen silence, but now he wept aloud. The mother observed, "It is in the hands of Him that does all things well;" and again, in a subdued and softened spirit, bowed, and commended her son and her partner, in an audible voice, broken only by the burstings of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now spread her mantle abroad, and they retired, but not to rest, and anxiously waited for the morning, hoping at least that some relic of the lost one might be found.

The morning came; the winds were hushed, and the ocean lay comparatively calm, as though its fury had subsided since its victim was no more. At this moment, the little gate in front of their dwelling turned on its hinges;—the door opened, and their son, their lost, their loved son, stood before them! The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbours on the coast, and he was safe. The father rushed to meet him. His mother, already hanging on his neck, earnestly exclaimed, "My child, how came you here?"

"Mother," said he, while the tears coursed down his sun-burnt face, "I knew you'd pray me home!"

What a spectacle! a wild, reckless youth acknowledged the efficacy of prayer. It seems that he was

aware of his perilous situation, and that he laboured with this thought: "My mother prays—Christian prayers are answered, and I may be saved."

When almost exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, his reflection gave him fresh courage, and, with renewed effort, he laboured till the harbour was gained.

Christian mother, go thou and do likewise. Pray over that son who is likely to be wrecked on the stream of life, and his prospects blasted forever. He may be saved.

A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

FROM MRS. HAWKES' MEMOIR.

I HAVE been shutting myself up in my dear, departed mother's chamber, the very walls and furniture of which are sacred. A thousand times have I remarked her retiring into it for purposes of devotion. Often have I overheard her strong cries and tears to God, and often caught the sound of "MY CHILDREN!" as if that interest was uppermost. At morning, at noon, and at evening, she never failed to retire to read and pray. Thousands of tears has she shed in this chamber, where I have sometimes had the privilege of kneeling down by her side. How present is her image! how sweet my communion with her departed spirit. Little did I then know the value of her intercessions for her children, or the weight of her character and example as a Christian. Thank God, I know it now; and abhor

myself in proportion as I estimate her. O, that her prayers for every one of us may be, like "bread cast upon the waters," found after many days! O may my dear mother's God be my God! He graciously carried her through many years of weakness and sorrow. He enabled her to walk worthy of her high calling; and he stood by her in a dying hour. Her last words were: "For me to die is gain," and, "I will pray for my children while I have breath."

A SPOILED CHILD.

THE tragic murder of Doctor Parkman, of Boston, by Professor Webster, filled the community with horror. A chain of circumstantial evidence proved his guilt, and he was condemned to death. In his prison, petitioning the Governor for a milder punishment, he confesses the crime, declaring it was not murder from malice prepense, but manslaughter, from uncontrolled momentary passion. He says: "I am irritable and passionate; a quick-handed and brisk violence of temper has been a besetting sin of my life. *I was an only child, much indulged*, and have never acquired the control over my passions that I ought to have acquired early; and the consequence is all this!"

"FORSAKE NOT THE LAW OF THY MOTHER."

"WHEN I was a little child," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Before

I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by the soft hand on my head. When I was a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice to my heart—a voice that must be obeyed—‘O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.’”

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY.

“No man was ever more suitably mated,” says Southey, “than the elder Wesley. Susannah Wesley was an admirable woman, of highly improved mind, of a strong and masculine understanding; an obedient wife, an exemplary mother, and a fervent Christian.”

Mrs. Wesley taught her children, from their earliest age, their duty to their parents. She had little difficulty in breaking their wills, or reducing them to absolute subjection. They were early brought, by rational means, under a mild yoke; they were perfectly obsequious to their parents, and were taught to wait their decision in everything they were to have, and in everything they were to perform.

They were taught also to ask a blessing upon

their food, to behave quietly at family prayers, and to reverence the Sabbath. They were never permitted to command the servants, or to use any words of authority in their addresses to them. Mrs. Wesley charged the servants to do nothing for any of the children unless they asked it with humility and respect; and the children were duly informed that the servants had such orders. This is the foundation, and indeed the essence, of good breeding. Insolent, impudent, and disagreeable children are to be met with everywhere, because this simple but important mode of bringing up is neglected. "Molly, Robert, be pleased to do so and so," was the usual method of request, both from the sons and the daughters; and, because the children behaved thus decently, the domestics revered and loved them; were strictly attentive to, and felt it a privilege to serve them.

They were never permitted to contend with each other; whatever differences arose, the parents were the umpires, and their decision was never disputed. The consequence was, there were few misunderstandings among them, and no unbrotherly or vindictive passions; and they had the common fame of being the most loving family in the county of Lincoln! How much evil may be prevented, and how much good may be done, by judicious management in the education of children!

But Mrs. Wesley's whole method, in bringing up and managing her family, is so amply detailed in the following letter, that it would be as great an in-

justice to her to omit it, as it will be profitable to every reader to see it:—

“EPWORTH, *July 24, 1732.*

“DEAR SON,—According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family.

“The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing and undressing, changing their linen, &c. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that they were, if possible, laid into their cradle awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping, which at first was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterwards two hours, till they needed none at all. When turned a year old, (and some before,) they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly, by which means they escaped abundance of correction which they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise, of the crying of children, was rarely heard in the house, but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

“As soon as they were grown pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner, their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would,

but not to call for anything. If they wanted aught, they used to whisper to the maid that attended them, who came and spake to me ; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family. Mornings, they always had spoon-meat ; sometimes at nights. But whatever they had, they were never permitted at those meals to eat of more than one thing, and of that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed, unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask anything of the servants when they were at meat : if it were known they did so, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded.

“ At six, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper ; at seven the maid washed them, and, beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight, at which time she left them in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed of in our house, as sitting by a child till it fell asleep.

“ They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention to show that a person may be taught to take anything, however much against his stomach.

"In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel, parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things which in a while after they have severely beaten them for doing. When a child is corrected it must be conquered, and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both

precept and example will be ineffectual. But when it is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

“ I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children insures their after-wretchedness and irreligion ; whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we further consider that religion is nothing else than the doing the will of God, and not our own ; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil’s work—makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, forever.

“ Our children were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord’s prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bed-time, constantly ; to which, as they grew bigger, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects, a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days, before they

could well speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak.

"They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught, without saying, Pray give me such a thing; and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word.

"Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profaneness, obscenity, rude, ill-bred names, were never heard among them; nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister.

"There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed of; but every one was kept close to business for the six hours of school. And it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year, by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity, and good health. Kezzy excepted, all could read better in that time than the most of women can do as long as they live. Rising out of their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted, except for good cause; and running into the yard, garden, or street, without leave, was always esteemed a capital offence.

"For some years we went on very well. Never were children in better order. Never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection

to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them, after the fire, into several families. In those they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from; and to run abroad to play with any children, good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observance of the Sabbath; and got knowledge of several songs and bad things, which before they had no notion of. That civil behaviour, which made them admired when they were at home, by all who saw them, was in a great measure lost; and a clownish accent and many rude ways were learned, which were not reformed without some difficulty.

"When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered on a strict reform; and then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon. When the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament; as in the morning they were directed to read the psalms, and a chapter in the Old; after which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

"There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here because I think them useful.

"1. It had been observed that cowardice, and fear of punishment, often lead children into lying,

till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault, of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying; and would have done more, if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed on, and therefore was often imposed on by false colours and equivocations, which none would have used but one, had they been kindly dealt with; and some, in spite of all, would always speak truth plainly.

"2. That no sinful action, as lying, pilfering at church or on the Lord's day, disobedience, quarrelling, &c., should ever pass unpunished.

"3. That no child should be ever chid or beat twice for the same fault; and that, if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterwards.

"4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the case.

"5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not ~~well~~, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted, and the child, with sweetness, directed how to do better for the future.

"6. That propriety be inviolably preserved; and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value

of a farthing, or a pin, which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children ; and from the want of parents or governors doing it as they ought, proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world.

"7. That promises be strictly observed ; and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given, unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

"8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well ; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time, that she was held to in reading. This rule also is much to be observed ; for the putting children to learn sewing, before they can read perfectly, is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."*

To this admirable woman the world owes a debt of grateful remembrance. Whatever excellence the character of her sons presented—whatever benefit the world has derived, and continues to derive, from their examples and labours—the foundation of the whole was laid in the instruction they received from her, and the salutary discipline to which she subjected them in the outset of life. Wherever, therefore, that great revival of religion, of which

* Clarke's Wesley Family.

they were the principal instruments, shall extend its benign influences, the example and efforts of this extraordinary mother shall be "told as a memorial of her."^{*}

AN INCIDENT, WITH A MORAL.

A MINISTER of the Gospel, in one of the northern cities, some years ago, became deeply impressed with a desire for increased usefulness. He thought much upon the most probable means for the accomplishment of this object. The ordinary opportunities of access to his people, by pulpit ministration and customary pastoral visitings, did not satisfy his soul. He longed to lead his flock directly to Christ, —to witness a greater degree of spirituality among them. At length, he resolved to visit every family, and, as far as practicable, to ascertain the spiritual condition of each of its members, by personal conversation upon religious experience. At an appointed time, he entered upon his labours of love. He called on one and another of the families of his people, had every household gathered, and with much affectionate concern spoke to them of the necessity of living each day for God and for eternity. His own soul was comforted, and he felt that his labours were not in vain in the Lord.

A day or two after he had commenced this heavenly employment, he called at the house of one of his most pious and influential members—a man of wealth. The father was absent at his place of

* Rev. Dr. Jackson.

business, but the mother, an amiable and pious woman, was at home. On making known to the latter his desire that she should summon her family to the parlour, and acquainting her with his design to speak personally to them—to admonish, exhort, or encourage, as they might need, the mother thanked him with tears of gratitude, but said, "I have one request to make of you, sir."

"What is that?" said the minister.

"It is that you will not say anything to my eldest daughter, Mary, on the subject of religion. I have prayed for that child for years. I have talked to her again and again; but her heart is set upon vanity. Fashion and the world are predominant in her affections. She has become, of late, exceedingly sensitive to reproof or admonition. Respectful in every other relation, she will not permit me to speak to her on religious subjects, without returning a violence of language entirely unbecoming a daughter. I have determined, therefore, to refrain from any direct appeal to her, until she shall give evidence of greater docility. You will please, therefore, say nothing to Mary, whatever you may say to the others. I should be sorry to have your feelings injured, as well as my own, by the manner in which I am but too confident she would respond. May God bless your admonitions to the rest!"

In a few minutes the family was gathered in the presence of the minister. Mary sat among them. She had entered with respectful courtesy, and taken her position at a window looking upon a street, ap-

parently more interested at what was going on without, than attentive to the conversation within. The minister spoke first to the mother, of her responsibilities and duties; then to the son, a youth of intellect and promise; then to a younger daughter, —and so on, until he had administered his kind and fatherly instructions to all. I mean all except Mary; to her he said nothing. He seemed to be unconscious of her presence. As tears of tenderness flowed freely from all who participated in the delightful interview, Mary sat at the window, playing idly with the tasseling of the silken curtains, her proud spirit refusing the least intimations of sympathetic feeling. The brightness of her eye was undimmed by any gathering tear—the loftiness of her carriage was not for a moment relaxed by the affecting scene before her; and when the minister said, “Let us pray!” she arose not from her seat to bow with the rest, but remained still in her position, in her scornful unconcern, her delicate fingers toying with the silken fringe of the drapery before her. The minister poured out his soul in a fervent address to the throne of grace. O, how earnestly did he commit that family to the guardianship of Heaven!—referring to them in his supplications, individually, and appropriately presenting them to the mercy of the Father, through the merit of the Son;—but he offered no prayer for Mary. Unconcernedly and proudly, she still played with the silken toys. The prayer ceased—the good man arose. Taking each by the hand, he affectionately gave a parting admo-

nition and invocation; and bowing coldly to Mary, who as coldly returned his civility, he left the room, and made his way to the entrance of the dwelling.

He had scarcely passed the threshold, when the words of the Redeemer, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," flashed upon his mind. Suddenly pausing, he said to himself, "Shall I refuse exertion for any soul, to save which my Master came down from heaven? Nay, God being my helper, I will return!"

Again he stood in the parlour. The family sat, just as he left them, musing on the things he had spoken; Mary was, to all appearance, still cold and unmoved.

With a courage imparted by the Holy Spirit, he walked to where she sat, and, taking her hand in his, said: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' Shall he save you?"

The rock was smitten! the waters gushed forth freely and fully! Mary, proud and scornful as she seemed to be, needed only the word of invitation, to bow, and weep, and pray. Then was heard the bitter cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Angels hovered over that little assembly, and, ere the descending sun gave place to the gathering twilight, the shout of conversion ascended the throne, and there was joy in heaven over the sinner that had repented.

It has been years since the above was related

to us. Its moral, which is two-fold, is borne upon its very face. Mothers may learn from it never to despair; and ministers may learn from it never to falter.

PARENTS OF JOSHUA ROWLEY GILPIN.

"My dear son," says his father, "was born Jan. 30th, 1788. Soon after his birth, it occurred to his dear mother and myself, that we were introduced, by this interesting event, to a new and important charge, to which a solemn responsibility was attached. We considered ourselves as but meanly furnished for the discharge of those sacred duties, which belong to the parental character; and we had observed, with concern, the miserable effects of indiscretion in the management of families. Under these discouraging views, we derived comfort from this hope alone, that He, who had seen good to place the smiling stranger under our care and tuition, would furnish us with wisdom and grace sufficient for us. My most anxious thoughts, however, related to the religious part of my son's education. And here, I must confess, that I found it no easy thing to determine at what period to begin, and in what manner to conduct this better part of my son's education, a failure in which would have blasted all my fondest hopes. I can now assert, from an accurate review of my own experience, that this important work can neither be undertaken at too early an age, nor conducted with too much simplicity and condescension. Out of many rules which I pre-

scribed to myself, the following are among those from which I never saw it good to depart :—Not to burden his memory with long forms of prayer, not to depress his spirits by the exaction of rigorous observances, not to weary his attention by frequent and tedious discourses. We began with the lowest round in the ladder of Divine truth, and from thence we ascended to the sublimest doctrines of our holy religion. At every succeeding step our prospects became more extensive. From the works of creation we went on to the wonders of Providence ; from the goodness of God to the unworthiness of man ; from the depravity of human nature, to the redemption that is in Christ Jesus ; and from this transient state of being, to that eternal world in which imperfection and infelicity shall have no place. As any of these views attracted our notice, it became the subject of free conversation. When I first invited my dear son to mount with me the sacred ladder, I told him, with exultation in my countenance, that it would lead us from earth to heaven.

“ His excellent mother afforded much assistance in this great work, especially in its earlier stages. She was skilled in all the proper methods of dealing with his gentle spirit, and could elevate his yielding thoughts to God, by the most familiar and engaging representations. She knew all the direct approaches to his heart, and was constantly watching the most favourable opportunities for making serious impressions upon his mind. By her piety, and her intimate acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, she was

prepared to entertain him with both pleasing and profitable information ; thus, like a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, she was daily bringing out of her treasures things new and old, for the improvement of her beloved son. Methinks I see him, at this moment, sitting in his little chair, by the side of his tender guardian, listening to her instructions with a face of eager attention. Many a time have I seen them so occupied, while I have silently solicited a blessing upon this happy employment. Every day was a day of tranquil satisfaction, but the Sabbath presented us with peculiar consolations. We saluted every return of that holy day with joy, cheerfully laying aside all our usual studies and employments, except such as had a manifest tendency either to enlarge our acquaintance with, or to advance our preparation for, the kingdom of God. It was a day truly honourable in our eyes, as a season of sacred delight. We gave an unlimited indulgence to all our affectionate and devotional feelings ; we congratulated each other as members of the Christian Church, we rejoiced over each other as heirs of the same glorious promises. Some interesting passage of Scripture, or some choice piece of divinity, generally furnished the matter of our discourse. While thus engaged, a Divine light would sometimes break in upon us, satisfying our doubts, exalting our conceptions, and cheering our hearts."

In the midst of these spiritual exercises and holy enjoyments, this amiable youth discovered symptoms

of a dangerous disease, upon which his father piously observes:—

“ We considered this attack as a solemn warning from above ; and while we discovered in it the absolute uncertainty of our dearest earthly enjoyments, we earnestly prayed for a growing submission to the Divine will. It afforded us unspeakable comfort to mark the composure of our suffering child—he neither despised the chastening of the Lord, nor fainted under his rebuke ; but, lying as clay in the hand of the potter, he meekly submitted himself to the disposal of a faithful Creator. It was appointed that our Joshua should be separated from us, but he was to be withdrawn by almost imperceptible degrees. In our social seasons, he was always an entertaining companion, and sometimes a modest instructor ; he had either some important question to propose, some interesting anecdote to relate, some striking passage to produce, or some curious contrivance to exhibit. He passed through earthly scenes as an amiable and modest stranger, on his way to a better country—a country to which he is now gone. While we took our social walks together, they were accompanied with many agreeable and endearing circumstances ; but whenever his mother made one of the party a new charm was thrown over the whole scene. Every object around us was now pleasantly noticed, and happily improved. She pointed out the peculiarities of some curious plant ; she exhibited the minute form of some shining insect ; she commended the song of some feathered warbler ; or she

admired the grandeur of some flying cloud; still inviting us upwards, till she had fixed our thoughts, where she delighted to fix her own, among the unfading flowers and immortal fruits of the garden of God."

His health being now apparently restored, young Gilpin prosecuted his studies with great approbation and success. But the knowledge which puffeth up was chastened by his modesty and self-abasement. His father observes:—

"While he daily watched at wisdom's gates, and waited at the posts of her doors, he carried himself with an extraordinary degree of meekness, doing nothing through strife or vain-glory, but in lowliness of mind esteeming others better than himself. Nor was my earnest expectation disappointed; for, though his humility inclined him everywhere to take the lowest seat, it might be easily perceived that he was formed to fill a much higher station in this school of holy discipline, than that which was occupied by his father."

The clouds quickly returned after the rain. The attacks of his disease were renewed with greater violence than ever—"yet," continues his afflicted biographer, "he met all the changes of his state with a smile of cheerful submission. No murmuring word was ever heard to fall from his lips. His happy portion was made up of grace and peace. He found favour in the sight of God, and that favour was better than life itself. After having been for years a constant and conscientious attendant upon

the public ordinances of grace, his Sabbaths were now passed in comparative solitude ; yet he would never once permit his mother to be detained from church on his account. At his first introduction to the house of God, which took place at a very early age, he discovered a great degree of reverential awe : and in his stated appearance there, whether he listened to the sacred word, or bowed before the altar, his whole carriage was marked with unfeigned piety. His place in the visible sanctuary was now unoccupied ; but, while the great congregation were worshipping in the house of prayer, he meekly presented himself in secret, before the Father of spirits, in whose sight places and forms are inconsiderable things.

“ At length the day arrived which we had so long dreaded, and for the approach of which we were still so little prepared. He joined in our morning devotions with all his usual composure. Had the weather allowed, he was to have spent an hour abroad ; but being prevented by an unfavourable forenoon, he applied himself to reading. His ordinary gentleness was exemplary ; but through the whole of his deportment on this day there was a lamb-like patience, which filled us with admiration. After dinner, it was customary for him to doze for an hour in his chair, while we silently guarded his repose, and sent up our supplications to heaven in his behalf. We were thus watching near him, when he suddenly turned upon us with an expressive look, which seemed intended to bespeak our atten-

tion—and, with his wonted calmness and deliberation, he spoke to the following purpose: 'I have long known my disease to be a dangerous one, and now I perceive the danger to be very great; but I am resigned. I have daily hesitated to make you acquainted with my real state, lest I should add to the sufferings which I have already brought upon you. But, as we all must die, I think it unhappy, when a man is approaching death, that either he or his friends should fear to make it the subject of conversation. To meditate and speak upon death, is a part of our duty even in the days of health. You have often led me to this serious duty in seasons that are past, and it becomes us not to shrink from it now. I see nothing in this state worth living for. The whole world is replete with vanity, and I esteem it happy to be removed out of it at an early period of life. Much of my time has been spent in the study of one or two languages, to which we are apt to attach a high degree of importance.' Then, turning a pleasant look upon his mother, he added: 'But, in heaven, that labour will be known no more; for there, as Bunyan observes, they all speak the language of Canaan. Human studies and pursuits are generally of a trifling kind, and not such as we are likely to cultivate and perfect in the future world. When I look back upon my past life, I see nothing in it but what is sinful; and it seems almost incredible to me, that a dying man should ever speak of himself as a harmless and innocent creature; though I have heard that this is sometimes the case.

If such a case is really possible, it must surely be one of the most discouraging that can fall under the notice of a pious minister. I know myself to be a sinner; and I have not been, even to you, what you have reason to expect.' Till this moment, he preserved his characteristic serenity; but now his tears flowed apace, his bursting sobs could be no longer suppressed, and his feeble frame was shaken with the tenderest emotions. This part of the scene was too distressing to be either endured or described; and it was happy that his mother could so far prevail, by her affectionate entreaties, as to assuage the anguish of our hearts. In a short time he wiped away the last tears he was ever to shed; and assuming his former composure, he thus resumed his discourse: 'My complaint has been of long continuance, but I have reason to be thankful that it has not subjected me to acute pain; for, under a state of bodily torture, it must be difficult to preserve the mind from distraction. I owe it to the goodness of God, that I have been permitted the free use of my thoughts through the whole of my sickness; and I rejoice especially in this, that they have been directed to subjects of inestimable worth. When I first took up Alleine's Alarm, I feared to find upon myself all the marks of the unconverted; but, though I was once under the dominion of some of the sins which are there enumerated, Alleine has taught me both the need and advantage of a Saviour, and I am now freed from their bondage.' Some hours after this most affecting conversation, we engaged

for the last time in an act of family worship. Never, before, was the sacred exercise accompanied among us with so much solemnity and fervour ; and though it could not be performed without a struggle, yet our supplications and our praises ascended together. The volume of truth was lying before me, and, as I turned over its sacred pages, my attention was powerfully called to a portion of the Revelation of St. John. I perused in silence the seventh chapter of that mysterious book ; and finding it particularly adapted to my present feelings, I repeated the concluding part of it to my listening companions :— ‘ These are they who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple ; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters ; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.’ This sublime passage produced upon our spirits a sort of electric effect, while it offered to us the last delightful prospect in which we were allowed to participate below. We closed the book, and gazed upon each other in a holy ecstasy ; successively attempting to express what could not possibly be uttered. Heaven itself lay open before us.

“ Shortly after he had retired to rest, he was

heard to cough, and his distressed mother went immediately down to visit him. After a few minutes' absence she appeared again, inviting me to follow her. Her voice was scarcely audible; yet it sounded like the midnight cry in the Gospel, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh!' and I hastened to embrace my Joshua before he should go forth to meet his Lord. I found him patiently sinking under the last efforts of his disease, with a countenance full of tranquillity and sweetness. My approach produced in him a slight emotion; but he had gone too far to return. Not able to endure the thought that our intercourse was wholly at an end, I joined my face to his, softly inquiring by what means I might yet administer to his comfort. He understood my feelings, and sought to repress them; replying with a gentle request that I would cease to speak. After hanging over him for a few minutes in unutterable distress, I involuntarily repeated my question—when, in a tone of tender affection, he returned me the same answer: 'Please not to speak.' He had already opened a communication with the interior world, and had fully surrendered himself into the hands of his invisible attendants; and, in these circumstances, he was unwilling to be recalled or interrupted by any importunities from without. We received his request as a sacred charge, and, binding ourselves to silence, we knelt about his bed in a state of trembling expectation. A short and solemn pause succeeded, when, after a few soft groans, without the slightest change of posture, he peacefully breathed out his soul into the bosom of

his Father and our Father, his God and our God. At this awful moment, all the opposition of our will to the Divine proceedings was totally subdued; we sunk under an overwhelming sense of His supremacy, 'whose judgments are unsearchable, and whose ways are past finding out; the mountains flowed down at his presence, and we laid our hand upon our mouth before him.' We wished at once to be permitted to follow our beloved, 'where mortality is swallowed up of life.' "

MEMOIR OF DR. THOMAS SCOTT'S ELDEST
DAUGHTER.

THIS brief account of infant piety does not very properly come under the head of *Maternal Influence*, as the *father* appears most prominent in the sketch. Still, its intrinsic excellence, and the encouragement it holds out to mothers, to seek the early conversion of their children, are sufficient to justify its insertion. Doubtless the child had a precocious intellect. Few give evidence of piety at quite so early an age. But thousands might be found, like the young Samuel, devoting the sweet dawn of life to their Creator, were they assiduously trained in the way they should go.

"I have just mentioned the death of my eldest daughter," says Dr. Scott, "aged four years and a half; and I shall here subjoin a few more particulars respecting her:—

"At the age of three years and a half, she had a most extraordinary and distressing illness; so that

for several weeks she could not be induced to take either medicine or nutriment of any kind, but what was poured down her throat almost by main force. I had little expectation of her recovery ; but I was under a full and deep conviction that all the human race are born in sin, and are utterly incapable of happiness hereafter, without regeneration and renovation by the Holy Spirit. This, if actually wrought in childhood, I was satisfied would begin to show itself about the time when children become actual sinners, by personal and wilful transgression ; and I was fully assured that she had become an actual sinner. Seeing, therefore, no ground to believe that any gracious change had taken place in her, I was greatly distressed about her eternal state ; and I repeatedly and most earnestly besought the Lord that he would not take her from me, without affording me some evidence of her repentance, and faith in his mercy through Jesus Christ.

"To the surprise of all she recovered, and lived just another year. Half of this year was remarkable for nothing, except the proofs which she gave of a very good understanding, and the readiness with which she learned whatever was taught her. Indeed she almost taught herself to read ; and was so much the astonishment of our neighbours, that they expressed a persuasion that she would not live long—which I treated with contempt. But about the middle of the year, on my return home one evening, my wife told me that her daughter had behaved very ill, and been so rebellious and obstinate

that she had been constrained to correct her. In consequence, I took her between my knees, and began to talk to her. I told her that she had often heard that she was a sinner against God ; that sin was breaking the commandments of God ; that He had commanded her to obey her father and mother ; but that she had disobeyed her mother, and thus sinned against God, and made him angry at her—far more angry than her mother had been ; that she had also often heard that she must have a new heart, or disposition ; that, if her heart or disposition were not wicked, she would not thus want a new one ; but that her obstinate, rebellious conduct to her mother, (with some other instances that I mentioned,) showed that her heart was wicked ; that she therefore wanted both forgiveness of sins and a new heart, without which she could not be happy in another world after death. I went on to talk with her, in language suited to her age, concerning the love, and mercy, and grace of Christ, in a manner which I cannot now particularly describe—but my heart was much engaged, and *out of the abundance of my heart my mouth spoke* ; and I concluded with pressing it upon her constantly to pray to Jesus Christ to forgive her sins, to give her a new heart ; and not to let her die until he had indeed done so.

“I have good reason to believe that, from that time to her death, no day passed in which she did not, alone, more than once, and with apparent earnestness, pray to Jesus Christ to this effect ; adding petitions for her father, mother, and brothers,—and

for her nurse, to whom she was much attached. At times, we overheard her in a little room to which she used to retire ; and on some occasions her prayers were accompanied with sobs and tears. Once she was guilty of an untruth ; and I reasoned and expostulated with her on the wickedness of lying. I almost seem now to hear her subsequent confessions in her retirement ; her cries for forgiveness ; her prayers for a new and better heart ; and that she might not die before her new heart came. She could scarcely proceed for sobs and tears. In short, there was everything in miniature, which I ever witnessed or read of in an adult penitent ; and certainly there were 'fruits meet for repentance,' for nothing reprehensible afterwards appeared in her conduct.

"Just at this time the Olney Hymns were published ; and, without any one putting her upon it, she got many of them by heart ; and, for some months, the first voice which I heard in the morning was hers, repeating these hymns, and those of Dr. Watts ; and frequently she would come to me to tell me what a beautiful hymn she had found, and then repeat it without book.

"I might recite many of her sayings, which, parental partiality apart, I must think surpassed what I have heard from one so young. The favourite servant, who has been mentioned, sometimes used the name of God or Lord in an improper manner ; and the child would affectionately remonstrate with her, and say : 'Do not use such words,

Kitty ; you will certainly go to hell if you say such naughty words.' She evidently understood the great outlines of the plan of salvation. 'Papa,' she said, 'you preached to-day concerning the Lamb's blood.' I answered : 'What does that mean ?' She replied : 'The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God which taketh away the burden of sin out of our hearts.' The day preceding her death, she read to me a chapter in St. John, in which the Jews charged Jesus with breaking the Sabbath. On this she paused and said : 'Papa, did Jesus Christ ever break the Sabbath ?' I answered, 'No ; but he did good on the Sabbath day, and his enemies called that breaking the Sabbath.' 'I thought so,' she said ; 'Jesus was always good ; but we are naughty till he makes us good. Peter was a good man ; but Peter was naughty till Jesus Christ made him good.'

"When any minister or pious friend came to see me, no play or amusement could draw her away from us when our conversation was on religious topics. She would stand fixed in attention, and evidently interested in what was said. She seldom spoke on these occasions ; but she would sometimes ask me questions afterwards on what she had heard.

"The day before she died, the Rev. Mr. Powley, of Dewsbury, in Yorkshire, (who had married Mrs. Unwin's daughter,) had engaged to come and see me, and to preach in the evening. After dinner I employed myself, as I frequently did, in sawing wood for fuel. She came and prattled with me,

and several times by degrees got so near me, that I feared the large pieces of wood would fall on her. I sent her farther off; yet still, intent on our talk, she crept near again, till at length a very large log, which could scarcely have failed to kill her, had it fallen upon her, rolled down, and only just missed her. While very thankful for her preservation, little did I think that a very few hours would deprive me of my darling child.

"I had scarcely got into the house to prepare for my visitant, when she came to me and said: 'I am very sick; what must I do?' I said, 'You must pray for patience!' She asked: 'What is patience?' and, before I could answer, she was so ill that she could only go into the next room, to the servant, where the most violent symptoms followed. As I was engaged with my friend, and with the preaching, having ordered her some medicines, I did not see her for several hours; but when I did, I was fully convinced that her sickness was fatal. Some further means were used, but wholly without effect; and she expired at ten o'clock the next morning, while repeating the Lord's prayer, the concluding words of which were the last she spoke.

"Her disorder was an attack of scarlet fever, which Dr. Kerr stated to be of a very peculiar kind, and that the case was hopeless from the first. I had attended fifty or sixty persons in that disease, and all recovered except my own child.

"She died on the Thursday morning, and on the next evening, at my lecture at Ravenstone, where I

had undertaken to preach through part of the Book of Job, the text which came in course was Job i, 21 : 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord !' and on this I preached, notwithstanding the death of my child. It would be in vain to attempt to describe either my anguish or my exultation on this trying yet animating occasion. Sorrow and joy succeeded each other in the highest degree, and often in the most rapid manner that I ever experienced : and sometimes they were pathetically, dolefully, yet sweetly intermingled. Prayer and thanksgiving seemed my main employment. I never obtained such a victory over the fear of death as by looking, for a long time together, on her corpse. Gradually my sorrow abated, and joy prevailed ; and I often said, I would not exchange my dead child for any living child in the world of the same age. Some have told me that her religious turn was only the effect of hearing so much on the subject, and had nothing so extraordinary in it ; but I never could see anything of the same kind in my other children, at so early an age, nor till they were much older, though they had at least the same advantages.

"MY MOTHER NEVER TELLS A LIE"

A few ladies had met at the house of a friend in the city of St. Louis, for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred :—

The child of one of the ladies, about five years old, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on

all occasions, and particularly so at a stranger's house. The mother kindly reproved her.

"Sarah, you must not do so."

The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said :—

"Sarah, if you do so again, I will punish you."

But not long after, Sarah did so again. When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a neighbour's house, intending to return for her child. During the absence, the thought of going home called to the mind of Sarah the punishment she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness into sorrow. A young lady present observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her, said :—

"Never mind, I'll ask your mother not to whip you."

"O," said Sarah, "that will do no good—my mother never tells a lie!"

The writer who communicated the above to the St. Louis Observer, said :—"I learned a lesson from the reply of that child which I shall never forget. It is worth everything in the training of a child, to make it feel that its 'mother never tells a lie.'"

"AFRAID TO SEE GOD."

A DEVOTED Christian mother, some years since, related what had then recently passed between herself and her little boy, not then far from four years old. In conversing with the child, occasion was

offered her to ask him this question : " Charles, do you wish to go to heaven ?" With much thoughtful solemnity and modest deliberation, he answered : " No, mother !" She, of course, was not a little surprised ; and, after assuring herself that she had not misunderstood him, she asked for his reasons. " Why do you not wish to go to heaven ?" The little fellow, his breast heaving with emotion, and his eyes filling with tears, replied : " I have been such a wicked boy, that *I am afraid to see God !*" Now let none infer that this child was wicked in the sense of using bad language, or being quarrelsome, or otherwise outwardly faulty ; for the reverse was true. All but himself would have pronounced him a lovely and excellent child. But his conscience had been enlightened : he had been taught that God's " law is exceeding broad ;" that " the thought of foolishness is sin ;" that great sin may be committed by the indulgence of wrong feeling, even when not made known to others by words and actions.

TIME TO BEGIN.

" ONE afternoon, in the autumn of 1839," says a pastor, " I rode several miles to visit a family in a remote part of my parish. The mother, a son, and a daughter, were professedly pious. During the interview which I had with the mother—the other members of the family being absent, except two or three quite small children—various Christian duties were presented by one and the other, as subjects of

conversation. At length the relation of parents to their children was spoken of. The mother evidently felt the importance of the subject. She was apparently endeavouring to train her children for the 'skies.' One question after another was proposed and answered. Among other things, the duty of praying for and with our children was referred to. 'Mrs. M.,' inquired I, 'do you pray with your children?' The tear started in her eye as she replied: 'Ah no, sir, with my oldest I do not. I know it is my duty to pray with all my children; and I am sensible that the influence of a mother's prayers is great and lasting; but I have not the confidence to go forward in the performance of this duty. This is just what they need; and the salutary effects of such an exercise would be felt and manifested by them, perhaps, when I should be in my grave; but the cross is great. I have not resolution to take it up. We have no morning nor evening prayers,' continued she, 'in our family; and I never set the chairs about the table, to sit down and take our meals, but I think of it. My husband sometimes expresses a faint hope in the Saviour, but he has never erected the family altar. Could I take my four oldest children into my chamber with me, and there wrestle with God for them, as did the mother of John Newton for her son, and as I trust I now sometimes do for those little ones on the hearth, and for them all when in my closet alone, what a blessed thing it would be!' Her emotion nearly stopped her utterance, as she closed this sentence.

‘O that I had begun with my oldest children when they were *small*,” said she; ‘that is the time to begin!’ Yes, thought I, that is the time to begin.”

A WISE AND PIOUS MOTHER.

THE mother of a family had an infidel husband, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them up in the fear of the Lord. I one day asked her, how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so openly opposed to her own. This was her answer: “Because, to the authority of a father I did not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years, my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question; did they commit any fault; did they perform any good action, I opened the Bible; and the Bible answered, reprovèd, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has alone wrought the prodigy which surprises you.”

THE RUINED SON.

“ABOUT five years since, a young man in a neighbouring State, was detected in the act of committing a high crime, and committed to the county jail. He was universally known in that vicinity as a licen-

tious and abandoned character. Such was the nature of the evidence against him, that there remained no doubt of his guilt.

"Being at that place at the time, I, in company with one of the clergymen of the village, made him a visit. As we entered his cell, I was forcibly struck with his appearance. He was scarcely twenty-five years of age, and though within the gloomy walls of a prison, his dress was arranged with studious neatness. He bore evident marks of dissipation and crime ; and yet there was something in his dark, piercing eye, and full, intellectual forehead, indicative of ability to do right. He was standing at his grated window, apparently contemplating some objects without ; but, as we entered, he turned, and received us with an easy politeness which would have graced a drawing-room. As he readily engaged in conversation, we succeeded in drawing from him a portion of his history.

" ' You see in me,' said he, ' a degraded, guilty being ; but I was not always so. Had I, in early youth, been blessed with the pious parental example, counsel, and restraint, with which many are blessed, I should never have been reduced to the wretched condition in which you now see me.' "

" ' Are your parents living ? ' inquired my companion.

" ' My father died when I was a child ;—I have no recollection of him. My mother, I have not seen for nearly six years, and do not know whether she is living or not.' "

“‘Is it not your wish that your mother, if living, should know where you now are?’ I inquired.

“‘It is not. No;—rather let me perish, than that she should know that I am imprisoned, though it is chiefly owing to her neglect of my moral culture that I am here. I have already said that I was not always as you see me now. My father was a graduate of one of the first institutions of learning in New-England; and, as a member of the bar, was fast outstripping his associates, and reaching an eminent career, when he was arrested in the midst of his career by death. I was left an infant of six months. Having been thus early deprived of her husband, I became the idol of my mother. I was petted and indulged, and, through excess of maternal fondness, ruined. My mother always loved me, wild and wicked as I was; and so deep was her love, that it blinded her to my faults, and led her to forget the obligations she was under, to train me up to virtue and piety. My every wish was gratified. My passions, naturally strong, were never curbed by wholesome restraint. Religious instruction was never communicated to me at my fire-side home. My mother, apparently forgetting that I was immortal, sought rather to gratify my present wishes than to mould my character for time and eternity. My Sabbaths were spent, not in the house of God, but in dissipation and vice.

“‘Thus I ran my headlong course, unchecked, until my evil passions, violently inflamed by the vices in which I was indulged, impelled me to commit an act,

which rendered it unsafe for me to remain longer beneath the parental roof,—and I fled. My mother knew not where I went. Since that time I have been wandering in dissipation and crime. Four months since I came to this place, where my vices have rendered me notorious. Night before last I was detected in the crime for which you now see me in prison. My career is run. The gloomy walls of a State-prison will be my abode for several years. Should I live to leave them, I must leave with the brand of infamy upon me. One consolation alone remains. I am under an assumed name, so that my mother can never know. Still, I am a wretch, a villain, unworthy the society of men, and fit only for a prison.

“O! my mother! But I will not upbraid her. She meant well, though her undue fondness has led me to disgrace and ruin.’

“Here he became subdued, and, bowing his face between his hands, wept tears of repentance and regret.

“We left him; but never shall I forget that scene.

“That young man is now an inmate of a State-prison. His term of imprisonment has now nearly expired; and he will soon leave that miserable abode, to wander, a seared and blighted spirit, over the earth, seeking rest and finding none. Perchance, in his wanderings, he may return to his native place; but he will find no mother there to soothe his troubled spirit. She is dead.

"Reader, the writer knew that mother. Two years ago I heard her, with her dying breath, regret her weakness in not restraining her son. She died without a knowledge of his fate. I saw her laid beside her departed husband.

"Parents, and especially mothers, ponder well the above, and remember, that, to some extent at least, you hold your children's destinies, "for weal or for woe."

THE INDULGED CHILD.

"A MOTHER," says Rev. R. J. Smith, "related to me the following instance, illustrating the relation between submission to parental authority, and conversion or submission to the will of God. She had several children, and seemed properly to understand the importance of training them to prompt and cheerful obedience, and, as a consequence, they were early converted to God. One of these children, however, had been from infancy subject to fits, general weakness, and derangement of the physical system. It was the general injunction of her physician, that she should be kept as quiet as possible, and that her will should not be crossed. The mother acted accordingly, and all her whims and desires were freely indulged; but, instead of rendering her calm and quiet, this course made her peevish, fretful, and stubborn. After making it a subject of study and prayer, the mother determined to subdue her will, and govern her as she did her other children. She called to her the girl, and con-

fessed to her that the course she had been pursuing towards her was wrong, and told her that now she must depend upon obeying her, or she should punish her.

"She soon required a certain duty at her hand, but, as she was not accustomed to obey, she paid no regard to the requirement. The mother commenced chastising her, and said, for the time, it seemed as if the child would be the conqueror. But, fully resolved on securing obedience, she persevered until the child yielded. She was penitent, begged her mother to forgive her, and promised in future always to obey her. From this time, she saw that she had sinned, not only against her mother but against her God. A few nights after this occurrence, the mother said she was awakened at midnight with the cry: 'Ma, pray for me, for I am a great sinner.' She arose, knelt by her side, and commended her to God; and the little girl begged of God, as she had before done to her mother, to forgive her; and arose with the evidence that her sins were forgiven.

"In a short time she was taken violently ill, and failed rapidly. One day she called her mother to her death-bed, extended her hand, and said: 'Ma, I thank you that you gave me that whipping the other day; if you had not, I should have died in my sins, and gone to hell; but now I feel that you have forgiven me, and God has forgiven me, and I am going to heaven.' She then embraced her mother in her arms, and kissed her, and bade her farewell, saying,

"I shall soon meet you again in heaven," and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

If parents do not obtain and keep the mastery of the will, they place an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of their children ever being converted and saved. They are either never converted, or, if converted, are given to perpetual backslidings, and make little or no progress in piety. While those whose wills have been subjected to parental authority in early life, are likely to be early converted, and afterwards to prove steadfast in their allegiance and obedience to God.

THE WILL CONQUERED.

THE following fact occurred in the family of a pious minister :—

"Electra," said her mother to a little daughter, of two and a half years old playing on the floor, "bring me that apple, my dear." She looked at her mother, and said, "No," with indifference, and resumed her play. Her mother rejoined, "Bring me that apple instantly ;" and was answered, "I wont." Things now became in earnest ; and after several more orders and refusals the case was resigned to the father, who was present, and observed the scene. With a tone of authority, and yet benevolence, he reiterated the mandate : "Take that apple to your mother, my child !" Electra arose and went to the place where the apple was, picked up a chip that was near it, returned, threw it into her mother's lap, and was going to her play. Her father here

took hold of her, brought her near him, expostulated, warned, and then re-ordered her. Her sullenness deepened into silence and malignity—*my will be done*, was her deliberate position. Her father took down the provided *birch*, and very dispassionately applied it to the obstinate offender. Electra screamed, and begged, and called for her mother, who first interfered, and then, not succeeding, in a flood of tears left the room. Her father forebore, and tried her again. She walked, pouting and sobbing, to the apple, stood still near it, and said—she *could not* pick it up. Her father understood the nature of her inability, and its true relation to accountability. He paused for some minutes. Electra looked alternately at the apple and at him,—pouted, rubbed her eyes, and said again that she could not pick up the apple. Another whipping was the consequence. Electra screamed louder than ever, begged and promised. On this her father tried her again. She went to the apple, stood still, held her eyes to the floor, said and did nothing. Here some sympathetic spectators—friends of the family visiting—began to plead and apologize for the sufferer, and insinuated that it was useless and tyrannous to persist. Her father, with a look, gave them their answer, and his sentiments. He again applied the birch, and let not his soul spare for her crying. As soon as he ceased, while his steady carriage had awed the circle into silence, Electra showed another creature; she ran to the apple, took it up, and brought it to her father. Her action spoke her ob-

stinacy gone, her pride subdued, her temper humbled, tender, penitent. Her mother was called. As soon as she entered the apartment—"Electra," said her father, "put this apple where it was on the carpet;" she obeyed. Again said he: "Take it up, and carry it to your mother." She obeyed with alacrity and tears. "Come here, my daughter." She came. To the questions, "Are you sorry?" and others like it, she assented; constantly opening her arms and raising her lips for the caresses of her father.

Her mother then began her confession—asked pardon for the improper strength of her feelings, and acknowledged that her love for the child was spurious in comparison with that of her husband. The others united in the acknowledgment.

THE MOTHER OF BYRON.

LORD BYRON was afflicted with a club foot; and, when young, he submitted to some very painful operations to have the deformity removed, but with no success. His mother was a proud, passionate, and wicked woman, and even the yearnings of natural affection seemed stifled. There is no good proof that her son, naturally, had a worse disposition than other children; but there was in him a great power for good or evil, waiting only to be quickened into life. Let us see the influence his mother exerted on this brilliant and powerful mind.

The readers of Byron's life must have shuddered to hear him speak of his mother. Moore, the

biographer of Byron, speaks three times of this fact, and the passages are so remarkable that I will transcribe them literally. The first is brief, but significant :—

“On the subject of his deformed foot, Byron described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him a *lame brat* !”—Vol. i, p. 21.

The second passage is scarcely less significant :—

“But in the case of Lord Byron, disappointment met him at the very threshold of life. His mother, to whom his affections first naturally and with ardour turned, either repelled them rudely, or capriciously trifled with them. In speaking of his early days to a friend at Genoa, a short time before his departure for Greece, he traced his first feelings of pain and humiliation to the coldness with which his mother had received his caresses in infancy, and the frequent taunts on his personal deformity with which she wounded him.”—P. 146.

This passage is only excelled in dreadfulness by the following :—

“He had spoken of his mother to Lord Sligo, and with a feeling that seemed little short of aversion. ‘Some time or other,’ said Byron, ‘I will tell you why I thus feel towards her.’ A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, he referred to his promise, and, pointing to his naked leg, exclaimed : ‘Look there ! it is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity ;

and yet, as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted for the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of passion, uttered an imprecation on me, praying that I might prove as ill-formed in mind as I am in body!" His look and manner in relating the frightful circumstance, can only be conceived by those who have seen him in a similar state of excitement."—P. 198.

What an imprecation from the lips of a woman, and that woman a mother! "Praying that I might prove as ill-shapen in mind as I am in body!" The prayer was more than answered. Misanthrope, libertine, with all his giant powers, he became shockingly "ill-formed in mind." His pen is the vehicle of gall and bitterness. His most brilliant works are immersed in pollution. He has written a work which lies on the table of the prostitute. The son of such a mother has furnished abandoned women a book, at which, as a fountain, thousands have drank and perished.

Ah! mothers work close up to the fountain of life:—mothers may make Byrons or Paysons—devils or angels. They can, with Divine assistance, make their offspring a fold of Christ's lambs, or, with Satan's assistance, a den of vipers.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

"If an intelligent man should bring up his sons as many mothers bring up their daughters, he would be deemed crazy. I have often been forcibly and painfully struck with the contrast, when I have seen a young lad toiling in the most laborious services of the shop or the store, that he might prepare himself for the duties of life, while his sister is wholly neglecting preparation for her peculiar and equally arduous duties. Many young ladies seem to think, if they think at all about it, that housekeeping will come by instinct. It is truly—truly melancholy, to witness the ignorance and helplessness in which many daughters are now suffered to grow up. Many families have been ruined by this neglect in female education. The hard earnings of the husband are wasted in extravagance or improvidence. He becomes disheartened ; finds no neatness or happiness in his disordered house, and hence seeks to alleviate his disappointment in those scenes which lead to intemperance and the grave."

CONTAGIOUS EFFECT OF A MOTHER'S
FEAR.

FIRST impressions made on the *fears* of a child, are as apt to be enduring, as first impressions of any other kind : hence the mischief of frightful nursery tales. Wirt, in his recollections of his first ten years, thus describes the lasting effect of his childish sympathy with his mother's fear :—

"On the evening that I am speaking of, there was one of the most violent thunder-storms I have ever witnessed. My aunt got down her Bible, and began to read aloud. As the storm increased, she read louder and louder. My mother was exceedingly frightened. She was one of the most tender and affectionate of beings, but she had the timidity of her sex in an extreme degree,—and indeed this storm was enough to appal the stoutest heart. One flash of lightning struck a tree in the yard, and ripped off a large splinter, which it drove towards us. My mother shrieked aloud, flew behind the door, and took me with her. My aunt remained firm in her seat, and noticed the peal in no other way than by the increased energy of her voice. This was the first thunder-storm I remember. I never got over my mother's contagious terror until I became a man. Even then, and even yet, I am rendered much more uneasy by a thunder-storm, than I believe I should have been, if my mother had, on that occasion, displayed the firmness of my aunt. I could not have been more than five or six years old when this happened. The incident and its effect on me, show the necessity of commanding our fears before our children."

THE DAUGHTER.

MY MOTHER.*

A soft'ning thought of other years—
A feeling link'd to hours
When life was all too bright for tears,
And hope sang wreath'd with flowers;
A mem'ry of affections fled,
Of voices heard no more;
Stirr'd in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er.

O mother!—in that magic word
What loves and joys combine!
What hopes—too oft, alas, deferr'd!
What watchings—griefs—are thine!
Yet never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thralls oppress,
Learn we to prize that holiest home—
A tender mother's breast.

Ten thousand prayers at midnight pour'd
Beside our couch of woes;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose,
While never murmur mark'd thy tongue,
Nor toils relax'd thy care!
How, mother, is thy heart so strong,
To pity and forbear?

* The language of filial affection.

What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay the past ?
Alas, for gratitude decay'd !—
Regrets that rarely last !
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy blessed bosom o'er,
We muse on all thy kindness shown,
And wish we 'd loved thee more.

'Tis only when the lips are cold
We mourn—with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old—
The days forever set,
And not an act, or look, or thought,
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught,
Wakes anguish in the soul !

On every land, in every clime,
True to her sacred cause,
Fill'd by that influence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the mother's heart the same,
The mother's lot as tried ;
And, O ! may nations guard that name
With filial power and pride !

THE SHIPWRECK.

WHAT sight on earth more interesting, than an affectionate daughter sacrificing her own ease, and cheerfully devoting the best of her days to the multiplied attentions old age demands ! And though

these cases are, "like angels' visits, few and far between," yet one I saw, and one worth recording.

A little village-party was made up to visit an old man and his daughter, whose history had been rehearsed again and again to different strangers, and the wondering villagers; yet the old man's manner was so touching, that it never became stale by repetition.

"Have you ever been introduced to this interesting family?" said one of the company by the way.

"I never have."

"Then you will see filial affection in all its loveliness, and hear the narration of suffering which has so strongly knit the hearts of the father and daughter."

The family consisted of the old man, son-in-law, daughter, and grandson, who received us with the most unaffected ease, and made the afternoon, I had almost said, the happiest of my life. Fourscore winters had bleached the locks of the old man, and grief had made many a furrow in his cheek; yet his eye was not dim, nor his muscular powers much abated. He had been a sailor, owned a ship, and had made several voyages to the West Indies. In one of these he had married a young English lady;—it was one of those rare unions where "heart meets heart." On his second fitting out for America, his companion asked permission to accompany him. She had ever wished to visit his much-loved country, and delicate health urged her to the undertaking. He kindly endeavoured to dissuade her,

telling her the vessel was leaky—that she and her infant of ten months, unused to the dangers of the ocean, might suffer materially in the voyage. She looked entreatingly, and said: “Then we part forever. I shall sleep in the dust when you return, and our Mary will be motherless!”

He assented. The ship was fitted, and all embarked. For days they sailed beneath a clear sky, and he rejoiced that his best earthly treasures were with him. But the fatal storm was gathering, and the time of his rejoicing was soon to end. He saw, before sunset, portentous indications that the night would be darkness and trouble. He advised his companion to retire early, not intimating the danger that threatened; making all possible preparation to meet the worst. The warring elements poured their fury. At ten the vessel sprung a leak. The desperate seamen made every effort to save her from sinking. The affrighted wife, awaked from sleep, heard the confusion; caught her infant, wrapped around it a sheet, and ran upon the deck to her almost exhausted husband; who, seeing her, caught the child, telling her to hasten back to the cabin, as she must be washed into the sea remaining there. She clung to him, entreating to die with him and her babe. He insisted, the only remaining hope for her was to return to the cabin. Scarcely had he disengaged himself from her desperate grasp, when she gave a shriek—a wave came over her, and he saw her no more! This was the beginning of sorrow. The ship and

mariners grappled with the storm, till a dashing upon a rock shattered the vessel, and the poor sailors were swallowed in the devouring flood—all except the father, who, with his infant, clung to the wreck, and was carried ashore.

The morning opened upon him all the horrors of a dreadful shipwreck. His beloved wife, ship, crew, and cargo, all in the deep—a sandy, uninhabitable beach, and not a particle of food, and almost naked. Wrapping the sheet around the hungry babe, he walked the sandy desert. Not a shrub or animal could he see, nor the least trace of a human foot.

Those who have never passed through extraordinary suffering, nor seen it in others, could scarcely believe what the soul and body can endure while remaining together. The afflicted father sat down in his desolation, and looked upon the calm sea, whose undulating waves seemed satiated that they had engulfed all that was dear to him, save one,—and, in the anguish of his soul, he cried unto God to take the motherless babe to himself, and save it from a lingering starvation—the child clinging to his breast, and seeking that nourishment which nature gives, till exhausted with hunger and crying it would fall asleep; then awake, and renew its plaintive cries, still seeking nourishment from the bosom of the father, till it extracted *blood*! Read this, ye tender mothers, who think your darlings suffer, when the cake and the roll are not fresh from the oven of the baker. Thus he walked the deso-

late beach through the day, watching every rising wave, hoping some kind vessel would greet his longing eyes. Night came on ; he hugged his starving babe to his bosom, and laid down beneath the canopy of heaven—praying that its mournful groans might be hushed in death before morning. Another day came and passed in the same manner, except that the wailings of the child were more constant, but fainter ; the shadow of death seemed passing over his face,—and, though it was all that remained to him of her who was “bone of his bone,” yet it revived his heart. Another day came ;—he found his strength failing, yet the lamp of life was not quite extinguished in the little sufferer. He took a piece of the sheet, fastened it to a bit of cane or sea-reed, clasped the babe to his fainting heart, and lay down upon the sand—still clinging to the last, sad hope that a vessel might appear, and the sign of distress bring him aid. Another night passed, and both were alive.

The sun was rising from the bed of the ocean, when a vessel saw them and took them in. The father could not stand, and the infant stopped its wailing, and its pulse nearly ceased ; but, by the most assiduous attention, both were restored to strength. They reached America, divested of all earthly good but each other. The child resembled her mother, and was so much the object of the father's affection, that, when absent from her for a short season, he would clasp her in his arms, and burst into tears. The child's affection “grew with

her growth and strengthened with her strength ;” and, though she married, and the heart of the husband safely trusted in her, yet her affection for her father never lessened. He went no more voyages ; but lived with this loved object of his affection till the billows of death wafted him to “ that bourne from whence no traveller returns.”

GENTLE REPROOF.

A PIOUS lady, who had lost a very promising child, was one day sitting with her little daughter of about three years of age by her side, and conversing with her respecting the death of her little brother. She told her that God had taken him to heaven, and as she spoke she wept. The little girl, after a few moments of pensive thought, asked her mother : “ Was it proper for God to take H—— to heaven ?” To which she replied in the affirmative. “ Well then,” said she, “ if it was proper for God to take him away, what do you cry for, mamma ?”

INCIDENT AT WHALESBACK LIGHTHOUSE.

NEAR the entrance of Portsmouth harbour, about a mile south-east of Fort Constitution, this lighthouse arises amid the waves, showing nothing of the rocky basis upon which it is reared, except at low water. Being open to the ocean, the storms beat heavily against it, at times throwing the spray over the lantern, and sweeping the sheathing from its side. In one of these storms, even the stout heart

of Joseph L. Locke, a former keeper, quailed, as he told us afterwards, when he heard the waves dashing furiously around his isolated tenement, the mad ocean forbidding his departure, and threatening every moment to engulf the whole concern. This lighthouse, however, is never without its tenant, or without numerous applicants when a vacancy is expected.

A few months since, Captain Jedediah Rand, of Rye, was appointed keeper. It not being a desirable place for a family, he has usually kept one of his children with him, making a change every few weeks, each desirous for an opportunity to visit the romantic resort. Early in September came the turn of his only daughter, Elizabeth Jane, a young lady who had been three years in her teens.

After spending three weeks with her father, on the 25th of September they prepared to go to the mainland. The boat was lowered in which they proposed to go to Newcastle, and the daughter seated, awaiting her father, when a high sea upset the boat, and she was thrown into the ocean. Her father sprang in, swam to his daughter, caught her, got on the bottom of the boat, and drew her up by his side. In a few moments, another sea turned the boat over, right side up, and threw them again into the ocean. The daughter sank; her anxious father caught her as she came up, swam with her to the boat, got in himself, and, while endeavouring to get her in, another sea turned the boat bottom up, leaving them in the ocean. Again the young lady

sank, and when her father reached her, as she came up, was so exhausted, that she could make no further effort to sustain herself.

Once more on the bottom of the boat, her father held her by the right arm, and kept her head above water, but was unable to prevent the surf beating continually over her. Her hope of rescue departed from her, and she looked upon death as inevitable. "Father, do I not love you," and, "I want to go to heaven,"—were her last expressions before she became insensible. The cry for help was heard on board a schooner, which was going at that critical hour out of the harbour. A boat was instantly dispatched from the schooner by Captain Frisbee, and in a short time the father and daughter were relieved from their perilous position, taken into the boat, and brought to Newcastle. The father, sitting on the side of the boat, laid his apparently lifeless child across his knees, with her face down, and as the boat proceeded she vomited, and revived so as to speak before reaching the land. And notwithstanding the perils she had undergone, her attachment to her father led her to choose to return with him to his post of duty, that afternoon, rather than remain with strangers, separated from him.

THE USEFUL EPISTLE.

Not long ago, writes a gentleman, in 1833, as I took some coffee at a house of refreshment, a gentleman who was reading the newspaper entered into conversation with me. Among other things he

spoke of the Christian Sabbath, when he thus expressed himself:—

“Though there is, doubtless, much of ungodliness in England, yet, when compared with the Sabbaths on the continent, a Sabbath here is a delightful season. No one can truly value that blessed day until he has been deprived of its enjoyment. When in the army, I felt this deprivation; we had misery in every shape,—for, in the Peninsular War, toil, danger, disease, and death, were continually around us and among us. The nearer the men appeared to be to eternity, the farther off their thoughts seemed to be from God. The thousands that had been slain were disregarded; neither the dead nor the dying seemed to excite a serious thought in the minds of the reckless soldiers. In such circumstances, how grateful would have been the peace, the refreshment, the consolation, the joy of a Christian Sabbath!

“It was on the Sabbath day that I received a letter from an affectionate daughter, then in England; it alluded to the uncertainty of life, especially to a military man. It pressed on me the consideration of eternal things, and pointed me to Him who, in peace and in war, in health and in sickness, in life and in death, is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him. Every word made a lodgment in my heart. Folding up the letter, and putting a book of prayer in my pocket, I walked out to a distance from the camp, until I came to a solitary ditch; in that ditch, on my knees, I poured out my

soul before God, and there, in peace, I spent my Sabbath day."

This anecdote shows that, with God's blessing, the faithful and affectionate remonstrance of a pious child will affect the heart of a parent, though he be a soldier in the camp, and surrounded with evil examples; and also, that when the soul truly hungers and thirsts after the bread of life, and living waters, it will, under the most unfavourable circumstances, find out a way of holding communion with God.

A FAMILY MADE HAPPY.

A GENTLEMAN residing in the western part of the State of New-York, a few years since, had sent two of his daughters to Litchfield, to be educated. While they were there, God was pleased to bless the place with a revival of religion. The news of it reached the ears of their father. He was much troubled for his daughters—"apprehensive," to use his own words, "lest their minds should be affected, and they be frightened into religion."

Alive, as he thought, to their happiness, and determined to allay their fears, and quiet their distresses, he sent a friend to Litchfield, with positive orders to bring them immediately home, that they might not be lost to all happiness and hope, and consigned to gloom and despondency.

The messenger departed on this errand. But they had already chosen Christ for their portion, and had resolved that, whatever others might do, they would serve the Lord. They looked at both

sides of the great question—they looked at the world and the pleasures of the world, and they thought of God and the glories of immortality ; and, with an eye full fixed upon heaven, they determined to live for eternity. They saw their chief happiness to consist in loving and serving the Lord. They discovered that

“ Religion never was design’d
To make their pleasures less ;”

that it commends and approves every rational enjoyment which the world can afford, and adds others of a higher and more exalted nature, which the world cannot give, and which it cannot take away.

They returned to their father’s—not overwhelmed, as he expected, with gloom and despondency, but with hearts glowing with gratitude to God, and countenances beaming with serenity and hope. Indeed, they rejoiced in the Saviour.

They told their father what the Lord had done for their souls,—that they were pilgrims here,—that they were keeping in view the bright fields of promise as they traversed this desert of sin, and were looking for that city which hath foundations.

Soon after their return home, they were anxious to establish family worship. They affectionately requested their father to commence that duty. He replied that he saw no use in it. He had lived very well more than fifty years without prayer, and he could not be burdened with it now. They then asked permission to pray with the family them-

selves. Not thinking they would have confidence to do it, he assented to the proposition.

The duties of the day being ended, and the hour for retiring to rest having arrived, the sisters drew forward the stand, placed on it the Bible ; one read a chapter—they both kneeled—the other engaged in prayer. The father stood ; and while the humble, fervent prayer of his daughter was ascending to heaven, his knees began to tremble ; he also kneeled, and then became prostrate on the floor. God heard their prayer, and directed their father's weeping eyes, which had never shed tears of penitence before, to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

Happy family !—a believing father, and believing children !—whose God is the Lord !

RESULTS OF DECISION AND PERSEVERANCE

ON the banks of the Hudson, opposite New-York city, there resided, a few years ago, a family in affluent circumstances. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. A., and their only child, Emily.

Situated as they were, contiguous to the metropolis of fashion, gayety, and dissipation, possessing the means of gratifying the pride of life, and destitute of religion, it is not surprising that they should bow down to the god of this world, become infatuated with its vain pageantry, and be willing to comply with its arbitrary and preposterous exactions, after the folly and caprice of the votaries of pleasure. Emily was the idol of her parents, and, as might

be expected, no expense was spared to gratify all her wishes, and to promote her education. When she was about fourteen years old, she was sent into Pennsylvania, to a boarding-school,—from which it was presumed she would return home the pride of her parents and the admiration of all her acquaintances.

At the school, however, to which she was sent, she not only gained such knowledge as is “profitable to the life that now is,” but she also received that instruction which, accompanied by the Divine blessing, had the effect to turn off her thoughts from following vanity to the acquisition of the pearl of great price. Her letters to her parents soon presented an obvious change in her views and feelings, and savoured of deep personal piety. Alarmed by this unexpected discovery, Mr. A. ordered her immediate return home, that, as he said, she might be cured of her melancholy. Emily left with reluctance the scene in which she had spent a happy and memorable year, sincerely regretted by all her school associates, and followed by the blessings and prayers of many Christian hearts.

The disappointed father received his daughter affectionately, but was heard to say: “Well, after all the high hopes we had formed of our Emily, it seems she is to be accomplished with nothing but religion. Let us do what we can to counteract the gloomy tendency of her mind.” With this view, he engaged the best masters in music and dancing, from the city, to attend her; parties were entertained,

and fashionable excursions made, to divert her mind; and among other presents the mistaken father promised her a splendid gold watch, "if she would give up her religious notions." But she turned away from all these allurements as does a sick infant from its toys; her heart was not in them, and they afforded her no satisfaction. Yet when the Sabbath came, and, in compliance with custom, the family resorted to church, then the bounding step and beaming eye of Emily showed undissembled joy; and, returning from thence, she was all animation in pointing out such truths and expressions of the preacher as particularly impressed her mind. "O was not that true?" she would say; "was not that excellent? I think Mr. C. preaches with more zeal and affection than any minister I used to hear, or else I can understand better than I once did." By these and similar remarks, Emily often prevented the less profitable discourses of her parents; for, in their ride to and from church, they were generally occupied in commenting upon the dress and equipage of their fashionable acquaintance.

Mr. and Mrs. A. found all their efforts unavailing to turn aside their daughter from the path which she found to be one of pleasantness and peace—her heart was fixed, and Jesus was all her salvation and all her desire, for her own portion and that of her parents. Often, when their mansion resounded with unhallowed merriment—when all was thoughtless levity, unmeaning frivolity, and vain parade,—in some remote spot, the eye of God beheld the

pleas Emily prostrate in supplication, and his ear heard her importunate prayer for the conversion of her deluded parents. She knew how deeply their hearts were enthralled in the service of a vain world, forgetful of their obligations to their Creator, and careless of futurity ; but she hoped and believed that the time would arrive, when they would become sensible of their dangerous condition, and turn from the errors of their ways. Emily delighted to unite with the people of God in all their public acts of devotion, and she often purchased privileges of this kind, by sacrificing her own inclinations to gratify her friends in some of their plans of amusement. This, however, caused a conflict of feelings, respecting duty, that greatly lessened her religious pleasure. Happily for her she had not long to encounter the tide of opposition. In her turn, she would persuade her parents to accompany her to the house of prayer. On one occasion, when returning home with them, she said,—

“Don’t you think, father, that Christians ought to be the happiest people in the world?”

“Why, my child?” he asked.

“Because they love God, and love each other, and try to live according to the rules of the Bible,” said Emily.

“Can nobody be happy but those who seem to think of nothing but religion?” inquired Mr. A.

“I do not see how people can be,” she replied ; “or, if they could be happy while rich and in health, I do not know what would give them any comfort

in poverty, sickness, and death, without religion. How could they be fit to die, father?"

"O, child," said Mr. A., with assumed sternness, while he brushed a tear from his cheek, "Emily, you talk about things which it is not expected that you should understand. It will be time enough for you to think about death by-and-by; now is the time to enjoy yourself. I scarcely ever think about these things. We all of us mean well, my dear, and that is enough. When a young lady gets her head filled with gloomy notions about religion, friends may at once resign all hopes of making a suitable match for her—fanaticism naturally levels all the necessary distinctions of society."

Conviction of truth had, however, frequently assailed the hearts of these well-meaning parents; and though they strove hard to resist it, they were often constrained to confess to each other that it was not right in their case.

"We have formed various schemes of happiness for our dear child," said Mr. A., "but they have been in vain;—I do not understand how she can keep aloof from those pleasures which young people so highly prize."

"My dear," replied Mrs. A., "that our daughter is happier than we can make her, by all the means we possess, there can be no doubt. Let us look to the source from whence she professes to derive her enjoyment—the Bible; let us learn of our child the way to be happy."

These conversations were always accompanied by

that deep feeling and interest which promise happy results, as is proved in this case,—for a short time only elapsed when this might be called a pious family. Perfect harmony and union of sentiment and feelings bound their renovated hearts together, as with a triple cord, which death itself would have no power to sever.

But mark the vicissitude of this changeful world. By one of those revolutions which often occur in mercantile affairs, Mr. A. was suddenly reduced to indigence. Before he had time to carry into effect any of the benevolent plans which he had formed for the promotion of a cause now dear to his heart, he was entirely stripped of the means he had possessed so abundantly. Yet he was rich in faith, and heir to a kingdom,—and could now realize the superiority of his remaining possessions to any other that might take to themselves wings and fly away.

It is true that his associates of former years, whom his profession of religion had not driven away from him, now took their silent departure ; but their place was amply supplied by more valuable and sympathetic friends.

While Emily was at the boarding-school, she became sensible that she was accountable to God for the manner in which she had spent her time, and for the improvement of all the privileges she was permitted to enjoy,—and that by giving only a superficial and careless attention to her studies, she would deceive the expectations of her friends, and

wrong herself out of the benefits which education is intended to bestow in the various circumstances of life.

Under these impressions, she naturally excelled in the different branches to which she attended ;— and when the ordering of Providence rendered it her duty to exert her talents in aid of those new doubly-endearred to her by their piety and misfortunes, she cheerfully proposed for that purpose to teach a seminary.

The plan was approved, and the family removed to New-York—not as formerly, for the convenience of fashionable company and amusement in winter, but because a comfortable subsistence was more likely to be obtained there than in the country.

Emily was soon patronized by many new and excellent friends, whose confidence and respect her consistent deportment and unwearied exertions richly deserved. Mr. A. also undertook a suitable employment, by which this interesting family were again placed in easy circumstances ;—while they knew how to appreciate the providential care of our Heavenly Father, they had also hearts to praise him for every good, and in his approving smiles they were blessed.

Merit like that of Emily A., could not long remain undervalued by the “discerning few,” who had an opportunity of knowing her domestic virtues. Among those who were privileged visitors at her father’s house, she discovered in one a fellow-mind, and a congenial heart ; their intimacy soon grew

into a sincere attachment, and, in two years after she commenced school-keeping, she became the happy wife of a worthy minister of the Gospel.

HAPPY RESULTS OF EARLY PIETY.

FROM THE TEACHER'S OFFERING.

ABOUT a month ago I went into the city to meet a stage, and, to my disappointment, I was an hour too soon. The rain fell, and the coach office was full of luggage and people, so that I was at a loss what to do. After standing about for a few minutes, the person who kept the books asked me to go into the little back room, and sit down. Thankful for a shelter, I accepted his kind offer, and seated myself by a small fire. I had a long time to wait, and was beginning to feel somewhat impatient, when the stair-case door was opened by a sickly-looking woman. She was advanced in years, and, as I rose to make room for her, I could not help thinking she would not be long in this world. Of course I felt some anxiety to know if she was a Christian. We began by speaking of her health, and this made way for some allusion to the great Physician.

"Ah, madam," she said, "it is only of late that I have known the Saviour."

"Then you do know him?" I quickly replied; "but how did you become acquainted with him?"

"In a very remarkable way, madam: but it proves the truth of that word, 'Out of the mouths of babes .

and sucklings thou hast ordained praise. My daughter, who is married, and lives in the country, sent up one of her little girls for a visit. She thought it would cheer us, and that the change would do the child good. She was a pretty-behaved little girl, about nine years old. I took a fancy to her, and so did her grandfather, from the first : but we did not know then what a treasure she would prove.

“Soon after she was up and dressed, the next morning, she came tapping at my door, to know how I was,—and finding me still alone, and in bed, for I could not rise till after breakfast, she said very modestly, ‘Grandmother, shall I read to you?’ ‘Yes, my dear, you may read if you can find a book ; but I suppose the Bible is down stairs.’ She managed to find it ; and when she had done reading, she blushed and said : ‘Mother told me, if you pleased, grandmother, I might pray with you every morning.’ I thought she meant to say her prayers, so I told her by all means to kneel down, and I would hear her, expecting she would repeat the Lord’s prayer ; but O, ma’am ! when I heard that dear babe pray from her heart to God, and with so much readiness—for herself, for her parents, and for us, too—it struck me like a dagger, and I thought I had never prayed in that way. She seemed like an angel ; but there was nothing upstart—no pride, no show—she was all gentleness and obedience. I was obliged to watch all my words and all my ways, as I had never done before, for I was afraid of cor-

rupting such an innocent creature. I really thought she was different from any one I had ever seen. Well, madam, Sunday came; and when she asked me where we went to church, I was ashamed to tell the truth, that we went nowhere; and so I took her to Mr. W.'s, at London Stone. It was a good sermon—very good—and I had some pleasure in it; but religion was all new to me, and I did not then comprehend it. I did, however, try to pray, and I got a good deal out of the child when she repeated her hymns and read the Bible. In this way the Lord helped me step by step, till at last I was brought to cast myself entirely upon Christ for my salvation."

"Then," said I, "you continue to keep the Sabbath; but what does your husband do?"

"Ah, madam," she rejoined, "he loves the truth as much as I do; and because our business is a sad hinderance to us, we are just going to give it up, and live quietly in the country, where we shall have more time to ourselves, and better opportunities of serving God."

This interesting narrative needs no comment. It speaks loudly in favour of early piety, and should greatly encourage all who are labouring to promote it. I afterwards ascertained that this little girl had been trained in a Sunday school, and that it was from her going there that her own mother was first drawn to hear the Gospel.

AFFECTING ADMONITION.

THE late Rev. Dr. Henry, of America, states, that an accomplished and amiable young woman, in the town of —, had been deeply affected by a sense of her spiritual danger. She was the only child of a fond and affectionate parent. The deep depression which accompanied her discovery of her state as a sinner, awakened all the jealousies of the father. He dreaded the loss of that sprightliness and vivacity which constituted the life of his domestic circle. He was startled by the answers which his questions elicited, while he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, an encroachment on the hitherto unbroken tranquillity of a deceived heart. Efforts were made to remove the cause of disquietude; but they were such efforts as unsanctified wisdom directed. The Bible, at last—O, how little may a parent know the far-reaching of the deed, when he snatches the word of life from the hand of a child! —the Bible, and other books of religion, were removed from her possession; and their place was supplied by works of fiction. An excursion of pleasure was proposed and declined. An offer of gayer amusement was likewise refused. Promises, remonstrances, and threatenings followed. But the father's infatuated perseverance, at last, brought compliance. Alas! how little may a parent be aware that he is decking his offspring with the fillets of death, and leading them to the sacrifice like a follower of Moloch! The end was accom-

plished. All thoughts of piety, and all concern for the immortal future, vanished together. But, O ! how, in less than a year, was the gaudy deception exploded ! The fascinating and gay L—— M—— was prostrated by a fever that bade defiance to medical skill. The approach of death was unequivocal ; and the countenance of every attendant fell, as if they had heard the flight of his arrow. The glazing eye was dim in hopelessness ; and yet there seemed a something in its expiring rays that told reproof, and tenderness, and terror, in the same glance. And that voice—its tone was decided, but sepulchral still—“ My father ! last year I would have sought the Redeemer. Fa—ther—your child is—” Eternity heard the remainder of the sentence, for it was not uttered in time. The wretched survivor now saw before him the fruit of a disorder, whose seed had been sown when his delighted look followed the steps of his idol in the maze of a dance. O, how often, when I have witnessed the earthly wisdom of a parent banishing the thoughts of eternity, have I dwelt on that expression, which seemed the last reflection from a season of departed hope : “ Last year I would have sought the Redeemer ! ”

THE SISTER.

THE DUCHESS D'ALENÇON.

MARGUERITE, Duchess d'Alençon, entertained towards her brother, Francis the First, King of France, an affection so devoted that it overlooked all peril.

"When that monarch was detained a prisoner at the court of Charles the Fifth, of Spain, Marguerite applied to the Emperor for a safe conduct, and, having obtained it, set out for Madrid, with the intention of consoling her brother in his captivity, and endeavouring to procure his freedom. Upon her arrival there, she found Francis so dangerously ill that his life was despaired of; and while he thus suffered the double affliction of disease and captivity, Marguerite was the only solace of the royal prisoner. Charles had given the Duchess a very friendly reception at his court, and had even promised that Francis should be set at liberty on recovering from his illness; but as the king's health daily improved, and Charles's fears of losing his prisoner and his ransom decreased, his determination to keep him in captivity increased in proportion. Marguerite, perceiving this, endeavoured to form an acquaintance with the Queen of Portugal, who was destined for Francis' bride; but the wary Emperor frustrated this design, by inducing his sister to make a pil-

grimage to Guadaloupe, which occupied the whole period of the Duchess's stay in Spain. She also addressed herself to Bourbon, who, it appears, would not have been sorry to make his marriage with her the means of restoring him to his country and estates ; but Bourbon's influence at the Spanish court was nothing. She did not attempt to discourage any hopes he might have formed on this head,—and her beauty and intellectual charms had given her so great a power over Bourbon, that he revealed to her all he knew of the Emperor's secret designs. Charles, who suspected the intelligence between them, had formed a scheme worthy of his intriguing mind. The Duchess's passport had been made out for two months ; but the friendly manner in which she had been received, was well calculated to make her forget that that period was drawing fast to its conclusion, and that it was necessary to renew it in order to provide for her own personal safety. Charles intended to let that period expire, and then to have taken advantage of her neglect, to make her share in her brother's captivity. The confidence which Marguerite reposed in his honour would have crowned his scheme with success, but for an intimation which Bourbon, who had learned the treachery that the Emperor meditated, conveyed to her. With the utmost precipitation, she ordered her escort ; and having taken leave of her brother, and secured some papers which he had committed to her charge, she departed from Madrid. Notwithstanding the severity of the win-

ter, which had just set in, she traversed Spain with such expedition, as to reach the frontier of Navarre one hour before the period of her safe conduct had expired."

BETY AMBOS VON ZWEIBRUCKEN.

Mrs. JAMESON, in her "Sketches of Art, Literature, and Character in Germany," relates the following story, containing a most extraordinary and affecting example of sisterly affection:—

I was travelling from Weimar to Frankfort, and had stopped at a little town, one or two stages beyond Fulda; I was standing at the window of the inn which was opposite the post-house, and looking at a crowd of travellers who had just been disgorged from a huge Eilwagen, or post-coach, which was standing there. Among them was one female, who, before I was aware, fixed my attention. Although closely enveloped in a winter dress, from head to foot, her height, and the easy decision with which she moved, showed that her figure was fine and well-proportioned; and, as the wind blew aside her black veil, I had a glimpse of features which still further excited my curiosity. I had time to consider her as she alighted and walked over to the inn alone. She entered at once the room in which I was; summoned the waiter, whom she addressed in a good-humoured, but rather familiar style, and ordered breakfast. While this was preparing, she threw off her travelling accoutrements; first, a dark cloak, richly lined with fur; one or two

shawls; a sort of pelisse, or rather surtout, reaching to the knees, with long, loose sleeves, such as you may see in the prints of Tartar or Muscovite costumes; this was made of beautiful Indian shawl, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with sables; under these splendid and multifarious coverings she wore a dress of deep mourning. Her figure, when displayed, excited my admiration—it was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her feet, hands, and head were small in proportion to her figure; her face was not so striking—it was pretty, rather than handsome; her small mouth closed firmly, so as to give a marked and singular expression of resolution and decision to a physiognomy otherwise frank and good-humoured. Her eyes, also small, were of a dark hazel, bright, and with long blonde eyelashes. Her abundant fair hair was plaited in several bands, and fastened on the top of her head, in the fashion of the German peasant girls. Her voice would have been deemed rather high-pitched for “ears polite,” but it was not deficient in melody; and, though her expression was grave, and even sad, upon our first encounter, I soon found that mirth, and not sadness, was the natural character of her mind, as of her countenance. When anything ridiculous occurred, she burst at once in a laugh—such a merry, musical peal, that it was impossible not to sympathize in it. Her whole appearance and manner gave me the idea of a farmer’s buxom daughter:—nothing could be more distinct from our notions of the lady-like, yet nothing

could be more free from impropriety, more expressive of native innocence and modesty; but the splendour of her dress did not exactly suit with her deportment—it puzzled me.

I observed, when she drew off her glove, that she wore a number of silver rings, of a peculiar fashion, and among them a fine diamond. She walked up and down while her breakfast was preparing, seemingly lost in painful meditations; but when it appeared, she sat down and did justice to it, as one who had been many hours without food. While she was thus engaged, the *conducteur* of the Eilwagen, and one of the passengers came in, and spoke to her with interest and respect. Soon afterwards came the mistress of the inn, (who had never deigned to notice me, for it is not the fashion in Germany;) she came with an offer of particular services, and, from the conversation, I gathered, to my astonishment, that this young creature—she seemed not more than two or three and twenty—was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from—can you imagine? even from the wilds of Siberia! But then, what had brought her there? I listened, in hopes of discovering: but they all spoke so fast that I could make out nothing more.

Subsequently, we met at Frankfort, where she was lodged in the same hotel, and I was enabled to offer her a seat in my vehicle to Mayence. Thus, I had opportunities of hearing her whole history related at different times, and in parts and parcels; and I will now endeavour to give it to you in a con-

nected form. I may possibly make some mistake with regard to the order of events : but I promise you faithfully, that where my recollection of names, or dates, or circumstances, may fail me, I will not make use of my imagination to supply the defects of my memory. Of the animation of voice and manner, the vivid eloquence, the graphic spirit, the quick transitions of feeling, and the grace and vivacity of gesture and action, with which the relation was made to me, by this fine, untutored child of nature, I can give you no idea—it was altogether a study of character I shall never forget.

My heroine was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine-merchant of Deuxponts. She was one of five children—two much older and two much younger than herself. The eldest brother was called Henri : he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Erlangen, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family, with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens—"tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent, enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the

princes of the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. The name of the prince, and the particulars of this part of his life have escaped me; but it appeared that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became a professor of theology in a university of Courland—I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight-and-twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her; and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second—the consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not, but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced; and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silésia, to be baptized, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force; and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the

tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring, that the girl had fled with him by her own free-will; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter; and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady, who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but, by the order of the judge, she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father, and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos?

She answered, in a faint voice, "No."

"Had then violence been used to carry her off?"

"Yes."

"Was she a Christian?"

"No."

"Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband?"

"No."

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth—from all he could have anticipated—the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupefied; then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the

scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became suddenly calm ; he offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months, but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained ; and although one of his relations went to Riga, for the purpose of obtaining some information—some redress, he returned without effecting either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died ; his mother, who persisted in hoping while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of the year, (1833,) a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them, that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia ; who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran Church, unjustly condemned, and besought him, with tears and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy

parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she described—the feelings that this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburg, to ascertain, beyond a doubt, the fate of poor Henri—that a petition in his favour must be presented to the Emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey; and argued that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and, being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl, set off alone on her long and perilous journey.

“When my mother gave me her blessing,” said she, “I made a vow to God and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother! I feared nothing; I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was *resolved* to succeed; but ah! *liebe Madame!* what a fate was mine! and how am I returning to my mother!—my poor old mother!” Here she burst into tears,

and threw herself back in the carriage ; after a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburg, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c. ; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these ; and, with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the Emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on ~~her~~ knees, and added tears to entreaties ; but he was inexorable, and added brutally : " Your brother *ought not* to be pardoned, and if I were the Emperor I would not pardon him."

She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed, with fervour :—
" I call God to witness that my brother was inno-

cent ! and I thank God that you are not the Emperor, for I can still hope !”

The minister, in a rage, said : “ Do you dare to speak thus to me ! Do you know who I am ?”

“ Yes,” she replied ; “ you are his excellency the minister C—— ; but what of that ? you are a cruel man ! but I put my trust in God and the Emperor ; and then,” said she, “ I left him, without even a courtesy, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud, and very angrily.”

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers, (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardships of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition,) she resolved to do what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the Emperor in person : but it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers ; in vain she beset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church ; invariably beaten back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the Emperor’s presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank, who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise —— something or other, whose name I am sorry I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protégé*

overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion: "I cannot dare to present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do, I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in one of my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee-day, and obtain an audience under my name; when once in the presence of the Emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I, "was your answer?"

"O!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown."

I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend?

She replied: "That thought did strike me—but what would you have?—I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon—I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it—and, God forgive me, I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged; and, at the time appointed, my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence

of the Emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry—but suddenly started back.

Here I could not help asking her, whether in that moment she did not feel her heart sink ?

“No,” said she, firmly, “on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher ! I sprang forward and knelt at his feet, exclaiming with clasped hands—‘Pardon, imperial majesty ! pardon !’

“‘Who are you,’ said the Emperor, astonished, ‘and what can I do for you ?’

“He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and, overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears ; and — ‘May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise —, I am the only sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon ! pardon ! Here are the papers—the proofs. O imperial majesty, pardon my poor brother !’ I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips.

“The Emperor said, ‘Rise, rise !’ but I would not rise ; I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them.

“At last the Emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying, ‘Rise, mademoiselle, I command you to rise.’

“I ventured to kiss his hand, and said with tears, ‘I pray your majesty to read that paper.’

"He said, 'I will read it.'

"I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him, while he unfolded the petition, and read it.

"His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice: 'Is it possible? This is dreadful!'

"When he had finished he folded the paper, and without any observation said at once: 'Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned.'

"The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said—'Your imperial majesty is a god upon earth; do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would never suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear ——!'

"He said, 'Fear nothing; you have my promise.'

"He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not; he held out his hand to me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room. Ach ja! the Emperor is a good man,—ein schöner feiner Mann!—but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse, in his name!"

I have given you this scene as nearly as possible in her own words. She not only related it, but almost acted it over again; she imitated, alternately, her own and the Emperor's voice and manner; and such was the vivacity of her description, that I seemed to hear and behold both, and was more profoundly moved than by any scenic representation I can remember.

On her return, she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise, and of her good friend the pastor; but both advised her to keep her audience and the Emperor's promise a profound secret. She was the more inclined to this, because, after the first burst of joyous emotion, her spirits sank. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her from the Emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some knavery on the part of the officers of government. She described her feelings during the next few days as fearful,—her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a species of delirium; though, of course, she would not admit this.

After assuring me very gravely that she did not believe in ghosts, she told me that one night, after her interview with the Emperor, she was reading in bed, being unable to sleep; and on raising her eyes from her book she saw the figure of her brother, standing at the other end of the room; she exclaimed—"Henri!—is that you?" but, without making any reply, the form approached nearer and nearer to the bed, keeping its melancholy eyes fixed on hers, till it came quite close to the bedside, and laid a cold, heavy hand upon her. Without doubt it was the nightmare; but her own impression was as of a reality. The figure, after looking at her sadly for some minutes, during which she had no power either to move or speak, turned

away; she then made a desperate effort to call out to the daughter of her hostess, who slept in the next room—"Luise! Luise!" Luise ran in to her. "Do you not see my brother standing there," she exclaimed with horror, and pointing to the other end of the room, whither the image conjured up by her excited fancy and fevered nerves appeared to have receded.

The frightened, staring Luise answered, "Yes."

"You see," said she, appealing to me, "that though I might be cheated by my own senses, I could not doubt those of another. I thought to myself, then, my poor Henri is dead, and God has permitted him to visit me. This idea pursued me all that night, and the next day; but on the following day, which was Monday, just five days after I had seen the Emperor, a laquais, in the imperial livery, came to my lodging, and put into my hands a packet, with the 'Emperor's compliments to Mademoiselle Ambos.' It was the pardon of my brother, with the Emperor's seal and signature:—then I forgot everything but joy!"

Those mean, official animals, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service; and even the minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, *in order to save her trouble*; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands; she determined to carry it herself—to be herself the bearer of glad-tidings: she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of

which had entered her soul ; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days.

According to her description, the town in Siberia, to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow ; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled, was at a great distance beyond that. I could not well make out the situation of either, and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer. She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she travelled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights, alone and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation that had been given to her at St. Petersburg. The roads were everywhere excellent, the post-houses at regular distances, the travelling rapid ; but often, for hundreds of miles, there was no accommodation of any kind—scarce a human habitation. She even suffered from hunger, not being prepared to travel, for so many hours together, without meeting with any food she could touch without disgust. She described, with great truth and eloquence, her own sensations, as she was whirled rapidly over those wide, silent, solitary, and apparently endless plains.

“ Sometimes,” said she, “ my head seemed to turn—I could not believe that it was a waking reality—

I could not believe that it was myself. Alone, in a strange land,—so many hundred leagues from my own home, and driven along as if through the air, with a rapidity so different from anything I had been used to, that it almost took away my breath."

"Did you ever feel fear?" I asked.

"Ach ja! when I waked sometimes in the carriage, in the middle of the night, wondering at myself, and unable immediately to collect my thoughts. Never at any other time."

I asked her if she had ever met with insult? She said she had twice met with "wicked men;" but she had felt no alarm—she knew how to protect herself; and, as she said this, her countenance assumed an expression which showed that it was not a mere boast. Altogether, she described her journey as being *grausam* (horrible) in the highest degree, and, indeed, even the recollection of it made her shudder; but, at the time, there was the anticipation of unspeakable happiness, which made all fatigues light, and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy too great to be restrained—almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, as she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out: "I am sorry; but the

Henri Ambes mentioned in this paper is *dead!*" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story, she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief: "What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find—not my brother—only a grave!" she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected,—and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished, and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

I have not much more to tell. She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in the possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St. Petersburg. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return! I was not surprised to hear that, on her arrival, she was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to her bed.

Her story excited much commiseration, and a

very general interest and curiosity was excited about herself. She told me that a great many persons of rank invited her to their houses, and made her rich presents, among which were the splendid shawls and the ring which had caught my attention, and excited my surprise, in the first instance. The Emperor expressed a wish to see her, and very graciously spoke a few words of condolence. "But they could not bring my brother back to life!" said she, expressively. He even presented her to the Empress.

"And what," I asked, "did the Empress say to you?"

"*Nothing*; but she looked *so*,"—drawing herself up.

On receiving her brother's pardon from the Emperor she had written home to her family; but she confessed that since that time she had not written—she had not courage to inflict a blow which might possibly affect her mother's life; and yet the idea of being obliged to tell what she dared not write, seemed to strike her with terror.

But the strangest event of this strange story remains to be told; and I will try to give it in her own simple words. She left Petersburg in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathized in her affliction.

"But," said she, "there was one thing I had resolved to do, which yet remained undone. I was resolved to see the woman who had been the

original cause of all my poor brother's misfortunes. I thought if once I could say to her, 'Your falsehood has done this!' I should be satisfied; but my brother's friends dissuaded me from this idea. They said it was better not; that it could do my poor Henri no good; that it was wrong; that it was unchristian; and I submitted. I left Riga with a voiturier. I had reached Pojer, on the Prussian frontiers, and there I stopped at the Douane, to have my packages searched. The chief officer looked at the address on my trunk, and exclaimed, with surprise,

"Mademoiselle Ambos! are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?"

"I am his sister."

"Is it possible? I was the intimate friend of your brother! What has become of him?"

"I then told him all I have now told you, liebe madame!—and when I came to an end, this good man burst into tears, and for some time we wept together. The kutscher, (driver,) who was standing by, heard all this conversation, and, when I turned round, he was crying too. My brother's friend pressed on me offers of service and hospitality, but I could not delay; for, besides that my impatience to reach home increased every hour, I had not much money in my purse. Of three thousand dollars, which I had taken with me to St. Petersburg, very little remained; so I bade him farewell, and I proceeded. At the next town, where my kutscher stopped to feed his horses, he came to the door of my calèche, and said: 'You

have just missed seeing the Jew lady whom your brother was in love with ; that calèche which passed us by just now, and changed horses here, contained Mademoiselle S——, her sister, and her sister's husband !” Imagine my surprise. I could not believe my fortune : it seemed that Providence had delivered her into my hands, and I was resolved that she should not escape me. I knew they would be delayed at the custom-house. I ordered the man to turn and drive back as fast as possible, promising him a reward of a dollar if he overtook them. On reaching the custom-house, I saw a calèche standing at a little distance. I felt myself tremble, and my heart beat so—but not with fear. I went up to the calèche—two ladies were sitting in it. I addressed the one who was the most beautiful, and said,—

“ ‘Are you Mademoiselle Emilie S——?’ I suppose I must have looked very strange, and wild, and resolute, for she replied, with a frightened manner—‘I am ; who are you, and what do you want with me ?’

“I said, ‘I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered !’

“She shrieked out ; the men came running from the house ; but I held fast the carriage-door, and said : ‘I am not come to hurt you ; but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him.’

“I remember no more. I was like one mad. I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into

fits, and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the calèche and all were gone. When I reached Berlin, all this appeared to me so miraculous—so like a dream—I could not trust to my own recollection, and I wrote to the officer of customs, to beg he would attest that it was really true, and what I had said when I was out of my senses, and what she had said ; and at Leipsic I received his letter, which I will show you."

At Mayence she showed me this letter, and a number of other documents :—her brother's pardon, with the Emperor's signature ; a letter of the Countess Elise —— ; a most touching letter from her unfortunate brother, (over this she wept much ;) and a variety of other papers, all proving the truth of her story, even to the minutest particulars.

The next morning we were to part. I was going down the Rhine, and she was to proceed to Deux-ponts, which she expected to reach in two days. As she had travelled from Berlin almost without rest, except the night we had spent at Frankfort, she appeared to me ready to sink with fatigue ; but she would not bid me farewell that night, although I told her I should be obliged to set off at six the next morning ; but, kissing my hand with many expressions of gratitude, she said she would be awake, and visit me in my room to bid me a last adieu. As there was only a very narrow passage between the two rooms, she left her door a little open that she might hear me rise. However, on the

following morning she did not appear. When dressed, I went on tiptoe into her room, and found her lying in a deep, calm sleep, her arm over her head. I looked at her for some minutes, and thought I had never seen a finer creature. I then turned, with a whispered blessing and adieu, and went on my way.

This is all I can tell. If, at the time, I had not been travelling against time, and with a mind most fully and painfully occupied, I believe I should have been tempted to accompany my heroine to Deux-ponts—at least I should have retained her narrative more accurately. Not having made any memoranda till many days afterwards, all the names have escaped my recollection ; but if you have any doubts of the general truth of this story, I will at least give you the means of verifying it. Here is her name, in her own handwriting, on one of the leaves of my pocket-book—you can read the German character :

Betty Ambos von Zweibrücken.

THE ORPHAN.

WASHINGTON'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG
LADY—AN ORPHAN.

DEAR HARRIET,—I received your letter of the 21st instant, and shall always be glad to hear from you. When my business will permit, inclination shall not be wanting in me to acknowledge the receipt of your letters; and this I shall do more carefully, as it will afford me opportunities, at those times, of giving you such occasional advice as your situation may require.

* * * * Occupied as my time now is, and must be during the session of Congress, nevertheless I will endeavour to inculcate upon your mind the delicacy and danger of that period, to which you are now arrived under peculiar circumstances. You are just entering into the state of womanhood, without the watchful eye of a mother to admonish, or the protecting aid of a father to advise and defend you; you may not be sensible that you are at this moment about to be stamped with that character which will adhere to you through life, the consequence which you have not, perhaps, attended to, but be assured that it is of the utmost importance that you should. Your consins, with whom you live, are well qualified to give you advice; and I am sure they will, if you are disposed to receive it. But

if you are disobliging, self-willed, and untowardly, it is hardly to be expected they will engage themselves in unpleasant disputes with you, especially Fanny, whose mild and placid temper will not permit her to exceed the limits of wholesome admonition or gentle rebuke.

Think, then, to what dangers a giddy girl of fifteen or sixteen must be exposed in circumstances like these. To be under little or no concern may be pleasing to a mind that does not reflect; but this pleasure cannot be of long duration, and reason, too late, perhaps, may convince you of the folly of misspending time. You are not to learn, I am certain, that your fortune is small. Supply the want of it, then, with a well-cultivated mind, with dispositions to industry and frugality, with gentleness of manners, an obliging turn, and such qualifications as will attract notice, and recommend you to a happy establishment for life.

♦ You might, instead of associating with those from whom you can derive nothing that is good, but may have observed everything that is deceitful and bad, become the intimate companion of, and aid to, your cousins in domestic concerns of the family. Many girls before they have arrived at your age, have been so trustworthy as to take the whole charge of the family from their mothers; but it is by a steady and rigid attention to the rules of propriety, that such confidence is obtained, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to hear that you had acquired it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

PITY THE ORPHAN.

"Friendless orphan, sad and lone,
There is ONE who hears thy moan,
Kind to succor, strong to save,
Though thine all is in the grave :
Faint not then beneath His rod,
Jesus is the orphan's God."

I was travelling among strangers. As the shades of Saturday evening came stealing over the earth, a stillness preparatory to the rest of the Sabbath was around me. I was approaching a large island-city, where, in a quiet hotel, I found a peaceful retreat in which to spend a day. I attended "Divine service" in two different churches, but was not greatly profited. The ministers were learned, spoke eloquently and fluently, and won much admiration. A sermon is lost on me, unless before it is ended I am led to repent past misdoings and neglects, and resolve to live a better life—to "keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man." The object of the assembling of the people together, however, seemed to have been answered. Many of them had a splendid ride, in splendid carriages with splendid horses. All had had an opportunity to exhibit the life of fashion in their dresses, and of gentility in their demeanour, and had listened to a most eloquent sermon; for while it denounced all sin in general, it touched no sin in particular, and of course no sinner. Alas! that the Sabbath should be made a day of show—for bringing out for exhibition and envy, all

the silks, and laces, and jewelry, that ill-gotten wealth can purchase. Alas! that ambassadors of the Most High do not sit more often at the feet of the Saviour upon the mount, and learn from his example to preach simple truths in simple language, exposing the errors and the sins *of the times*.

Sick of all this mockery of what is good and holy, I hastened to my chamber, and as the sun began to decline I felt my spiritual nature wrapped in sadness, and longing for communion with those spirits who are set free from the pride, and weakness, and sinfulness of earth. I immediately sought the place where the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the proud and the humble, are equally consigned to be food for worms. Here, wandering around among the dead, and reading inscriptions on tombstones, and listening to the wailing of the wind through weeping willows planted by the graves of loved departed ones, I spent two hours. As I was retiring from this lonely spot, casting my eye into an humble corner of the grave-yard I beheld a little child lying upon a new-made grave. As I approached near, I found it was a little girl about eight years of age, fast asleep. Every now and then she would heave a sigh, catching for breath, and evidently showing that she had gone to sleep weeping. As I shook her gently, and she was half awakened, she exclaimed in a sweet voice—"Father, is that you?" Poor thing! she was dreaming. Her father lay buried beneath her, and she fancied what she was longing for had happened—that she was dead and

had found him. But as she opened her eyes and saw me standing by her, she cried in anguish, "Don't whip me! I hav 'nt lost it! I don't know where it is." I spoke kindly to her, and she soon saw that I was a stranger. "O," said she, "I have no father or mother. My mother died when I was born, and is buried here, and a few weeks ago my father died too, and is buried, and the woman I live with does not like me, because *I ain't her child*. She has a good many children, and when they do wrong they always lay it to me, and she whips me for it, and when I tell her the truth, she says I am a liar, and she can't believe me, and this is worse than to be whipped; for my father taught me it was wrong to tell lies, and that I never should see him again if I did, and I would rather die than to lie; for he said that if I always told the truth and was good, in a little time I should see him and live with him forever in heaven.

I proposed to the child, that I would go home with her, and talk with the woman where she lived.

"O, no," said she, "I cannot go home; she will whip me to death. This morning John threw one of her spoons away, and then told her that I had lost it; and when I told her the truth, she said she knew better—that I lied—that John would n't do such a thing—and that if I did n't find it, she would whip me to death. So I looked for it till it was no use, and then I came here, and have been here all day without anything to eat, and I had rather stay here all night and die, than go home and be whipped to death.

I assured her, that she should not be punished, that I would *pay for the spoon*, and that she should not be whipped. And then she was willing to go with me, for she said, that "all she wanted was pay."

On opening the door, I let the little girl in first, when the old woman exclaimed, "There you little brat, where have you been? We have been hunting the city all over for you. You deserve to be whipped to death."

At this moment I entered, and the girl clung trembling around my knees. I saw at a glance that she was one of those women with whom it's a word and a blow; and if the blow does not come first, it is because the tongue is more limber than either hands or feet,—one of that kind who never stop to inquire into a matter, to find whether a person is to blame or not; but are as apt, and a little more so, to punish the innocent as guilty—a kind of treatment that would turn an *angel* into a *fiend*; for there is nothing that will harden the heart of a child equal to being blamed when they are guiltless, and that without hearing.

As the light fell upon the little child, I saw she was very prepossessing. Her speech before had betrayed her as being of no humble parentage. She was, as I have said, about eight years of age, with large, blue, intelligent eyes, dark hair and eyebrows, light and smooth complexion, and perfect symmetry of form. As I gazed upon her, and thought of her forlorn situation, my heart was

moved with compassion, and I could not bear the thought that she should suffer and be ruined in that miserable place. I therefore proposed to the woman to let me have the child. This she readily agreed to. Before leaving, the little girl whispered to me something about the spoon which I did not understand, when I offered to pay for it; which the old woman refused to receive, saying that the boy had found it, and that the girl was not to blame. She really began to show a little compassion, and the tears came into her eyes; and the children all came round crying as I took her away.

Arriving at my rooms, visions passed away, and things earthly began to occupy my mind; and I was placed where I must naturally commence thinking what I should do with my little pet. I had children enough at home, more than I could decently feed and take care of, besides not knowing what a day might bring forth. I finally remembered that I had a friend, who had been married some years, who had no children, but had everything else that heart could wish. I had heard his wife speak longingly for a child worthy of adoption. I concluded that Providence had opened the way, and I would walk in it. So I took the little girl to my friends, related the circumstances by which I came by her, and made them what they considered a most valuable present, and furnished her with a most excellent home.

Before we left the place, I had to visit with her her father's grave, and promise that once a year she should come and see it. When we arrived

there, I found a little cup in her hand, with which she watered a small rose-bush she had planted by the grave. Poor thing! it seemed as if her heart would break when we left it; and she kept turning round as we walked away, to take the last look, until it was out of sight.

It is now about one year since these events happened, and I am sitting again in my friend's house. The little girl knew my voice, and sprang into my arms.

"O, how happy I am," she said, "in my new home! My father and mother are so kind. My first father said to me, when he was dying, that, if I was good, I should find another father, and mother, and home, because he said God had promised them to good children;" and then she sat thoughtfully for a moment, and, raising her eyes, filled with tears, she asked: "Wont you go with me to my father's grave? I want to remember him always, and what he said to me; and I am afraid I shall forget him sometime, if I don't go and see where he is buried, and weed around that little rose I planted there."

The above bears internal evidence of authenticity, though anonymous.

THE SICK ORPHAN.

THE following affecting narrative is found in the life of Mrs. Margaret Prior:—

After the death of her seventh child, her mind was much exercised about becoming a mother to the motherless. She carried the matter once and

again to the mercy-seat, and, at length, resolved, with her husband's consent, to adopt an orphan child, that they could love and cherish as their own. After some consultation, the arrangement was made to select such a child from the Orphan Asylum. Mrs. Prior accordingly went to the institution and communicated her intention. She passed from room to room, observing some with whose looks she was pleased, but fixing upon none. As she entered the nursery, the first object that attracted her attention was a little infant lying in the nurse's arms, wan and wasted with sickness. It moaned piteously as she approached it, and reached its tiny arms towards her, as if it would have said—"Do take me." The suggestion at once came to her mind: "There's no charity in taking a healthy, pretty child, but there would be in taking a sick one." She said, had an audible voice from heaven whispered this in her ear, she would not have felt more strongly impressed, that, if an act of charity was designed, duty called her to choose this child in preference to any other. It was but a few months old, by some accident had received a severe injury of the spine, and had been sick almost from its birth. She learned that its mother was a Christian, and with her dying breath had resigned it to the keeping of her covenant God—apparently in the strongest exercise of faith. Mrs. Prior was troubled in spirit; for she had sought counsel from the Lord in this matter, and now felt that his will was manifest, but she was not ready for the

sacrifice. She went home in silence with a load at her heart, purposing to state the case to her husband, and thinking, if he objected, as she expected he would, it might relieve her from further sense of responsibility. Mr. Prior listened patiently to the matter, but gave no decided opinion for more than a week. During this time, her exercise of mind was such, that she was made fully willing to encounter any self-denial required, in case her husband gave his free consent. She had made a renewed consecration of all her powers to her blessed Master, for any service he might appoint; and his love had been again revealed to her as an ocean without bottom or shore. She felt that the wide arm of mercy was spread out, enfolding a world in its embrace, and that her highest honour and happiness would be, to have her will and affections sweetly mingling and commingling in this ocean of love, and appropriated only to uses of benevolence—such benevolence, in kind, as moved the heart of the Son of God while fulfilling his embassy to earth.

One Sabbath, after a season of silent meditation, Mr. P. came in and said to her very pleasantly: "Margaret, thee can take that child if thee pleases." The question was thus settled, and poor Adeline—for that was her name—found foster parents, who, as far as possible, supplied what few children who have once lost it ever know—

"A mother's love—a father's care."

Owing to the injury alluded to, the child retained the helplessness of infancy till over three years old,

and could neither sit nor stand. It was ascertained that her back, instead of being badly injured, was broken; her sufferings were often intense, and the skill of physicians failed to impart relief. She was nursed with maternal tenderness by day and night, but the labour of taking care of her was truly arduous, requiring a degree of fortitude and unwearied patience, that even parents are seldom called to exercise. Mrs. Prior regarded this as a special dispensation of Providence for the trial of her faith; and it proved a school in which she was taught many salutary lessons. She found, occasionally, that there was still much in her naturally high and independent spirit that needed to be subdued and moulded, so that in all circumstances it might be patient and Christ-like. The adversary often assailed her in such a manner that, when she had been broken of her rest at night, or obliged to perform repeated tiresome offices for the child by day, she was so strongly tempted to impatience, that the perspiration would stand in drops upon her face, while her heart was lifted in ejaculatory supplication for grace to help. When thus employed, with poor Adeline in her arms, she would frequently repeat aloud the words of inspiration, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing;" and, to her surprise, the first words her little charge attempted to utter, were lisped in broken accents—"Et patience hab it perfet wut, at 'e may pe perfet an tire, wantin notin."

When the little sufferer was between three and four years old, as Mrs. Prior sat ruminating one day upon the care and toil that had been so long bestowed upon her, and the inefficacy of all known means of relief, her mind was directed to the Great Physician, and the thought suddenly occurred to her that a kind of stay might be prepared that would give support to the slender, broken body, and perhaps relieve her. She immediately went to a chest of linen, tore some strong cloth into strips, and bandaged the chest and limbs. From this time the child gained strength, and was soon able to sit alone, and afterwards to stand and walk. Her disposition became amiable, docile, and very affectionate, and this, with her peculiar suffering, entwined her more and more closely around the maternal heart that had endured so much on her behalf. She improved rapidly, and soon evinced an understanding of religious truth remarkable for one of her years.

When between ten and eleven years old, it was manifest that her back and chest were growing together in such a manner that life could not long be preserved. For some time previous to this development, she had been regarded as one of "the lambs" that Jesus had "gathered with his arm," and folded in his bosom; and the evidence of early piety, in her case, was so marked, that none who knew her doubted its being genuine. She met death with a smile, and went down to the dark valley rejoicing in her Saviour, fully expecting soon

to sing his praises among that company of little children, whose hosannas mingle in the music of the heavenly choir.

"Short pain, short grief, frail child, were thine ;
Now, joys eternal and Divine."

When this painfully-pleasing scene had closed, Mrs. Prior was led to rejoice greatly in the Lord, that he had permitted her to be instrumental in polishing a gem to sparkle forever in her Redeemer's crown. From this time till she went to join her in glory, she seemed to cherish the impression, that her loved Adeline was made a ministering spirit to watch around her path, and beside her bed, and that, sleeping or waking, she was often near.

Previous to Adeline's death, Mrs. P. had adopted another infant, whose mother had died when it was five days old. Though at that time over fifty years of age, she also brought up this child by hand, and spared no pains to train her in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She was the occasion of much solicitude during the years of childhood, and ever the subject of daily prayer. This child survives Mrs. P., and was privileged to watch by the dying bed, and perform those little offices of kindness that parents so much prize, till the heart that loved her had ceased to beat.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

THE advantage of serving in a pious family, and receiving the benefit of religious instruction, will appear from the last-mentioned of the two following

cases, which is rendered more apparent from the contrast presented in the first :—

Esther and Mary Jones were orphans, who, as soon as they were old enough to go to service, were received into opulent families. Esther's mistress was a lover of pleasure, rather than a lover of God. She ran the round of folly and amusement through the week, and on the Sabbath received company at home. Her servants had no time to attend to their souls, and they soon ceased to remember that they were immortal. Poor Esther learned of her mistress to love dress, and to play at cards ; she frequented the theatres whenever it was in her power ; and proceeding from step to step in vice, she was hurried in her thoughtless career into an untimely grave.

Her sister, meanwhile, had been placed by Providence among the excellent of the earth. Morning and evening the household was assembled for prayer. A portion of each was devoted to the study of the Bible ; and, on Sabbath evenings, the master and mistress imparted religious instruction to their domestics, and inquired how former instructions prospered. Mary soon became a Christian ; and, by a holy life, manifested her love to her God and Saviour. She, too, died young, but her latter end was peace ; and to the last she blessed God for having appointed her lot in a pious family.

THE CHRISTIAN.

FAITH.

SOME years ago, an officer in the army, who was a pious man, was drafted abroad with his regiment. He accordingly embarked, with his wife and children. They had not been many days at sea, when a violent storm arose, which threatened the destruction of the ship, and the loss of their lives. Consternation and terror prevailed among the crew and passengers; his wife also was greatly alarmed. In the midst of all, he was perfectly calm and composed: his wife observing this, began to upbraid him with want of affection to her and her children, urging, that if he was not concerned for his own safety, he ought to be for theirs. He made no reply, but immediately left the cabin, to which he returned in a short time with his sword drawn in his hand, and with a stern countenance pointed it to her breast; but she, smiling, did not appear at all disconcerted or afraid. "What!" said he, "are you not afraid when a drawn sword is at your breast?" "No," answered she, "when I know that it is in the hand of one who loves me." "And would you have me," he replied, "to be afraid of this storm and tempest, when I know it to be in the hand of my heavenly Father, who loves me?"

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE.

A VERY poor woman in Edinburgh, who was so nearly blind as not to be able to peruse the Bible, could get no one to read it to her. She was greatly distressed to live day after day without the comfort and direction of this blessed book. She thought of many plans, and made many inquiries, but all in vain. At last she made a bargain with another woman to read to her a chapter every night; and for this service she paid her a penny a-week out of her scanty pittance.

PRINCESS AMELIA.

A LADY who was in the habit of close attendance on the Princess Amelia, during her last illness, described some of the latter intercourses which took place between the princess and her royal father George III., and which seldom failed to turn on the momentous topic of the future world, as being singularly affecting. "My dear child," said his majesty to her, on one of these occasions, "you have ever been a good child to your parents—we have nothing wherewith to reproach you; but I need not tell you, that it is not of yourself alone that you can be saved, and that your acceptance with God must depend on your faith and trust in the merits of the Redeemer." "I know it," replied the princess mildly, but emphatically, "and I could wish for no better trust."

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

MR. WHITE, on the power of godliness, says: "A precious holy man told me of a woman that was six years in desertion; and, by God's providence, hearing Mr. Rollock preach, she of a sudden fell down, overwhelmed with joy, crying out, "O, he is come whom my soul loveth!" and so was carried home for dead, and for divers days after she was filled with exceeding joys, and had such pious and singularly ravishing expressions, so fluently coming from her, that many came to hear the rare manifestations of God's grace in her; and amongst the rest that went to hear, there was one that could write shorthand, who yet a great while stood so amazed at her expressions, that he could not write; at last, recovering himself, he wrote a whole sheet of paper; which this minister read, and told me, that of all the expressions that ever he read in the Book of Martyrs, or elsewhere, he never read any so high as the lowest of them."

DR. GIFFORD AND THE PRISONER.

A YOUNG woman, whom Dr. Gifford visited in prison, and who was to be tried for her life, heard him speak a good while in an awful strain, not only unmoved, but at last she laughed in his face. He then altered his tone, and spoke of the love of Jesus, and the mercy provided for the chief of sinners, till the tears came in her eyes, and she interrupted him by asking,—

"Why; do you think there can be mercy for me?"

He said, "Undoubtedly, if you *can* desire it."

She replied, "Ah! if I had thought so, I should not have been here. I have long fixed it in my mind that I was absolutely lost and without hope, and this persuasion made me obstinate in my wickedness, so that I cared not what I did."

She was afterwards tried, and sentenced to transportation, and Dr. Gifford, who saw her several times, had a good hope that she was truly converted before she left England.

MRS. ROBINSON.

MRS. ROBINSON was born at Dundee, in Scotland, August 27th, 1749. In the seventh year of her age, the instructions of her pious mother, and the good counsels of a Christian friend, led her seriously to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?"

In reading the sacred Scriptures, especially those parts of them which describe the sufferings of Christ, she was deeply affected. When she was twelve years of age, she became more decided in favour of religion, and resolved never to rest until she found that peace of God "which passeth all understanding." Satan now perplexed her mind with doubts, and brought her into great distress. Had she consulted her minister, or some pious and judicious friend, she might have obtained an early deliverance. In this unhappy state she continued eighteen months, till at length she opened her mind to her mother. Anxious to see her daughter

brought into the liberty of the Gospel, this excellent parent united with a few serious persons in prayer to God, and never ceased to intercede with him in her behalf till the dark cloud was dispersed, and Divine light began to shine upon her mind. By a powerful application of the words of the prophet, "Seek the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near," she was much encouraged to persevere in prayer. Her soul was soon filled with joy and peace in believing, and she saw and felt that Christ was mighty to save. For some years after this she went on her way rejoicing; but an unguarded step which she took in forming a matrimonial engagement, was a source of grief to her parents, and brought darkness and condemnation upon her own mind. When adverting to this circumstance in future life, she often expressed deep regret.

In the year 1774, she accompanied her husband, who was in the army, to America, and on June 4th landed safe at Boston. The prayers and conversations of a black man were made a blessing to her, and she experienced a revival of religion in her soul.

"At length," she says, "the fatal day of battle arrived. Then it was that I began to think of my disobedience to my parents, and of my departure from God. A succession of domestic afflictions added to my distress. In the course of one week two of my children were taken ill and died."

At length she received the heart-rending intel-

ligence that her husband was no more—he fell in the contest.

On this mournful occasion she writes : “ Seeing myself a widow, with a fatherless child, in a strange country, I was ready to abandon myself to despair. When the letter came to hand, I was on board a transport-ship, ready to sail for New-York. We put to sea, and after six weeks of tremendous weather, during which I experienced many hardships, I landed at the place of my destination, on Christmas eve. That was indeed an awful moment. My infant in my arms—not knowing an individual in the place—I knew not what to do ; and yielding to a momentary despair of ever finding the peace of mind which I had lost, I came to the desperate resolution of leaping, with my child, into the ebbing tide.” This was a day of fearful extremity ; but the wings of Providence were spread over this child of many prayers. Just when she was ready to give up all for lost deliverance was at hand. A sentinel, who was walking on the wharf, seeing she was in distress, went up to her, and caused her baggage to be taken, with herself and child, to a neighbouring house, where she found an affectionate and comfortable reception.

“ I was saved,” she gratefully observes, “ from temporal and eternal ruin. All my wants were amply supplied. Finding my health much impaired, I began to feel a dread of death ; this led me to fervent prayer, and I spent whole nights in wrestling with God, beseeching him once more to cause his

face to shine upon me; yet I found no rest to my troubled conscience. On the 1st of August, 1777, we were visited with an awful thunder-storm, at four o'clock in the afternoon: a ship-of-war blew up in the roads, and much damage was done in the city. My child, at that instant, waking out of his sleep, was seized with convulsions, and expired on the following day, at the same hour. O, what I felt, when I considered that God had taken the innocent and spared the guilty!"

After passing through various and trying scenes, and experiencing many proofs of Almighty care and protection, Mrs. Robinson, in the year 1782, had an opportunity of visiting her parents, who received her with joy, exclaiming, "The dead is alive, the lost is found."

Her mother said, "Now my prayer is answered in your behalf;" and five weeks after she departed in peace, and in the triumph of faith. Her last words to her daughter were: "I have counselled you, I have prayed for you, I have set you the best example I could; and now, if you are not found at the right hand of God on the last day, I shall be a witness against you." This dying charge made a deep impression on the mind of Mrs. Robinson, which she never lost.

On May 15th, 1795, she arrived in Guernsey. Here, after much deliberation, she united herself to the Methodists, and for twenty-nine years she was deservedly revered and loved, as a "mother in Israel." Many who were unconnected with the

society, looked up to her with great respect, and continued to visit her for the benefit of her religious conversation and spiritual advice, as long as her strength permitted her to see them. She was, besides, the faithful and affectionate leader of three large classes, watching over her members as one who must give an account. Her afflictions were heavy for several months before her death, yet no expression was ever heard to escape her lips contrary to the most perfect resignation. On one occasion she said: "My sufferings are very great, but I am in good hands, and have no anxiety as to the issue; all this must end well." At another time: "I am willing that my heavenly Father should heat this furnace as hot, and keep me in it as long as he pleaseth: I would not have my own will—His will be done."

A little before her death she said: "In the midst of this extreme weakness and pain, I am favoured with most precious intimations of my heavenly Father's love. Heaven is worth suffering for—it is worth dying for!" She died in the enjoyment of that perfect love which casteth out fear. The last words she was heard to utter were: "I am happy; I wish all the world felt as I do." She was released from mortality, January 16th 1825.

MRS. LEGARE.

THIS excellent woman resided at Charleston, S. C. When she had nearly closed her eyes in death, her physician came and found the family in tears.

"Well, doctor," said Mr. Legare, "what do you think of the scene in the next room?"

"Indeed, sir," said he, "I know not what to think of it; it is all a mystery to me. I have seen numbers of men in all the vigour of health, and thirsting for martial honour, rush into a field of battle, and in that confused scene put on the appearance of fortitude, not one of whom could face the gradual approaches of death, or a sick bed, without visible horror; but here is a poor, emaciated woman, whose whole nervous system is unstrung by long disease, welcoming the grim messenger with the utmost serenity, composure, and joy, though approaching in all the horrors of the most gradual progress imaginable; (for she was three days in the agonies of death.) Indeed it is a mystery, and I know not how to account for it."

"Do you not, sir?" asked Mr. Legare; "go, then, to Calvary. You see us dissolved in tears, but I do not believe there is a tear in the room extorted by grief; no sir, they are tears of joy."

The doctor went down stairs, and met a gentleman at the door who inquired after Mrs. L., to whom he replied, "Just gone, sir."

"Well," said he, "Mr. Legare is a philosopher, and I hope he will bear the stroke like one."

"Philosophy!" replied the doctor, "I have thought as much of philosophy as any man, but the scene within beats philosophy."

MRS. LEWIS.

THE following interesting anecdote has been often related, but probably has never appeared in print. Of its truth there can be no doubt, as the compiler of this book received the narration from the daughter of Mrs Lewis.

Mrs. Lewis was a widow, with several small children, and no other means of support but the weekly earnings of her needle. She resided in New-London, Connecticut. During the last war with Great Britain, the place suffered serious embarrassment in its business, and Mrs. Lewis was thrown out of employment. Her scanty store diminished until it ultimately consisted of a very small quantity of rice, and a little sugar. She had no money, and could obtain no employment. Her anxiety for her helpless children increased as her stores diminished, and when they became nearly exhausted her distress became almost insupportable. She laid her head upon her pillow; but sleep fled, and her couch was watered with her tears. She now felt that God was indeed her only refuge, and yet her faith faltered, and, to use her own expression, she feared she should lose her reason. But she cried earnestly to God. She claimed his promise to the widow and fatherless; and suddenly her distress subsided, and her mind became per-

fectly calm. She knew not from whence deliverance was to come, but felt assured it would come from some quarter. Early in the morning she received a visit from Judge P——, a wealthy citizen.

He stood leaning his elbow upon her mantle-piece, and thus addressed her: "Mrs. L., have you any flour in your house?"

"I have not," was the reply.

"Have you any meat?"

"None."

"Have you anything?"

"Only a very little rice, and a little sugar."

The tears fell fast from the visitor's eyes while he exclaimed—"Why did you not inform me?"

He then went on to state that about such an hour in the night he woke, and thought of her. He feared she was in want; his anxiety became most distressing; it rose to such a pitch he almost feared he should lose his reason; and he could not rest till he arose at that early hour, and came to inquire into her condition.

What was her surprise and joy to learn, that, at the very hour God had removed her anxiety and distress, he had cast the burden on her wealthy neighbour. She no more doubted that God had sent him than she doubted her existence. Her visitor assured her of immediate relief, and told her to call on him for further assistance. He left, and soon an ample supply for present necessities arrived; and times soon altering by the removal of the em-

bargo, which had occasioned her loss of employment, she was again able to support herself and her fatherless children.

BEAUTIFUL APOLOGUE.

To a lady, who was bitterly lamenting the death of an infant child, Bishop Heber related the following beautiful apologue, as one with which he had himself been affected:—"A shepherd was mourning over the death of his favourite child, and in the passionate and rebellious feeling of his heart, was bitterly complaining, that what he loved most tenderly, and was in itself most lovely, had been taken from him. Suddenly, a stranger of grave and venerable appearance stood before him, and beckoned him forth into the field. It was night, and not a word was spoken till they arrived at the fold, when the stranger thus addressed him: 'When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them: why should you murmur because I, the good Shepherd of the sheep, have selected from those which you have nourished for me, the one which was most fitted for my eternal fold?' The mysterious shepherd was seen no more, and the father's heart was comforted."

"A WORD IN SEASON."

A LADY, who had lost a beloved child, was so oppressed with grief, that she even secluded herself from the society of her own family, and kept herself locked in her chamber; but was at length pre-

vailed on by her husband to come down stairs, and to take a walk in the garden. While there, she stooped to pluck a flower; but her husband appeared as though he would hinder her. She plaintively said, "What! deny me a flower?" He replied, "You have denied God your flower, and surely you ought not to think it hard in me to deny you mine." It is said, the lady suitably felt the gentle reproof, and had reason to say, "A word spoken in season, how good is it!"

DEATH OF MRS. SARAH WESLEY.

In a brief memoir of Mrs. Sarah Wesley, relict of the Rev. Charles Wesley, written by her daughter, the following account of her death is given:—"She always had a sort of fear of death; but no symptoms of this fear appeared in her last illness. Her nights were painfully restless, though she had no disease. She seemed (she said) to be harrassed by the enemy, and her prayers were affectingly fervent to our Saviour to be delivered from him. Yet she would complain that she could not pray, and urged all the pious who visited her, to besiege the throne of grace in her behalf. She would repeat the litany in a manner so impressive and collected, as astonished her attendants; and at that passage, 'By thy precious death and passion, Good Lord, deliver us,' no one could behold her feeble hands clasped, and her eyes uplifted, without emotion. The last night she continued for an hour to exclaim, 'Open the gates! Open the gates!' as in

a struggle of soul ; and then falling into a slumber, a composure so visible appeared on her countenance, for some hours, and she awoke so smiling and refreshed by it, that her servant had almost a hope she might recover. They asked her if she had found Jesus precious to her. 'O yes !' was the reply. 'And you are happy ?' She answered 'Yes.' She continued, with this serenity of countenance, chiefly silent, till the afternoon ; gently breathing, till, without a struggle or a groan, her blessed spirit was taken into the regions of eternal rest ; where, through the merits of that Redeemer in whom she ever trusted, she is now rejoicing in His love."

THE AGGRESSIVE PRINCIPLE.

"A FEMALE with whom I am acquainted," says the Rev. Robert Young, "acted upon the aggressive principle in extending religion, with great zeal and diligence ; and in the course of three years she had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing twelve persons walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost, whom she had been instrumental in bringing into that blessed state of Christian experience, and many of them had been living in circumstances of most revolting depravity. The same line of conduct was adopted by three young men, private members of the Wesleyan society, of most fervent and decided piety ; and so successful were their efforts, that above thirty persons, of whose conversion no rational doubt could be entertained,

were, in one year, led to the 'Sinners' Friend,' by their truly benevolent and energetic exertions. I have also known classes," he adds, "in the Wesleyan society act upon the same principle; and, generally speaking, they have in the course of one year doubled their numbers; and one class for a considerable time doubled its members every quarter, and was divided four times a year."

A WOUNDED CONSCIENCE.

"I was spending," says one, "a quiet afternoon in a friend's room, when a letter was handed her. It was from her distant home, and, begging my indulgence for a few moments, she broke the seal. But as she hastily ran over the contents, I saw the flush of pleasure fade from her cheek, and the smile disappear from her countenance. 'I hope you have heard no unpleasant news,' said I, as she slowly folded the letter and sat gazing into the fire, as if utterly unconscious of my presence. She seemed to collect her thoughts as if roused by the sound of my voice from some painful reverie, and looking at me intently, replied, 'Emma D—— is dead.' I still did not understand the cause of the emotion that I witnessed, as I knew that the individual mentioned was no relation of hers, and, from the disparity of their ages, not likely to be a particular friend. 'Did she die suddenly?' I asked, hoping to get some clue to the mystery. 'Yes; suddenly to me,' was the reply. 'I knew that she was sick when I left home, and that her friends were anxious for her;

but I had no idea that she would die.' She then relapsed into silence, and so visible was the anguish of her soul depicted in her countenance, that I dared not again interrupt it. At length, with a deep sigh, she murmured, 'O! if I had known that she was to die so young!' I now thought I saw a glimpse of the true state of the case, and determined to make an effort to relieve her mind from the one idea that oppressed it ever since she received the sad intelligence. I inquired, 'Was she an intimate friend of yours?' The question seemed to arouse her to a consciousness that her conduct must appear unaccountable; and, resuming something of her usual manner, she replied, 'She was my daily pupil for two years, and that, too, after she had acquired considerable maturity of intellect. How many opportunities I might have had to speak to her of her soul's concerns; and now she has died, and left no sign, no evidence of preparation for eternity!' I knew that my friend was by no means careless of her influence as a Christian, and that many pious mothers considered it no small privilege to place their daughters under her care, and, hoping to comfort her, asked, 'Did you then never make any effort to lead her to the Saviour?' 'O! yes,' said she, 'occasionally a few general remarks to the school on the importance of religion; and I did once address to her a note on the subject, but she did not answer it, and I feared individual conversation might be irksome to her, and hoped that at some future time she would be disposed to attend to the

subject. But O! had I thought she was to die so young!—Here her feelings became too strong for control, and she hastily left the room."

"DID NOT KNOW SHE HAD A SOUL."

"I was called once to visit," says the Rev. D. E. Ford, in his "Decapolis," "in her last illness, a young woman of good understanding, who had lived three years in a professedly Christian family, and had all that time attended public and domestic worship as part of her agreement, but who did not know that she had a soul, or that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—her mistress had never given her that information. She went when others went, knelt when others knelt, heard all and understood nothing—not one word of all the sermons and prayers she had attended, had fastened on her mind, or excited a single inquiry. And it is by no means unlikely that the reader who thinks this statement improbable, would find, within his immediate circle, specimens of ignorance quite as appalling, if he would but give himself the trouble to search them out."

THE FIRST AWAKENED IN A REVIVAL.

A young lady, in making a visit to one of her acquaintance, took an unfrequented path through a deeply-shaded grove, and as the day was very warm, after pursuing her walk some distance up a somewhat steep acclivity, she stopped to rest herself on a beautiful mossy bank. While seated

there, the tones of a human voice very unexpectedly broke upon her ear. On turning her eye the way from whence they came, she saw Deacon M—— on horseback, making his way up the same hill. The thought occurred to her, that she would retire from the sight of the road, let him pass, and remain undiscovered. This she did. As the deacon approached leisurely on his horse, she was wondering what could be his object in being so busily engaged in talking to himself, as she could distinctly discover that no fellow-mortal accompanied him. As he drew nearer, and she could hear his voice more plainly, she ascertained that he was engaged in *prayer*. The only sentence that left a distinct impression on her mind was, "O Lord, have mercy on the dear youth in this place." He passed on praying, till the sounds, which came from his lips, died away on her ear. But an impression was made upon her heart, as it may be hoped, which will never die away, but prepare her to mingle in the symphonies of the redeemed in ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.. A new discovery respecting Christians was at this instant made to her:—"Is this the manner," she reflected with herself, "in which they live, and pass on their way about the town? Do they thus pray for the youth? How unlike to a Christian have I lived! I have never prayed in this manner, I have seldom thought of the souls of others, and care but very little for my own. While others pray for me, I live without prayer for myself."

Her sins, particularly her neglect of prayer to Him who is everywhere, now became a distressing burden to her. Soon, we have reason to hope, there was joy among the angels of God over her as a penitent, and over many others in the town. She was the first awakened in a revival.

THE DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

THE following description of the closing scene in the life of MRS. SARAH LANMAN SMITH, is full of beauty and pathos:—

“Two years and four months ago,” says the writer, “she had embarked from Boston as a missionary. How much she left behind! How short her missionary life!—how great the disappointment at the early interruption of her work by death, ‘That destroyest the hope of man!’ And yet

“September 22.—In the afternoon, she said to me with much earnestness, ‘When you write to my friends, after all this is over, one thing I wish you to make prominent:—it is, that I feel satisfied with the course I have taken, and that all has been ordered by God. (Meaning in her becoming a missionary.) I have no disposition to boast of my labours; but I feel that I have not left my friends and my country in vain. I never have regretted having done so, nor do I now. *This is my dying testimony.*

“‘Tell my friends I would not for all the world lay my remains anywhere but here—on missionary ground.’ After a good many remarks showing the

brightness of her views of spiritual things, some of which could be but indistinctly heard, she exclaimed, 'What a goodly company of ancestors shall I meet there! Yes, and the holy angels, and the Son of God! O, the Almighty God! You know nothing of his glorious majesty. I cannot express it; but I wanted to speak of it, that you might think that yourselves are nothing. I have thought too much of myself. In this sickness I have thought it too important that my ease and wants should be consulted. We all think that we are of more importance than we are. Beware of pride.'

"We sung that beautiful hymn of Doddridge on the eternal Sabbath, commencing,

'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.'

To my great surprise, her voice, which she had so long been unable to use for singing, was occasionally heard mingling with ours. Her face beamed with a smile of ecstasy; and so intense was the feeling expressed in her whole aspect, that we stopped after the first verse, lest she should even expire while drinking the cup of joy we had presented to her. But she said to us, 'Go on;' and though all were bathed in tears, and hardly able to articulate, we proceeded. I was sitting with her hand in mine. While singing the second verse, she pressed it, and turned to me at the same time such a heavenly smile as stopped my utterance. Before we reached the end, she raised both her hands above her head, and gave vent to her feelings in

tears of pleasure, and almost shouting. After prayer she said, 'I have had a little glimpse of what I am going to see. It was but a glimpse, and perhaps it was imagination. But it seemed a glorious sight.'

"In the account of her last moments we have an interesting fact :—

"Involuntary groans were occasionally uttered in her convulsions. These, as we were listening to them with painful sympathy, once, to our surprise, melted away into musical notes ; and for a moment our ears were charmed with the full and clear tones of the sweetest melody. No words were articulated, and she was evidently unconscious of everything about her. It seemed as if her soul was already joining in the songs of heaven, while it was yet so connected with the body as to command its unconscious sympathy.

"We can never forget the effect of this incident upon our minds when we first heard it read. We cannot remember any incident in the dying scene of any individual so peculiar and striking. We have been accustomed to consider the last moments of Mr. Evarts, taking into view his natural temperament, as more remarkable than those of any other departed friend whom we have ever known. One of his exclamations was, 'O ! the face of God !' Perhaps this was only anticipation ; it may have been a vision. But the incident referred to in the last moments of Mrs. Smith is very striking. Those musical sounds were wonderful. They remind one of those which are said to have come from Mem-

non's statue at *sunrise*. They were the accidental notes of the harp, when one is removing the strings.

"The swan's last song is sweetest; so was it with this, 'when fleeing to her mountain.' The passage last quoted from the Memoir, will, we doubt not, long be remembered by all who read the book.

"Not long after, she again opened her eyes in a state of consciousness. A smile of perfect happiness lighted up her emaciated features. She looked deliberately around upon different objects in the room, and then fixed upon me a look of the tenderest affection. * * * Her frequent prayers that the Saviour would meet her in the dark valley, have already been mentioned. By her smile she undoubtedly intended to assure us, that she had found him. Words she could not utter to express what she felt. Life continued to struggle with its last enemy, until twenty minutes before eight o'clock; when her affectionate heart gradually ceased to beat, and her soul took its final departure to be forever with the Lord.

"She died, September 30, 1836, in the 34th year of her age, having been a missionary about two years and four months."

BENEVOLENCE AND BENEVOLENT EFFORTS.

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

"Thy great example left behind,
Shall still to man extend thy care ;
Disclose the surest path to fame,
And nobly point the social aim
To save, to pity, and to spare !"—WARWICK.

"THE celebrated countess of Warwick always devoted a third part of her income to charitable purposes. It was to her a grateful occupation to inquire after and relieve the wants of those who were suffering within the circle of her benevolent influence. There was no description of human misery which she did not endeavour to alleviate. She sought for those who were unable to work, but ashamed to beg ; and many a poor widow, deserted orphan, and falling family, pining in obscurity, were thus unexpectedly relieved : often, when assured of their merit, she would suddenly advance them from the very lowest depths of poverty, and realize hopes which had long subsided. Foreigners, who had fled to England for the exercise of their religion ; young persons of promising abilities but inefficient means ; destitute ministers of various denominations ; and deserving individuals, whose incomes were insufficient for their support, found in the

Countess of Warwick a munificent protectress. Not only her mansion and table, but her confidence and advice, were open to all who shared the privilege of her acquaintance; and in the humblest classes of society, if any were sick or distressed, their first application was to this excellent countess. In her regard and compassion towards the indigent, a convenient house was erected, both at her residence in London and in the country, to protect them from the inclemency of the weather, when assembled for the receipt of her usual bounty. Twice in the week, bread and beef were provided for the poor of four parishes; and in her will, in addition to her other charities, she ordered that the same should be continued for four months after her death, and that one hundred pounds should be divided among them."

LADY HUNTINGDON'S GARDENER.

LADY HUNTINGDON once spoke to a workman who was repairing a garden-wall, and pressed him to thoughtfulness on the state of his soul. Some years afterwards, she was speaking to another man on the same subject, and said, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Jesus Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken," answered the man; "I heard what passed between you and James at such a time, and the word you designed for him took effect on me." "How did you hear it?" "I heard it on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received."

THE REFORMED SOLDIER.

ON my first arrival here I inquired for private F——, having known him at Sackett's Harbour. I knew him to be a well-informed, well-educated man. Desiring he should become what he might if he chose, (but I learned to my regret, that he was still a *drunkard*,) I sent for him, conversed plainly with him, and told him I only wondered, that, with his habits, he was still in the land of the living, and it was a mercy God had spared him so long. I asked him if he *really loved* that poison he took so freely? He answered, no. I asked him why he drank it? He said he could not live without it. I told him he was mistaken; that he could not live long, if he pursued the course he then did, and that I believed he was rapidly going to the grave, and to the world of despair. He listened with respectful attention, and was silent. I then asked him if ardent spirits was necessary either to his existence or happiness. He said, it was not. I then asked him, if he would make me one promise? He asked what it was? I answered, "promise me, F——, that you will not drink another drop for six months." "Miss——," said he, "I cannot make that promise. I will promise not to drink so much." "No," said I, "that will not do; *you must give it up entirely*, or you are a ruined man for this world, and the world to come."

A few days after this, I saw him again, and asked him if he was still determined to drink? He an-

answered that it made but little difference, whether he lived a longer or a shorter period, &c. ; but looked very solemn. I then told him that I had sent for him once more, and it would be for the last time ; that I not only felt anxious that he should become a *sober* man, but anxious, also, that he should become a *Christian*. At this he seemed to start ; he looked at me with astonishment. " Miss ——," said he, " I did not know there was a being in the world who cared whether I was drunk or sober, whether I was respected or despised, whether saved or lost. I knew not there was one who could take a sufficient interest in my welfare as even to spend so much time in conversing with me, or who would condescend to advise me for my best good." He said no one cared for, or respected him. Of course he thought it was of little consequence how he appeared, how he lived, &c. I then conversed with him more faithfully, feeling at liberty to do so, as he belonged to my brother's company. I laid before him the awful consequences of leading such a life ; the influence he was exerting over others ; the tremendous fate that awaited him, and all those who lived and died as he would, unless a speedy reformation took place. I left him after repeating, that I never wished again to see or speak with him, while he continued a practice so destructive to soul and body both. Now Mr. ——, think of the goodness and mercy of God, in interposing. In less than a week after the last conversation, F—— did make resolutions, and such resolutions as he has

never since broken. It is now more than three months since he tasted ardent spirits ; he has never for once been tempted to take it, and it has become hateful to him, And I am sure you will think it a wonder of wonders, when I tell you, further, that he is a Christian. I could fill pages to you concerning his first awakening, his strong convictions, his deep sense of sin, the enormity of his crimes, his views of the justice of God in casting him off forever, his apparently-sincere repentance, his deep contrition of soul for sin, his perfect hatred of it, and of the course he had his whole life pursued, and his astonishment at the long-suffering and forbearance of God towards him, when he had sinned with so high a hand.

The Bible, which he says had hitherto been a sealed book to him, now opens to his mind new truths, and he discovers new beauties, which until lately were entirely hid. Though, probably, he never read the Bible much, he says it was a task ; now it is his delight, and in prayer and communion with God he finds the highest enjoyment. Indeed, he seems already to have made great advances in the knowledge of his own heart. He says, nothing can exceed the depth of the wickedness and entire depravity, the sink of iniquity and corruption, which he has discovered. He wonders that God has spared such a sinner so long ; it seems to him that the justice of God required his eternal destruction. He has altogether new views of the Saviour, and the way of life and salvation through him. " O ! " he

says, "what a glorious and perfect way!" The old man is emphatically and radically changed. Never, perhaps, was anything more visible. His looks, his conversation, his whole appearance, are changed.

How admirable the labours, and complete the success of this pious young lady! O that Christian females would exert themselves to do good among sailors and soldiers! What a melancholy and affecting acknowledgment did private F—— make, that he thought no one cared for him. Christians, awake to the deathless interests of perishing soldiers and sailors.

MISSIONARY ZEAL.

REV. W. S. PLUMER, addressing the Virginia Baptist Education Society, relates the following fact:—

A poor woman had attended a missionary meeting a few years since. Her heart was moved with pity. She looked around on her house and furniture to see what she could spare for the mission. She could think of nothing that would be of any use. At length she thought of her five children—three daughters and two sons. She entered her closet, and consecrated them to the mission. Two of her daughters are now in heathen lands, and the other is preparing to go. Of her sons, one is on his way to India, and the other is preparing for the ministry, and inquiring on the subject of a missionary life.

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

THE REV. Mr. James, of Birmingham, England, stated, at an anniversary of the London Missionary Society, that an association was formed for missionary purposes among his people several years before ; and that on this occasion, among the other contributors, a youth of sixteen years of age came forward to enroll his name. When he was requested to state how much he wished to subscribe, he replied, with some diffidence, " Myself." He was the eldest son of an unfortunate widow, to whom seven other children looked for support. The proffer of the young man could not be received without the mother's consent. It was scarcely to be expected that her eldest son would be yielded up for the missionary service, when his exertions might soon prove useful to his widowed parent, in her indigent circumstances. The inquiry was made, whether the son could be allowed to give himself to the missionary cause ? " Let him go," was the prompt reply of the devoted mother : " God will provide for me and my babes ; and who am I, that I should be thus honoured to have a son a missionary to the heathen !"

The young man, after obtaining an education, repaired to India, where he laboured successfully and died.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

AT a dinner party at Bath, the Rev. Mr. Jay, by whom the anecdote was communicated, was lamenting the ingratitude which Mrs. Hannah More had recently met with from a person he had recommended to her beneficence, upon which he received a look from her which silenced him ; and after dinner, drawing him into a corner of the room, she said, " You know we must never speak of such things as these before people, for they are always too backward to do good, and they are sure to dwell on such facts to justify their illiberality." She finely added, " It is well for us sometimes to meet with such instances of ingratitude, to show us our motives ; for if they have been right, we shall not repent of our doing, though we lament the depravity of a fellow-creature. In these instances also, as in a glass, we may see little emblems of ourselves ; for what, after all, is the ingratitude of any one towards us, compared with our ingratitude towards our infinite Benefactor ?"

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

AT a late public meeting, Dr. P—— related the following anecdote of a lady of distinction, of deep piety and zeal for the cause of God, in whom " the ruling passion " was remarkably strong in death :— " She was just sinking into the arms of death, when he thought he would repeat aloud the account of the success in the South Sea Islands. The dying saint

had for some time ceased to speak or to move ; she was not, however, insensible ; for, on hearing the intelligence, she was somewhat roused, and distinctly articulated, ‘ Now blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things ; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory.’ Scarcely had she ceased to utter these words, when she commenced singing the song of Moses and the Lamb in heaven.”

THE DIFFERENCE.

How much depends upon the state of the heart and the disposition, in estimating our ability to do or to give for the promotion of the Redeemer’s cause ! Not long since, we heard a person excusing himself for giving only a mere pittance to the cause of missions. Said he, “ My taxes are so heavy—that is all I can afford.” We felt inclined to suggest to him the expediency of giving about half his property to the Lord, as the best method of lessening his taxes, so that by another year he might afford to double his subscription ! What a wonderful influence the heart has upon a man’s logic and arithmetic.

As an instance to set over against the above, look at the following, as related in the London Missionary Register, published a few years since :—A blind girl brought to her minister thirty shillings for the Missionary Society. The clergyman, surprised, said to her : “ You are a poor, blind girl—you cannot afford to give this sum !”

"I am, indeed, sir," said she, "a blind girl, but not so poor as you suppose ; and I am sure I can better afford to give these thirty shillings than those girls can who have eyes."

"Well," replied the clergyman, "I should be glad to know how you make that out."

"Sir," she answered, "I am a basket-maker, and, being blind, I can make baskets in the dark as well as in the light. Now I am sure, in the last dark winter, it must have cost those girls that have eyes more than thirty shillings to buy candles to see to make baskets ; so I think I have proved that I can afford this money, and now I hope you will take it all for the missionaries."

AMUSEMENTS.

WORKS OF FICTION.

ROBERT HALL'S OPINION OF MISS EDGEWORTH'S WRITINGS.

"Miss EDGEWORTH," says Robert Hall, "is the most irreligious writer I ever read; not so much from any direct attacks she makes on religion, as from a universal and studied omission of the subject. In her writings you meet a high strain of morality. She delineates the most virtuous characters, and represents them in the most affecting circumstances in life—in distress, in sickness, and even in the immediate prospect of eternity—and finally sends them off the stage with their virtue unimpaired; and all this without the remotest allusion to religion. She does not directly oppose religion, but makes it appear unnecessary, by exhibiting a perfect virtue without it. No works ever produced so bad an effect on my own mind. I did not expect to find any irreligion in Miss Edgeworth's writings. I was off my guard. Their moral character disarmed me. I read nine volumes of them at once; but I could not preach with any comfort for six weeks after reading them. I never felt so little ardour in my

profession, or so little interest in religion. She was once called to account for the character of her works, and asked her reasons for representing a mere ideal morality, without attributing any influence to religion. She said, that if she had written for the lower classes she should have recommended religion ; but that she had written for a class for whom it was less necessary. How absurd ! She seemed to think that the virtues of the higher orders of society stand in no need of religion, and that it was only designed as a curb and a muzzle for the brute."

COLERIDGE'S OPINION OF WORKS OF FICTION.

SAYS Coleridge : " It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort ; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility, may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession—each, indeed, for the moment of its stay prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth ; but, altogether, they leave the mistress of the house—the soul I mean—flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests."

920 Smith

Smith

S64 *l*

Ladies' book of anecdotes

...

[illegible]

they are to live and be *happy*, if they can, and certainly to suffer, whatever pains they may take to shun it. Suppose your blooming daughter of fifteen could be transported into some paradise of perpetual spring and spicy breezes—of odoriferous flowers, and feathered harmony, and gushing marble fountains, and banyan shades, and everlasting sunshine—what kind of preparation would she be making, in such bowers of unmingled delights, for returning, at the end of five or ten years, to spend her life in this cold region where she was born, upon which the curse of God has so heavily fallen? But far worse than this must it be for her to dwell for the same number of years in the fairy lands of romance, and then come down to the dull, husky prose and discordant elements—the thousand inconveniences of cares, and toils, and disappointments of real life. When the novelist can plant, and water, and illuminate some terrestrial paradise—and shut out pain, and sorrow, and sin—and give our children a life-lease of it, it will be time enough to introduce them to his acquaintance; but till then, the less they have to do with this class of writers the better.”

A HISTORICAL TESTIMONY.

A JUDICIOUS historian has said respecting the fictitious writers of the last century—and those of the present are no improvement upon them—that if we should divide them into a thousand parts, five hundred of these parts must be at once condemned as so contemptibly frivolous as to render the perusal of them

a most criminal waste of time. Four hundred and ninety-nine of the five hundred parts he pronounces positively corrupting in their influence.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.

AN American medical writer says :—The nervous system, being connected with the brain, is early developed, and becomes the predominating system in youth, which predominance is necessary during the periods devoted to the increase of the body ; but this great and early development greatly increases the liability to disease. He therefore concludes that, during this period, strong excitement of the feelings is in danger of producing such a preponderance of the nervous system as to make it always easily excited, and disposed to sympathize with disorder in any part of the body, thus generating a predisposition to hypochondriasis, and numerous afflictive nervous diseases.

HANNAH MORE'S OPINION.

THE opinion of Mrs. More deserves the more consideration, on account of her eminent talents, and extensive field of observation in those circles where fiction has been most extensively patronized.

Speaking of the education of females, she says :—
“ Though there is already too lively and thin judgment—naturally incorrect—we go on to stimulate the imagination while we neglect the regulation of the judgment. They already want ballast ; and we make their education consist in crowding more sail

than they can carry. Their intellectual powers being so little strengthened by exercise, makes every little petty business appear a hardship; whereas serious study would be useful, were it only that it leads the mind into the habit of conquering difficulties. But it is peculiarly hard to turn from the indolent repose of light reading—from the concern of mere animal life, the objects of sense, or the frivolousness of female chit-chat,—it is peculiarly hard, I say, to a mind so softened, to rescue itself from the dominion of self-indulgence, to resume its powers, to call home its scattered strength, to shut out every intrusion, to force back a spring so unnaturally bent, and to devote itself to religious reading, to active business, to sober reflection, to self-examination; whereas, to an intellect accustomed to think at all, the difficulty of thinking seriously is obviously lessened."

DR. BEECHER ON FRENCH NOVELS.

FRANCE, where religion long ago went out, smothered by licentiousness, has flooded the world with a species of literature redolent of depravity. Upon the plea of exhibiting nature and man, novels are now scooped out of the very lava of corrupt passions. They are true to nature, but to nature as it exists in knaves and courtezans; true, where luxury and license have called to their aid, art, taste, literature, and ingenuity, to pervert the delicacy of pure feeling, and strain it to the extravagancies of corrupt sentimentalism. Under a plea of humanity, we

have shown up to us troops of harlots, to prove that they are not so bad as purists think ; gangs of desperadoes, to show that there is nothing in crime inconsistent with the noblest feelings. We have in French and English novels of the infernal school—humane murderers, lascivious saints, holy infidels, honest robbers. These artists never seem lost, except when straining after a conception of religion. Their devotion is such as might be expected from thieves in the purlieus of thrice-deformed vice. Their deity is to God, about what Jupiter or Juggernaut is to Jehovah. Exhausted libertines are our professors of morality. They scrape the very sediment and muck of society to mould their creatures ; and their volumes are monster galleries, in which the inhabitants of old Sodom would have felt at home as connoisseurs and critics. Over loathsome women, and unutterably vile men, huddled together in motley groups, and over all the monstrous deeds—their lies, their plots, their crimes, their dreadful pleasures, their glorying conversation—is thrown the checkered light of a hot imagination, until they glow with an infernal lustre. Novels of the French schools, and of English imitators, are the common sewers of society, into which drain the concentrated filth of the worst passions of the worst creatures of the worst cities. Such novels come to us impudently pretending to be reformers of morals, and liberalizers of religion ; they propose to instruct our laws, and teach discreet humanity to justice ! The ten plagues have visited our

literature : water is turned to blood ; frogs and lice creep and hop over our most familiar things—the couch, the cradle, and the bread-trough ; locusts, murrain, and fire are smiting every green thing. We are disgracing our tongue, by translating into it the novel literature of France. I am ashamed and outraged when I think that wretches could be found to open these foreign seals, and let out these plagues upon us—that any Satanic pilgrim should voyage to France, to dip from the dead sea of her abomination a baptism for our sons ! It were a mercy to this, to import serpents from Africa, and pour them out on our prairies—lions from Asia, and free them in our forests—lizards, and scorpions, and black tarantulas, from the Indies, and put them in our gardens. Men could slay these ; but these offspring reptiles of the French mind,—who can kill these ?

CHARITY OF THE NOVELIST.

Who can cite a case of the novel-reader being made more considerate of the wants of the poor by fiction ! Whose purse is open to *real* want by the false pictures and puffing sentimentalities of Dickens and Sue ! It is conscience or love that unlocks the grasp of avarice, not the fancy or the imagination. We have always suspected the writers of this class of playing a false game—for true charity has no fellowship with debauchery ; and the man who can fan to a consuming flame the baser passions, cannot on the same pages kindle the fires of benevolence and self-denial.

The following paragraph, from the Paris correspondent of a Boston paper, unmasks one of these pseudo-philanthropists completely. Will the philanthropy of his readers rise higher than that of the author?

"Not many months since, Sue used to visit, almost daily, one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris—Madame de —, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor.

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Madame de —, at the close of one of these harangues.

"To a trifling extent," answered Sue; 'but though my gifts are small, they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms!'

"That afternoon, as he left the *Cafe de Paris*, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, clad in rags, prayed for charity.

"Go away,' was the stern reply.

"But I am starving; give me a single copper to purchase bread with!"

"I will give you in charge of a police officer, if you thus annoy me.'

"You will!" said the beggar, 'and yet, Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor; you are the working-man's champion; you are —'

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sue.

“‘Madame de ——,’ was the reply, and the disguised lady stepped into her carriage, which was in waiting, leaving the novelist to his reflections.”

FENELON'S OPINION.

UNINSTRUCTED girls are always possessed of an erratic imagination. For want of solid nourishment, all the ardour of their curiosity is directed towards vain and dangerous objects. Those who are not without talent, often devote themselves entirely to the perusal of books which tend to cherish vanity; they have a passionate fondness for novels, plays, narratives of romantic adventures, in which licentious love occupies a prominent place;—in fine, by habituating themselves to the high-flown language of the heroes of romance, their minds are filled with visionary notions. In this way they render themselves unfit for society; for all those fine sentiments, those adventures, which the authors of romance have invented to gratify the imagination, have no connexion with the true motives that excite to action, and control the interests of society, or with the disappointments invariably attendant upon human affairs. A poor girl, full of the tender and the marvellous, which have charmed her in the perusal of such works, is astonished not to find in the world real characters resembling these heroes. She would wish to live like those imaginary princesses, who, in the fictions of romance, are always charming, always adored, always placed beyond the reach of neces-

sary duties. What must be her disgust when compelled to descend from the flights of fancy to the humble details of domestic life ?

GOLDSMITH'S OPINION.

THE testimony of Goldsmith is all the more valuable, not only because he had written one of the least exceptionable novels in our language, but also because his knowledge was not generally drawn from books, but from observation upon nature and society :—

“Above all things,” says he, in a letter to his brother, “never let your son touch a novel or a romance. These paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss ! They teach the young mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed ; to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave ; and in general—take the word of a man who has studied human nature more by experience than precept—take my word for it,—I say, that such books teach us very little of the world.”

DANCING.

MRS. JUDSON.

"MONDAY evening," writes Mrs. Judson, "the daughters of —— sent to invite me and my sisters to spend the evening with them, and make a family visit. I hesitated a little; but considering that it was to be a family party merely, I thought I could go without breaking my resolutions. Accordingly I went, and found that two or three other families of young ladies had been invited. Dancing was soon introduced—my religious plans were forgotten—I joined with the rest—was one of the gayest of the gay—and thought no more of the new life I had begun. On my return home, I found an invitation from Mrs. —— in waiting, and accepted it at once. My conscience let me pass quietly through the amusements of that evening also; but when I retired to my chamber, on my return, it accused me of breaking my most solemn resolution. I thought I should never dare to make others, for I clearly saw that I was unable to keep them." [She afterward learned that, "Christ strengthening her, she could do all things."—COMPILER.]

THEATRES.

A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.

Dr. ROSE, of America, told a friend, that he was once in conversation with a lady, a professor of religion, who was speaking of the pleasure she anticipated at the theatre in the evening. "What, madam," said he, "do you go to the theatre?" "Yes," was the reply; "and don't you go, doctor?" "No, madam," said he, "I never go to such place." "Why, sir, do you not go? Do you think it sinful?" said she. He replied, "I never will publish to the world that I think Jesus Christ is a bad master, and religion an unsatisfying portion—which I should do, if I went on the devil's ground in quest of happiness." This argument was short, but conclusive. The lady determined not to go.

THE BURNING OF RICHMOND THEATRE, 1811.

THE house was fuller than on any other night of the season. The play was over, and the first act of the pantomime had passed. The second and last had begun. All was yet gayety, all so far had been pleasure, curiosity was yet alive, and farther gratification anticipated—the orchestra sent forth its sounds of harmony and joy—when the audience perceived some confusion on the stage, and presently a shower of sparks falling from above. Some were

startled, others thought it was a scenic exhibition. A performer on the stage received a portion of the burning materials from on high, and it was perceived that others were tearing down the scenery. Some one cried out from the stage, that there was no danger. Immediately after, Hopkins Robinson came forward and cried out, "The house is on fire!" pointing to the ceiling, where the flames were progressing like wildfire. In a moment all was appalling horror and distress. Robinson handed several persons from the boxes to the stage, as a ready way for their escape. The cry of "Fire! fire!" ran through the house, mingled with the wailings of females and children. The general rush was to gain the lobbies. It appears from the following description of the house, and the scene that ensued, that this was the cause of the great loss of life.

The general entrance to the pit and boxes was through a door, not more than large enough to admit three persons abreast. This outer entrance was within a trifling distance of the pit door, and gave an easy escape to those in that part of the house. But to attain the boxes from the street, it was necessary to descend into a long passage, and ascend again by an angular staircase. The gallery had a distinct entrance, and its occupants escaped. The suffering and death fell on the occupants of the boxes, who, panic-struck, did not see that the pit was immediately left vacant, but pressed on to the crowded and tortuous way by which they

had entered. The pit door was so near the general entrance, that those who occupied that portion of the house gained the street with ease. A gentleman who escaped from the pit among the last, saw it empty, and when in the street, looked back again upon the general entrance, to the pit and boxes, and the door had not yet been reached by those from the lobbies. A gentleman and lady were saved by being thrown accidentally into the pit; and most of those who perished would have escaped if they had leaped from the boxes, and sought that avenue to the street. But all darted to the lobbies. The stairs were blocked up. All was enveloped in hot scorching smoke and flame. The lights were extinguished by the black and smothering vapour, and the shrieks of despair were appalling. Happy for a moment were those who gained a window, and inhaled the air of heaven. Those who had issued to the street cried to the sufferers to the windows to leap down, and stretched out their arms to save them. Some were seen struggling to gain the aperture to inhale the fresh air. Men, women, and children, precipitated themselves from the first and second stories. Some escaped unhurt—others were killed or mangled by the fall. Some with their clothes on fire, shrieking, leaped from the windows to gain a short reprieve and die in agonies.

"Who can picture," says a correspondent of the Mirror, "the distress of those, who, unable to gain the windows, or afraid to leap from them, were pent up in the long, narrow passages." The cries

of those who reached the upper windows are described as heart-sickening. Many who found their way to the street, were so scorched or burnt as to die in consequence, and some were crushed to death under foot after reaching the outer door.

Add to this mass of suffering, the feelings of those who knew that they had relatives or friends who had gone to the house that night. Such rushed half frantic to the spot with the crowds of citizens from all quarters—while the tolling of bells sounded the knell of death to the heart of the father or mother, whose child had been permitted to visit the theatre on that night of horror.

"As my father was leading me home," said Mr. Henry Placide, "we saw Mr. Greene, exhausted by previous exertion, leaning on the fence, and looking at the scene of ruin,—for all was now one black mass of smoking destruction. 'Thank God!' ejaculated Greene; 'Thank God, I prohibited Nancy from coming to the house to-night! She is safe!'"

Nancy was his only daughter, just springing into womanhood, still at the boarding-school of Mrs. Gibson, and as beautiful and lovely as imagination can picture:

Mrs. Gibson and the boarders had made up a party for the theatre that evening, and Nancy Greene asked her father's permission to accompany them. He refused—but unfortunately added his reason—"The house will be crowded, and you will occupy a seat that would otherwise be paid for." On these words hung the fate of youth, innocence,

and beauty. "I will pay for your ticket," said the kind instructress; "we will not leave you behind." The teacher and the pupil were buried in the ruins on which the father gazed, and over which he returned thanks for the safety of his child. He went home and learned the truth.

DRESS.

EXERCISE AND DRESS.

Thus far, (says Charlotte Elizabeth,) I had led a town life, residing in the heart of a populous city, enjoying, indeed, that noble garden, but daily absorbed in books of fancy. Happily my health became so affected, that a removal into the country was judged necessary, and I forgave the doctors all their past persecution of me, in consideration of their parting injunctions—which were, that I was to have unbounded liberty; to live entirely in the open air, save when the weather forbade; to be amused with all rural occupations; and especially to frequent farmyards for the purpose of inhaling the breath of cows. My father exchanged parochial duty with a friend, taking his village congregation at Bawburgh and engaging a house near the church.

That tall white house,—what a place it holds in my fond recollection! It was perfectly an old parsonage, and behind it lay a garden, larger than our

city orchard, sloping gently down, with a profusion of fruit and flowers, bounded by high walls, and the central walk terminating in a door, beyond which lay the scene of our greatest enjoyment. A narrow slip of grass, fringed with osiers, and alders, and willows, alone separated the wall from a very clear, lovely stream, which, winding half round an extensive common, turned a mill. This small river abounded with fish, and we soon became expert anglers, besides which, on creeping to some distance by a path of our own discovery, we could cross the stream on a movable plank, and take a wide range through the country. This removal was a double resource : it invigorated my poor bodily frame, until I outgrew and out-bloomed every girl of my age in the neighbourhood, while really laying a foundation for many years of uninterrupted health, and a constitution to defy the change of climate for which I was destined ; while it won me from the sickening, enervating habit of sedentary enjoyment over the pages of a book, which, added to the necessary studies and occupations, was relaxing alike the tone of the bodily and mental frame. From the polluted works of man I was drawn to the glorious works of God ; and never did bird of the air or beast of the field more luxuriate in the pure bright elements of nature than I did. All the poetical visions of liberty that had floated in my brain seemed now realized ; all pastoral descriptions faded before the actual enjoyment of rural life. Sometimes weaving garlands of wild flowers, reclined on a sunny bank, while a flock

of sheep strolled around, and the bold little lambs came to peep in our faces, and then gallop away in pretended alarm ; sometimes tearing our clothes to tatters in an ardent hunt for the sweet filberts that hung high above our heads, on trees well fortified behind breastworks of bramble and thorn ; sometimes cultivating the friendship, while we quaffed the milk of the good-natured cows under the dairymaid's operation, whose breath I was instructed to inhale ; all was freedom, mirth, and peace. Often would my father take his noble pointers preparatory to the shooting season, at once to try their powers and to ascertain what promise of future sport the fields presented. These were destructive expeditions in one sense. I remember the following dialogue, repeated to me by my brother, when we came home after a day's demolition of wearing apparel.

"Mr. B., this will never do ; that girl cannot wear a frock twice without soiling it, nor keep it whole for a week : the expense will ruin us."

"Well, my dear, if I am to be ruined by expense, let it come in the shape of the washerwoman's and linendraper's bills—not in those of the apothecary and undertaker."

My dear father was right ; and it would be a happy thing for girls in general, if somewhat of appearance, and of acquirement too, was sacrificed to what God has so liberally provided, and to the enjoyment of which a blessing is undoubtedly annexed. Where, among females, do we find the stamina of constitution and the elasticity of spirit which exist

in those of our rural population, who follow out-door employment? It pains me to see a party of girls, a bonneted and tippeted double-file of humanity,

“That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along,”

under the keen surveillance of a governess, whose nerves would never be able to endure the shock of seeing them bound over a stream or scramble through a fence, or even toss their heads and throw out their limbs as all young animals, except that oppressed class called young ladies, are privileged to do. Having ventured, in a fit of my country daring, to break the ice of this very rigid and frigid subject, I will recount another instance of the paternal good sense to which I owe, under God, the physical powers, without which my little talent might have lain by in a napkin all my days.

One morning, when his daughter was about eight years old, my father came in, and found sundry preparations going on, the chief materials for which were buckram, whalebone, and other stiff articles; while the young lady was under measurement by the hands of a female friend.

“Pray, what are you going to do to the child?”

“Going to fit her with a pair of stays.”

“For what purpose?”

“To improve her figure; no young lady can grow up properly without them.”

“I beg your pardon; young gentlemen grow up very well without them, and so may young ladies.”

“O, you are mistaken. See what a stoop she

has already! depend on it, this girl will be both a dwarf and a cripple if we don't put her into stays."

"My child may be a cripple, ma'am, if such is God's will; but she shall not be one of our making."

All remonstrance was vain; stays and every species of tight dress were strictly prohibited by the authority of one whose will was, as every man's ought to be, absolute in his own household. He also carefully watched against any evasion of the rule: a ribbon drawn tightly round my waist would have been cut without hesitation, by his determined hand; while the little girl of the anxious friend whose operations he had interrupted, enjoyed all the advantages of that system from which I was preserved. She grew up a wand-like figure, graceful and interesting, and died of decline at nineteen, while I, though not able to compare shapes with a wasp or an hour glass, yet passed muster very fairly among mere human forms, of God's moulding; and I have enjoyed to this hour a rare exemption from headaches, and other lady-like maladies, that appear the almost exclusive privilege of women in the higher classes.

Compressure of the feet was with equal strictness forbidden by my judicious father. This vain custom is, perhaps, not so fatal as the other, but it produces many evils. Coldness of the extremities may certainly exist where nothing of the kind has been practised, but while rejoicing that I, experimentally, know nothing of it, I cannot help recollecting that the bounding pulse which plays so joy-

fully through my veins was never impeded in any part ; and feeling this, I would no more expose a girl to one affliction than I would to the other. Do Christian mothers take a sufficiently serious and prayerful view of this subject, as regards their children ? Do they weigh, in the balance of God's providing, this necessary provision of clothing—to separate not only what is unseemly for the woman professing godly simplicity, but what is enervating to those physical powers which she is bound to promote to the Lord, and the weakening of which is actual robbery of him ? I fear we females are more ready to ask counsel one of another in this matter than of the Lord—or even of our husbands, who, in nine cases out of ten, no doubt, would decide against the foolish and pernicious custom. At least, in all my arguments with my own sex, I have found the men invariably siding with me on this topic.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

A WEALTHY lady of Java, having been married to an English merchant, came to reside in England. Being unacquainted with the language, together with the customs and manners of the country, nearly the whole of her time was spent in playing with her children, of whom she was very fond, and decking herself in her jewels and pearls, of which she had a large and costly collection. She often called for her treasure-box, and amused herself by first looking at a fine necklace, then at a beautiful pair of ear-rings, and then held them up to glitter

in the sun. There her treasure was, there was her heart also, and she thought there was little happiness beyond the contents of her box, and such like stones. Her Scotch nurse being one day in her room, in broken English she said to her, "Nurse, this poor place—poor place!" "Why, madam?" asked her nurse. "Me look out of the window," replied the lady, "and see no woman in the street with jewels on—no jewels to be seen. In my country, all covered with diamonds and pearls. We dig into the hills in our country, and we get gold and silver, and precious jewels. You dig into your hills, and get nothing but stones." The nurse replied, "O yes, madam, we have a pearl in our country—a pearl of great price." The Javanese lady caught her words with great eagerness and surprise. "Pearl of great price! Have you, indeed? O that my husband was come home! He buy me this pearl; me part with all my pearls when he come home, to get this pearl of so great price." "O," said the nurse, "this pearl is not to wear. It is not to be had in the way you think. It is a precious pearl, indeed; and they who have it are truly happy. They who have it are at peace, and have all they wish for." "Indeed," said the astonished lady, "what can this pearl be?" "The pearl," said the nurse, "is the Lord Jesus; and the saying, that he came into the world to save sinners. All who truly receive this saying, and have Christ in their hearts as the hope of glory, have that which makes them rich and happy, whatever else they want; and so

precious is Jesus to them, that they count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of him." It pleased God to bless the nurse's words. She got a believing view of Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; and this world's gems ceased to shine and attract, just as the stars lose their brightness before the morning sun. Sometime after, the lady died; and on her death-bed, she desired that her jewels might be sold, and the produce go towards sending the knowledge of the PEARL OF GREAT PRICE to those in far countries who have it not. She felt its value, and she wished that all the world might feel it too.

THE CONVERTED KAREN.

IN a letter from the Rev. Dr. Judson, of Burmah, addressed to American females, the following anecdote is related:—

"A Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination, I inquired whether she could give up her ornaments for Christ. It was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the Gospel. I appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. I read to her the apostle's prohibition, 1 Timothy ii, 9. She looked again and again at her handsome necklace, and then, with an air of modest decision, that would adorn, beyond all ornaments, any of my sisters whom I have the honour of addressing, she took it off, saying, 'I love Jesus Christ more than this.'"

MARRIAGE.

ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A CURIOUS incident occurred at Rome, and was narrated to us by a general officer who was present at the time. A young lady was destined by her parents for the cloister. She had regarded herself as the wife of one to whom she was much attached. The parents, not approving this marriage, placed her, as is usual in such cases, in a monastery, where she could never see him ; and she commenced her novitiate. Before doing so, however, the young gentleman found means to communicate to her that he would attend in the church at the conclusion of her novitiate ; and that, if she still loved him, and preferred marriage with him to taking the veil, he would be there to claim her, and give her the home and protection which her family would deny her. The year rolled away slowly. The novitiate had ended. The *profession* was publicly announced ; the bells rang merrily as for a bridal ; the first flowers of spring were blooming on the floor of the monastic chapel. The cardinal had arrived ; the young novice, fair as the young moon in May, knelt, with her white veil floating behind her, and her eye glancing eagerly from face to face in the assembly, till it rested on him whom, for that long and sad novitiate, she had never seen, and

whose presence at this moment assured her of his faithfulness in the past. The service proceeded till the cardinal asked the usual question, as to her willingness for the life of a cloister ;—she at once declared her unwillingness. The cardinal was astounded. The assembly was greatly excited ; and on being again asked for her reasons, she pointed to the young man who was present, and said boldly : “ My wish is to be married to that gentleman.” She was the next instant on her knees to the cardinal, beseeching him to forgive her, and to permit the marriage. The feelings of the cardinal and all the assembly were deeply moved. The service ceased. The cardinal declared that she must not be received into the sisterhood, as she had herself refused her consent : he made inquiry, and in the end himself married the young couple ;—and thus she found at once the home and protection she required, and the want of which would otherwise have consigned her, against her own wishes, to the cloister forever. This, however, is a scene that cannot be of frequent occurrence.

SAGE ADVICE.

AN Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth, with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject : “ I would bestow my daughter,” said Themistocles, “ upon a man without money rather than upon money without a man.”

A FACT WITH A MORAL

A woman once came to the Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter, with a long preface on the duty and privilege of having the opinion of a minister, on the important subject of marriage. She told her tale, and sought advice. Mr. Kilpin guessed how matters stood, and unexpectedly inquired if the day of her marriage was not fixed for Tuesday?

"O no, sir!" she hastily replied, "not until Thursday."

This gave him an opportunity of pointing out the sin of persons treating the great and blessed God in somewhat the same manner—seeking direction on a subject clearly stated in his word with a determination to act as their own feelings and desires dictated, let the voice of God, in his word or providence, be what it might.

MARRIAGE IN LAPLAND.

It is death in Lapland to marry a maid without the consent of her parents or friends. When a young man has formed an attachment for a female, the fashion is to appoint their friends to meet to behold the two young parties run a race together. The maid is allowed in starting the advantage of one-third part of the race, so that it is impossible, except willing of herself, that she should be overtaken. If the maid outrun her suitor the matter is ended; he must never have her, it being penal for the man to renew the motion of marriage. But if the virgin

have an affection for him, though at first she runs fast, to try the truth of his love, she will (without Atalanta's golden balls to retard her speed) pretend some casualty, and make a voluntary halt before she comes to the mark, or the end of the race. Thus none are compelled to marry against their own wills; and this is the cause, that in this poor country the married people are richer in their own contentment than in other lands, where so many forced matches make feigned loves, and cause real unhappiness.

MISS GAMBLE AND HON. WM. WIRT.

THE distinguished William Wirt, within six or eight months after his first marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly on the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the county where he resided, and he moved to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found with jolly and frolicsome spirits in bacchanalian revelry. His true friends expostulated with him, to convince him of the injury he was doing himself; but he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked on him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married, with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to a Miss Gamble. After some months'

attention he asked her hand in marriage. She replied : " Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your intentions for some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced for me ;—but I cannot yield my assent until you make me a pledge never to taste, touch, or handle any intoxicating drinks."

This reply to Mr. Wirt was as unexpected as it was novel.

His reply was, that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all further consideration of the subject ; and left her.

Her course to him was the same as ever,—his, resentment and neglect.

In the course of a few weeks he went again, and again solicited her hand ; but her reply was, her mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the terms she proposed as insulting to his honour, and vowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin. One day, while lying in the out-skirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog-shop, dead drunk, a young lady, whom it is not necessary to name, was passing that way to her home, not far off, and beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it, and placed it over his face. After he had remained in that way for

some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery, or grog-shop, to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked, and the name that was on it. After pausing a few minutes, he exclaimed—"O! who left this with me! Who placed this on my face?" No one knew. He dropped the glass, exclaiming, "Enough! Enough!" He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst,—but not the debauch, the handkerchief, or the lady, vowing, if God gave him strength, never to touch, taste, or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss G. again was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage, or on foot, he would dodge round the nearest corner. She at last addressed him in a note under her own hand, inviting him to her house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her if she still bore affection for him, he would agree to her own terms.

Her reply was: "My conditions are now what they ever have been."

"Then," said the disenthralled Wirt, "I accept them."

They were soon married; and from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened,—while honours and glory gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame,—while his deeds, his patriotism, and renown live after him with imperishable lustre.

How many noble minds might the young ladies

save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted Miss G., the friend of humanity, of her country, and the relation of La Fayette.

PRUDENT RESOLVE.

IF there is no relation in life so eminently calculated to promote the happiness of man as a union of "kindred minds" in the matrimonial state, there is, on the other hand, no condition so full of wretchedness as that of two persons who have, without any reflection, indissolubly united themselves, and who find, subsequently, that all their views and feelings are "wide as the poles asunder."

None can think of E. without a feeling of sadness. She was possessed of a high order of intellectual talent, a graceful person, and a heart full of those tender sympathies which cannot fail to draw around their possessor devoted friends. She was, moreover, a Christian. Being addressed by a person who was regarded by her friends as an "eligible match," she at length consented to a union with one who had but little to recommend him, except the position which mere wealth enabled him to occupy.

"Although," said she, "he is not professedly pious, he is not openly profligate,—and I trust I shall be able to exert such an influence, by precept and example, as shall eventuate in great good to his soul."

Under this delusive hope she entered upon her duties as a wife;—but soon she discovered that,

- instead of leading her husband to the performance of duty, there was danger of being herself drawn aside.

In the daily conduct of her husband she saw the exemplification of the truth, that "the natural heart is enmity against God." Bitter was her disappointment when she saw her companion, in following the dictates of his nature, wandering further and further from the path of rectitude, and consequently becoming more and more callous to good impressions.

Poor E——! she lived long enough to see him who had promised to cherish and protect her, a gambler, a drunkard, and a suicide. And though "in all her miseries" she never uttered a complaint, yet as she lay down to die, wearied and heart-broken by the sorrows of a few brief years, she was doubtless ready to acknowledge in her heart the great error of her life, in disregarding the injunction of the apostle: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what communion hath light with darkness?"

MR. PITT AND SIR WALTER FARQUHAR.

SIR WALTER FARQUHAR calling one day on Mr. Pitt, the premier observed him to be unusually ruffled, and inquired what was the matter?

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied Sir Walter, "I am extremely angry with my daughter. She has permitted herself to form an attachment to a

young gentleman, by no means qualified in rank or fortune to be my son-in-law."

"Now, let me say one word in the young lady's behalf," returned the minister: "Is the young man you mention of a respectable family?"

"He is."

"Is he respectable in himself?"

"He is."

"Has he the manners and education of a gentleman?"

"He has?"

"Has he an estimable character?"

"He has."

"Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, hesitate no longer. You and I are well acquainted with the delusions of life. Let your daughter follow her own inclinations, since they appear to be virtuous. You have had more opportunities than I have of knowing the value of affection, and ought to respect it. Let the union take place, and I will not be unmindful that I had the pleasure of recommending it."

The physician consented, the lovers were united, and the patronage of the minister soon gave old Sir Walter no cause to regret the event.

CHASTITY.

THE DIFFERENCE

WHEN a young man goes astray, friends gather around him, in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him, to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honoured, respected, and esteemed; but his ruined, heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness.

GRIEF THAT KNOWS NO SOLACE.

O if there be a grief more deep
Than want, or pain, or death can bring,
'Tis that which doth the spirits steep,
Where crush'd affections feel the sting
Of cold neglect and bitter scorn,
Of guilt, and shame, and broken vows,
Where virtue's smiles no more return,
And hope no hour of waking knows.

THE following is copied, says a correspondent of the "Advocate and Guardian," from a letter written, by a ruined victim, to her seducer :—The young

lady was of a good family, talented, prepossessing, and much beloved. Her hand was promised in marriage, and high expectations were cherished in her behalf. Her fall threw a pall of mourning over a wide circle of relatives—their severe treatment of her, added to her own anguish, brought on a rapid decline, and the letter from which the following extract was taken was penned upon her dying bed, and was one of her last earthly efforts. May the language it utters be a warning to others!

“SIR,—If my exhausted spirits will enable me to support my trembling hand, whilst I write a few lines to ease a broken heart, it is the last office I require of them. Then may they leave me, that I may find a safe retreat in the grave from the scorn of men. I do not come with the awful name of virtue to accuse you of the basest ingratitude. No; the scene is entirely changed. You have robbed me, cruelly robbed me, of that bright gem in female character! And am I come as an humble suppliant! Is this possible! Am I awake, or do I dream! O poor deluded girl! think not of what you were, but what you are now! But how can I help calling to remembrance those delightful days, when, with a serene countenance, and sincere heart, I could look up to heaven, and beg the God of purity to be my protector! But O! how am I fallen! How is my virtue faded! How does conscious guilt fill my soul, and blushes cover my face, when I reflect on my present state! How does it harass and dis-

press me to think of the future, which opens to me so many scenes from which I shrink back, and that will recall a doleful remembrance of the past! I look to heaven, and behold an offended Deity! I call on my friends, but they turn to me a deaf ear! I fly to my parents, who were once all my comfort, but they, with tears in their eyes, cry out, 'You have brought our gray hairs down with sorrow to the grave!' If to get one moment's ease I look into the fields, every flower I see seems to say, 'Touch me not, I am pure!'

"Thus is all nature armed against me! And on whose account do I seem to be forsaken by heaven and by earth? Why, for the man who strove to gain my affections, and become master of them; but who now triumphs over me, and beholds all my misery with indifference, and inwardly smiles to think I became such an easy prey! Once he thought me worthy of the greatest arts and utmost pains to gain, but now he thinks me unworthy! Even he accuses me with weakness for trusting to his honour, for putting confidence in his word!

"O hypocrisy! how couldst thou wear so winning a form! Generosity, where hast thou fled! Honour, hast thou forsaken the human race? Look on my distresses, and have mercy upon me, O my God! Despise me not, O my friends, for reproach hath already broken my heart! I look for comfort, and find none! Forgive me, O my parents! and may the cold grave soon receive me, that my name may be buried in eternal oblivion!

"And now, sir, if your heart is not hard as the adamant, if your conscience is not seared as with a hot iron, may it bring up the past to your view! though you are an unbeliever in revealed religion, yet you do profess to believe there is a God, and I entreat you to remember that he has said, 'Vengeance is mine—I will repay,' and that 'though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished,'—also, that he will hear the cry of the wretched, and will not despise their prayer. But I will not reproach you, I find you are still too near my heart—and notwithstanding all your cruelty, I will only utter, as my living and dying prayer, may you in the hour of distress, in the hour of death, find *mercy*, and that consolation from your God and Judge that you have denied the wretched

CLEMENTINA P—— A——."

The young man to whom the above was addressed, received and perused it with much emotion, and learning the condition of the invalid, hastened to her bedside; but his visit was too late. The young being whose every hope he had dared to blight, had closed her eyes forever upon earthly objects a few hours previous. Conscience now became armed with ten thousand stings; and feeling that he could not endure its reproaches, he fled, and no knowledge has since been had of him. He thus abandoned fair prospects in life; and whether his great sin was repented of and forgiven, or whether his guilt-stains, unwashed away, have gone with

him to the judgment, is not known. This much, however, is manifest—he proved fully, as have ten thousand libertines, that “the way of transgressors is hard,” and “be sure your sin will find you out.” When—O when, will the young men of our country, begin to consider duly, how much their real interests are concerned in their giving heed to the words of wisdom!—“Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto, according to thy word.”

THE UNEXPECTED WEDDING.

Not many years since, in one of our western cities lived a respectable judge. He was not a Christian; but was one of those who, by a happy temperament and manly and discreet actions, cause us to wish them Christians. In his official relation, above suspicion; in his association, earnest, grave, and affable; kind to the poor, and seeming most happy when opportunity offered to aid some struggling son of genius. Among others of this class who shared his benefaction, was one young man of uncommon talents: the kind judge cherished him as his own son; aided him in his academic course; and, that over, he took him to his own house, and freely gave him his tuition in legal studies. The young man was possessed of a generous heart, and grateful disposition—he fully appreciated the kindness bestowed; but there was one fault in his character, and that was his ruin. His principles of moral purity were not sound; he was by no means a

libertine, but he was not troubled with too strict morality; his trial came and he fell; he proved to be no Joseph.

One day the judge entered his study, where sat the young man. To the surprise of the student, he immediately bolted the doors, and secured the windows; he next stepped before the young man, presenting at the same instant the well-charged pistol; "Swear," said the stern and highly-incensed father, "swear that you will immediately marry my injured daughter, or die." "I—I—" began the young man, but the indignant father only prepared the piece, and said, "No delay; swear, or die." There was no time to be lost, if life was to be saved. The student swore, and by a facility of law peculiarly adapted to such exigency, in a few hours the student was the son-in-law of the appeased father. Bitter in the student's bosom was the conflict between hope and despair; but his temperament was ardent, and hope conquered. He devoted himself with uncommon ardour and industry to his profession. He rapidly arose even unaided; but in addition to his own efforts he received assistance from one of his brothers. This brother having ended his struggle with poverty and obscurity, had recently by his eloquence won the highest praise in our Congress. Thus aided, our young lawyer won station after station. All was prosperity. It was my fortune, or rather misfortune, says the narrator, to hear this great man once only in his palmiest days. Misfortune, I say, because the effort to which I refer was a plea for

American slavery—I will not attempt a description.

In the midst of wealth, and titles, and distinction, and deference paid on every side, there was sadness in his countenance. He was unhappy. He was a stranger to domestic happiness. He was unacquainted with his heavenly Father. * * * *

One morning he did not rise at his accustomed hour. His mother feared he was ill. At that moment the whole house was thrown into amazement by the discharge of fire-arms in his bedroom. They rushed thither. One gasp; one shudder passes over his frame. All is over. The suicide lies in his own blood. "There, there," exclaimed the mother, "Charles began married life with a pistol at his breast—and so it has ended." Reader, make your own moral.

A BROKEN HEART.

"The sorrows that follow the pathway of guilt,
That prey on the heart in its desolate hours,
Are more bitter, more lasting than *Virtue* e'er felt,
When earth's joys were all wither'd, and blasted its flowers.

"Let *VIRTUE* be mine, and though stripp'd or bereft,
Of friends, home, and all things the heart holds most dear,
I'll rejoice that a treasure more precious is left—
I will trust in my Saviour, and never despair."

In a beautiful town not many miles from the busy city of —, stands a large mansion, whose antique appearance and costly construction proclaim both the wealth of its owners, and the lapse of many years since human beings first smiled and wept

within its halls. Those halls still echo the sound of cheerful voices, the sunshine falls pleasantly as ever on tree and shrub and velvet lawn, the woodbine and the creeping rose still wander luxuriantly over lattice and bower, and fill the air around with their fragrance; but the hands that placed them in the soil by which their graceful beauty is nourished, and taught their first tender branches the direction in which they yet incline to grow,—the eyes that looked for, and the young hearts that were made glad by the bursting of their earliest buds, have long since returned to the earth whence they were. Truly is it written, “All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field.”

Years have rolled away, since, in that house, a babe was born, whose history may furnish, if properly considered, a lesson which many have need to learn. The mother of that babe was young, and, until this time, an innocent and happy girl,—the idol of her parents—the delight of her friends—the fairest ornament of her beautiful home. The tempter had crossed her path, and deluded and then deserted her. To describe the anguish of her parents, the grief of her friends, and her own bitter repentance, would be a task beyond my power to perform. But even with the first tempest of sorrow, pride mingled its obtrusive strength, and prompted the removal of the evidence of that disgrace which had fallen on a wealthy and hitherto honourable family. In vain the poor young mother remonstrated; in vain

she supplicated for the dear, though painful office of herself watching over her helpless infant ; the voice of pride was more potent than the voice of humanity. The babe was removed, and its sorrowing mother wended her weary way through life alone. The family who had the infant in charge, removed to a distant State. Years passed on, and the child became a woman—was beautiful in person and highly gifted in mind. She married a gentleman who had early distinguished himself in the armies of his country, and who became at length very eminent as a brave and skilful officer. During the second war between the United States and Great Britain, he was at one time intrusted with the command of an important post, situated a few miles from the town in which his wife had drawn her first breath. She accompanied him, and spent several months within a few hour's ride of the mother from whom she had been separated almost from her birth. Did she hasten to offer her desponding parent the cheering affection of a daughter ? As a woman, jealous for woman's character and attributes, I grieve to record her conduct. I grieve to admit that her brilliant powers of mind were not accompanied by those gentler qualities of the heart, without which the most commanding intellect must ever fail to make woman what "woman should be." I am aware that much may be said—nay, has already been said—in extenuation of her conduct. She had not grown up under the holy influence of a mother's watchful eye, her loving smile, her guiding hand. Her ear

had never thrilled to the music of a mother's voice, nor the glad impulses of her young nature been regulated, softened, and purified, by those lessons of love from a mother's lips which fall like dew upon the gushing heart of childhood. Her birth had been a stain upon her mother's name—her mother's proud family had cast her from them, and left her to the care and the love of others. Could she be expected to proffer that affection which she had never been taught to feel? Perhaps not. But when her mother sought her—craved, even with earnest entreaty, but *one interview* with the daughter toward whom her heart still yearned,—ought she to have refused her parent the humble privilege of asking her child's forgiveness? Yet this she did.

"We have hitherto been strangers—strangers let us remain," was her cold reply. Her mother received this reply from the friend who had conveyed her request, and her grief-worn heart, thus robbed of its last hope—that of seeing her child once more—bowed beneath its weight of woe; and in a few more weeks, the grave, that last earthly refuge for the wretched, received her to its faithful bosom. But was the daughter happy? Did she walk onward in her bright and proud path with a peaceful mind—an untroubled conscience? The revelation of the last great day alone will answer this question. We cannot. The sun of her earthly prosperity was not long unclouded. Her gallant husband fell in battle before the close of the war, and the bereaved widow retired, with her children, to

the home which she had left to follow the fortunes of her husband. I have no certain knowledge of the events of her life from that time. A few years since, as I was one day reading aloud, for the amusement of an aged and revered father, some newspaper paragraphs, in which certain memorials to Congress were spoken of, I inadvertently lighted upon the following:—

“A bill for the relief of the widow and children of General ——.”

“I’m glad of it—I’m glad of it;” interrupted the old gentleman, starting from his chair and pacing the floor in great agitation. “I hope she needs relief. I hope Congress will let her need it too. I always said she would be punished sooner or later.”

I paused, of course, in amazement, at this outbreak, and in reply to my look of inquiry, he continued: “Did I not convey her mother’s message myself? I was very courteously treated by the lady, until she knew my errand; but well do I remember the haughty air with which she gave her heartless reply,—‘We have hitherto been strangers—strangers let us remain.’ I remember too, and shall never forget the subdued anguish, with which the poor disappointed mother responded to my account of her daughter: ‘My last earthly hope is crushed; I have nothing now to live for!’”

From this old gentleman I heard the circumstances which I have related above, much more minutely detailed than I have thought proper to give them to the world. I have since read of the

death of the lady alluded to. Can her reflections in the hour of parting life have been envious? I know that human judgment is weak, and often unjust; that He whose eye pierceth the inmost recesses of all hearts, can alone pronounce unerringly in a matter like this. But let me ask, are we ever justified in treating with scorn those to whom God has permitted that we should owe our lives, our privileges on earth, our hopes of heaven? Is not God's heaviest curse denounced against him "who mocketh his father, or despiseth his mother?" No reservation is made for the faults or frailties of those to whom our first love, our most sacred love is due. The curse proclaimed is unconditional; while the command to "honour our parents," is strengthened by our heavenly Father's promise of that, to secure which most human beings would gladly sacrifice the brightest of the world's honours.

—*Advocate and Guardian.*

**"A WOUND AND DISHONOUR SHALL HE
GET, AND HIS REPROACH SHALL NOT BE
WIPE AWAY."**

IN my native town there was a remarkable illustration of this proverb:—

S—— M—— was the son of pious parents;—he was a young man of good disposition, good education, and good talents. His general course of life was virtuous and moral, in the common acceptation of those terms. Once, and only once, did he yield to the impulses of passion. But alas! for the con-

sequences of one sin! He became a father without having been a husband. The fact was made as notorious as a public prosecution, a trial, and a heavy fine could render it,—and S—— M—— was a ruined young man. Though heartily ashamed of his conduct, his reproach was never wiped away. He had too much light, and his conscience had been too thoroughly aroused by his disgrace to allow him to pursue a course of iniquity. So far as is known, he ever after led a moral life. His mind he improved by reading and travelling, till he became one of the most intelligent men in the community. He was generous and public-spirited—but the blight was upon him. Never could he forget his degradation—never could he look a virtuous woman in the eye. He lived the solitary, desolate, aimless life of a bachelor; because he never could recover his self-respect sufficiently to ask any woman whom he respected to become his wife. Once, indeed, he allowed himself to become interested in a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who was visiting in the town, but learning that the report of his disgrace had reached her ear, he dared not urge his suit, and thenceforth resigned himself to his fate.

With talents sufficient to succeed in almost any business, and without any inveterate habits of indolence, he yet never prospered much, solely for want of the stimulus to exertion, essential to business prosperity. For whom or for what should he labour to acquire property? The blight was upon him. Nor is this result to be ascribed to a public senti-

ment too severe against him. True, he was at first most decidedly condemned by a virtuous public ; but the citizens of that town were not inexorable,—and his subsequent irreproachable life would have restored confidence, if he could but have recovered his self-respect. His intelligence and kindness of feeling would have made him friends, and the folly of his youth would have been forgotten. But somehow, a consciousness of his degradation always attended him, and exhibited itself so distinctly in his countenance and his whole manner, that it could not be forgotten. His mind preyed upon itself continually. Never could he forget—nor assume that cheerful, elastic expression of countenance that would allow others to forget—that one criminal deed.

He is now in the decline of life. Premature gray hairs were long ago upon him. He has been a cypher in the world ; and will soon sink into the grave, unhonoured and unmourned, because of one violation of the seventh commandment.

His case, while it furnishes a vivid illustration of the proverb at the head of this article, is a solemn warning to young men to beware of even one wrong act. The very first transgression may becloud their sky for life. This sketch is in all respects true, and is stated without embellishment.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Few biographical sketches exhibit a more perfect Christian, or are enlivened by more striking incidents, than the life of Mrs. Prior. The following will be read with interest :—

One morning, as the rain was falling, after seeking direction from the Lord, she went out, as usual, to attend to the wants of the needy whom she had found in the highways and lanes of the city ; and had not gone far when she was accosted by a pretty-faced, interesting-looking Irish girl, of sixteen, who inquired the direct way to W—— st., producing a ticket she had just received from an intelligence office, with the number of a dwelling where she expected a situation as chamber-maid. Learning that the poor girl could not read, Mrs. Prior kindly offered to accompany her. During the walk, she stated that she had been early deprived by death of a faithful mother ; and, being in indigent circumstances, had encountered the perils of the deep, with the hope of obtaining permanent and profitable employment. Such advice as the case required was imparted ; and so much did the sympathies of the dear old lady become enlisted in the homeless stranger, that she went with her to the door of the house, hoping to enlist the sympathies of her employer. Instead, however, of being received with that courtesy and kindness which her age demanded, she was rebuked with such indignity as led her to make inquiry in the neighbourhood respecting the

character of the house, which she learned was decidedly bad. Alarmed for the safety of the girl, she returned to the place just as the young stranger was leaving the door, having engaged to serve for eight dollars per month, and to return immediately after getting her clothes. When informed by Mrs. Prior that the house was disreputable, she expressed much gratitude that the discovery had been made before she entered with her little all, adding that no price would induce her to return, as she preferred a virtuous life to great riches. The good old lady offered to procure a place for her, where her present and future interests would be cared for; but desired first to see the person at the intelligence office who could be instrumental in effecting the ruin of the innocent and unwary. After making her statements to him, he professed entire ignorance of the woman's device, and said he was happy to be informed, and would be cautious in future, though he had furnished the same woman with eight or ten servants per month, and had found it difficult to please the harpy, as she was very particular to have those sent, who (to use her own words) were "good-looking." The girl was provided for immediately in a pious family, where she still continues, very much respected, having learned to read—and has also given evidence of saving conversion. She ceases not to express her gratitude to Mrs. P., for the trouble and anxiety she manifested in her behalf, and by which alone she was rescued.

TIMELY VISIT.

SOME time ago, when Southwark was divided into districts by the visitors of the Auxiliary Bible Society, one district was found to contain such a depraved neighbourhood that it was spoken of as "the Forlorn Hope;" and for some time no individual would engage to visit it. At length, three highly respectable females, advanced in life, offered their services, and undertook the hopeless task. They met with various receptions; but, in general, were more successful in engaging the attention of the forlorn and wretched inmates than they had expected. On entering one house of the vilest description, they found in the first room into which they went, a young female, of a pleasing appearance, mixing something in a cup, which she put into a closet when she saw them. They conversed with her, and asked if she would accept a Testament, which she gladly received. They found she was the daughter of a clergyman; but, vain of her personal attractions, she had been betrayed into the wretched course of life in which they found her. She eagerly listened to all they said, and requested them to repeat their visit. They did so; and finding her anxious to leave the paths of wickedness and woe, they procured her admission into an asylum, and the event proved that she was indeed desirous to return to the paths of virtue.

Reader! the mixture which was in the cup, when these females entered the house on their visit of mercy, was poison! In a few short hours, in all

human probability, she would have departed to everlasting misery. She afterwards filled a situation of comfort and respectability, and was enabled to look forward with hope to a blissful eternity.

VILLANOUS ATTEMPT.

"ON Wednesday," says a New-York paper, "a young girl came to this city from Newark, alone and unattended, *to seek her fortune*, and obtain a situation. Practically ignorant of the wiles and wickedness of great cities, other than what she had heard at home, she accepted the services of a cabman, who was extremely anxious, as is usual at steamboat landings, to convey her and her luggage to any place whither she might wish to go. She told him she was a perfect stranger; and, in her country simplicity, told him she had come hither, and wanted to be driven to any respectable boarding-house, where she might remain for a while, till the intelligence-office keepers could be consulted. He told her that he could show her a cheap but fashionable boarding-house; and then drove her to a house of ill-fame in Mulberry-street, which she unsuspectingly entered. Luckily for her, another cabman, who had been standing near her at the dock, and heard what she said, obtained a passenger who was going in the same direction. On seeing the girl conveyed to such a destination he gave information to some of the police, who went thither and conducted her to a respectable house—thus doubtless saving her from a fate worse than death.

THE DANGER OF TRUSTING YOUNG FEMALES ALONE.

A young lady residing in the country, only sixteen years of age, having expressed a wish to visit her uncle in New-York, was sent by her father in a public conveyance, without any one to protect her, to that city. She arrived safely ; but when the driver inquired the number of the house where she wished to go, she could only remember the street. The driver, not wanting the trouble of looking for the house, set her down by Centre market, telling her that any of the market-women knew her uncle, and would direct her to him. She, poor child, perfectly ignorant of the wiles and snares of the unprincipled of this great city, asked a woman in the market if she knew the number of her uncle's house, telling her the street he lived in.

"Certainly," said she, "I know your uncle well, and will take you to him if you will wait until dinner-time."

The young lady consented to do so, and at twelve o'clock the woman took her to her own house to dinner, and kept putting off going, on pretence of having some work that she must finish. She kept her in this way until it was dark, when the poor girl, becoming much alarmed, again begged to be taken to her uncle. Her petition was unheeded ; and a gentleman coming in, a few minutes after, she was forced (regardless of her cries) into a room with him, where she was kept until morning. Her

anguish of mind was intense ; and as soon as she escaped from the house, she went to a druggist, and purchased a phial of laudanum, and was seen to drink the contents just as she left the store. The physician's wife, who had sold it to her, seeing her husband drive up at that moment, mentioned the circumstance to him, and he immediately, by the use of the stomach-pump, ejected the poisonous drug. On making inquiry, the young lady found that the kind friend, who saved her life, knew where her uncle lived,—was well acquainted with him, and knew him to be a highly respectable man. She was returned to her parents with a broken spirit. The wretches who accomplished all this were allowed to escape unpunished.

This statement is no fiction, but a fact, that occurred not long since, and of which there is unquestionable proof. Young ladies, beware of visiting the city alone.

F.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NUNNERY ABANDONED.

On the opposite side of the Alleghany, from Pittsburgh, on an imposing eminence, stands a large building, formerly occupied as a nunnery. The occasion of its abandonment is given in the following statement by the Richmond Telegraph, and may teach parents a salutary lesson, on the folly of placing their daughters in institutions *to which men under a vow of perpetual celibacy* have free access at all times; while the public, even the patrons, have but very imperfect knowledge of their interior discipline and arrangements :—

“An event has recently [now some years since] occurred, which has induced the whole sisterhood, with the priest, to abandon the buildings. A gentleman, residing at the East, had a daughter in the nunnery to be educated, with the expectation that she was to visit him occasionally. Much time elapsed, no visit was made, and not being able to get any satisfactory information respecting his daughter, he came to the nunnery to see her. The lady superior told him she was not at home; he insisted on knowing where she was, and was finally told that she was sick in bed, and could not be seen; he demanded a sight of her in a spirit which the

lady superior thought it imprudent to attempt to resist; and being shown to her room, behold, there was his once healthy and promising daughter, *with an infant*. His indignation was so aroused, that he uttered some threats in regard to the safety of the establishment; and the next morning not an individual was found there."

A READY REPLY.

A LADY who piqued herself on her skill in ridiculing the sentiments of the Trinitarians, meeting a poor but eminently pious man, with whom she had formerly been unusually affable, thus accosted him, "Friend O——, you worship three Gods, do you not? "Certainly not, madam," was the reply. "Nay," retorted the lady, with a sneer, "but you profess to have three, Father, Son, and Spirit; so I suppose you pray a little to the Father, a little to the Son, and a little to the Holy Ghost." The good man, shocked with such profane flippancy, replied, "I wish, madam, to pray always as did the apostle Paul,—'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with *us all*. Amen.'" This solemn answer, delivered with all the pathos a pious heart could inspire, ended at once the cavils of the lady.

A DREAM

IN general no attention is to be paid to dreams. They are but the vagaries of the imagination running riot, when reason no longer holds control.

But we must repudiate our Bibles before we assert that no dreams are providential or admonitory. "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon their bed. Then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." Job. xxxiii, 14-16.

A pious lady having occasion to go to the country on a visit to some friends, her road lay through a place where a gay acquaintance of hers lived. She called on her; and perceiving that she did not look well, and seemed a good deal flurried, she asked the reason. At first, she made light of it; but soon afterwards acknowledged that she was a little agitated with a foolish dream she had the night before, which she related as follows:—"In my sleep, I thought that I was in my dining-room, with a large party of friends, when a most frightful figure appeared at the window, and seemed as if it wanted to get in. I asked what it was, and being told it was Death, I was exceedingly alarmed, and begged they would keep him out; but in spite of all their efforts he forced his way in, and pointed his dart at me. I prayed earnestly that he would go away, and not hurt me; on which he said, that 'he would leave me for the present, but in *nine days* he would return, and take no denial.' After this, I thought I was carried to a beautiful place, where I saw an immense company of people, who all appeared to be exceedingly happy. I understood it was heaven; and felt greatly disappointed and astonished that I

did not find myself happy. I was not able to join in their employments, nor could I understand the cause of their joy. While I was musing on all this, one came to me, whom I supposed to be an angel. I asked him if this was heaven ?

"He answered, 'Yes.'

" 'How does it happen then,' said I, 'that I am not happy ?'

" 'Because,' he replied, 'it is not your place.'

"He then asked me how I came there ?

"I told him I did not know.

"On saying this, he conducted me to a door, which opening, I was instantly precipitated towards a most dreadful place, from which issued such doleful groans and piercing shrieks as awoke me from my sleep."

Having given this account of her dream, her visitor spoke to her very seriously, and advised her to consider it as a warning from God to attend to her best interests, and to prepare for death and eternity. Perhaps she would really die at the time when Death said he would return, and how sad would it be if she slighted the admonition, and was found unprepared !

This conversation was not relished ; and, to put an end to it, the poor, thoughtless lady rang her bell, and desired the servant to bring her some millinery articles, that had been sent home the day before, to show them to her friend, who, perceiving her design, very soon left her, and proceeded on her journey.

In a fortnight she returned the same way, and as she entered the place where her gay acquaintance resided, she met a splendid funeral, which she was told was her friend's, who had died on the very day mentioned in her dream.

PRESENTIMENT.

A poor woman, residing in a village in Bedfordshire, had occasion to go to another village, about three miles distant; and as she could not return before evening, it was agreed that her husband, who was a labouring man, should meet her as she returned home.

The night being extremely dark, she unfortunately missed her way, and her endeavours to find the path only led her so much the farther from it. Bewildered and alarmed, she wandered she knew not whither. In this distressing situation she walked about for some time, until completely fatigued and exhausted.

At this moment, it was strongly impressed upon her mind to sit down, and wait the return of morning, which she accordingly did; and on extending her feet, in order to obtain as much relief as possible for her weary limbs, they splashed in some water.

Ignorant of her real situation, and without one ray of light to direct her, her feelings may be more easily conceived than described: with the utmost anxiety she awaited the dawn of day, which discovered her perilous situation, on the bank of a deep

river, the Ouse, into which another step would inevitably have plunged her.

Being a pious woman, it is scarcely necessary to add, that she first acknowledged, with unfeigned gratitude, the hand of her gracious Preserver, and then made the best of her way home to her anxious husband.

HOSPITALITY.

THE lamented Mungo Park, when suffering under the pangs of hunger, rode up to the Dooty's house, in a Foulah village, but was denied admittance; nor could he even obtain a handful of corn either for himself or his horse.

"Turning," says he, "from this inhospitable door, I rode slowly out of the town; and perceiving some low Scotland huts without the walls, I directed my steps towards them—knowing that in Africa, as well as in Europe, hospitality does not always prefer the highest dwellings. At the door of one of these huts, an old, motherly-looking woman sat spinning cotton. I made signs to her that I was hungry, and inquired if she had any victuals with her in the hut. She immediately laid down her distaff, and desired me, in Arabic, to come in. When I had seated myself on the floor, she set before me a dish of kouskous that had been left the preceding night, of which I made a tolerable meal; and, in return for this kindness, I gave her one of my pocket-handkerchiefs, begging, at the same time, a little corn for my horse, which

she readily brought me. Overcome with joy at so unexpected a deliverance, I lifted up my eyes to heaven ; and, whilst my heart swelled with gratitude, I returned thanks to that gracious and bountiful Being, whose power had supported me under so many dangers, and had now spread for me a table in the wilderness."

THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH.

"THE present number in the girls' school," says Mrs. Mault, in a letter from the East Indies, "is fifty-eight ; and some of them are interesting children. About one-third of these girls are slaves ; and as the children of slaves here are always the property of the mother's master, we have formed the resolution, that each girl, by her own industry, shall purchase her freedom before she leaves the school. It will give you some idea in what light slaves are viewed by the higher castes, who are their masters, when I mention one circumstance :—A girl in the school had become big enough to work in her master's field ; he therefore came to make his claim to her. I asked him if it would not be well for her to learn to read ? and whether he should not allow her to do so ?

"He replied : 'It may be well for you to instruct her, as you will get a better place in heaven thereby ; but it is enough for me if my bullocks and slaves do the work required in the fields !'

"Here you see man, who is immortal, classed with the brute which perisheth. And this is not a

solitary instance ; for the lower classes in society here are not allowed to enjoy even the same privileges as cows, and some other of the brute creation !”

GOD WAS IN CHRIST.

A sick woman said to the Rev. Richard Cecil:—

“ Sir, I have no notion of God. I can form no notion of him. You talk to me about him, but I cannot get a single idea that seems to contain anything.”

“ But you know how to conceive of Jesus Christ as a man,” replied Mr. Cecil ; “ God comes down to you in him, full of kindness and condescension.”

“ Ah ! sir, that gives me something to lay hold on. There I can rest. I understand God in his Son.”

“ God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.”

INFANTICIDE.

WHEN Messrs. Tyerman and Bennett visited Mata-vai, one of the South Sea Islands, Mr. Nott, one of the missionaries there, assured them, that three-fourths of the children were wont to be murdered as soon as they were born, by one or other of the unnatural parents, or by some person employed for that purpose—wretches being found who might be called infant-assassins by trade. He mentioned having met a woman, soon after the abolition of the diabolical practice, to whom he said :—

"How many children have you!"

"This one on my arm," was her answer.

"And how many did you kill?"

She replied, "Eight!"

Another woman, to whom the questions were put, confessed that she had destroyed seventeen! Nor were these solitary cases. Sin was so effectually doing its own work in these dark places of the earth, that, full as they were of the habitations of cruelty and wickedness, war, profligacy, and murder were literally exterminating a people unworthy to live; and soon would the cities have been wasted without inhabitants, the houses without a man, and the land been utterly desolate;—but the Gospel stepped in, and the plague was stayed. Now the mothers nurse their infants with the tenderest affection.

SIGNAL DELIVERANCE.

THE infant of a Swiss peasant in the Canton du Vaud, was one day left by his mother with two older brothers, one of whom was an idiot, and the other dumb. She had scarcely left them, when they strayed away from their little dwelling to play among the rocks. Returning home the mother could not find them; but after a short search she discovered the two elder children, but the infant was nowhere to be seen. On the same day, however, that the accident took place, a huntsman had stationed himself in ambuscade, near an eagle's nest, to wait for a shot at the bird, as he approached his

eyrie. After having watched for some hours, with that characteristic patience which distinguishes the Swiss hunter, he at length perceived one of these monarchs of the Alps approaching slowly towards the rocks, appearing twice as large as an ordinary eagle. The hunter's surprise was extreme, when, on a nearer approach, he saw that the bird carried a child in his talons. He heard its cries, and clearly distinguished its face. He had but one course to adopt, nor did he hesitate to employ it, that of shooting the eagle. He put up a prayer to God, took aim at the bird, and fired. The shot took effect, and the eagle fell dead, shot through the head. The hunter recovered the child, and carried it home to the unhappy mother. The boy was much torn by the eagle's talons, but none of his wounds were mortal.

"THERE ARE NO GRAVES THERE"

"LATE in the afternoon of a beautiful summer day," says one, "I entered a quiet graveyard, where slept one of my dearest friends. It occupied the brow of a hill, which, with many a knoll, and graceful undulation, sloped to the green meadow, watered by a winding stream, now catching, at its repeated curves, the rays of the setting sun. On the left was a pleasant wood, where the sturdy pine and fruit-bearing beech concealed narrow paths to cool caves and mossy banks. White birches, and the tremulous aspen, with the sweet-scented willow,

grew upon the right, and from beyond rose the curling smoke from the cottage homes. A robin sang its song of love and praise, a sparrow passed me bearing food to its little progeny, and the chirp of the merry grasshopper mingled with the hum of hundreds of flitting insects. But for this peace-breathing scene I had no greeting. The wild storm, thunder, and rain, and darkness, had seemed more welcome; and, yielding utterly to my grief, I threw myself upon the sod. I took no heed of time, but many minutes must have passed, when a child approached me. She looked on me tenderly for an instant, and then said, earnestly looking upwards, *'There are no graves there!'*

"There was something almost seraphic in the countenance of the child; a power, not of earth, in her quick and undoubting faith. My eye sought the blue depths to which she pointed; my heart bounded towards the Infinite. All the representations of the Gospel, adapted as they are to soothe and cheer, came to me so vivid, so truthful, so full of meaning, that they absorbed my whole soul. The abundant promises seemed to glow with the hues of that heaven from whence they came. I perceived the selfishness of my sorrow; and, kneeling, I thanked God that he had transferred my loved one to himself. Often since then have I looked upon the resting-places of my kindred; often has there come over me a sense of utter and hopeless desolation; often has an agony, like that of death, turned to bitterness the continued blessings of my lot;—yet, when the

first burst of grief has passed, I hear again the soul-cheering words, '*There are no graves there!*'"

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY IN CANADA.

ABOUT this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M——, a respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children. She thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied; and, therefore, took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off except a little furniture.

After the sale was over, I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state in that lonely house she could hardly enjoy.

"O no," she said, "not unprotected—far from it! You forget," she continued, with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of Him who careth for the fatherless and the widow, and I feel quite confident that He will protect us."

And he did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful manner. The farm house was a solitary one—there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there

was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children, and a maid-servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast. This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in the front of the house, immediately beneath the bed-chamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own.

She immediately arose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy ; still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door, leading into the kitchen, whence she thought that the noise she first heard had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the door, which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation—when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the

dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident from the occasional yelping of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it.

The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M—— could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastenings of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could.

They then dressed themselves—for to think of sleeping any more that night, was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess.

He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied—after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterwards.

They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged. It was a very

singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village ; and when my wife and I called upon them, Mrs. M—— reminded me that, when I last saw her, she had told me they were not unprotected.

PIETY RESPECTED.

THE Duke of Norfolk had in his service a female, a Methodist. One of the superior servants complained to the duke, that this woman was too religious, and that she lost too much of her time in going to the chapel. The duke asked where she went to ; and was answered, " To Bury."

" What ! a *woman* walk four miles to a place of worship ! It is too far. I desire, in future, that the boy may drive her every Sunday in the gig. She is right in worshipping the Almighty, where and how she thinks best."

THE PERILS OF FALSEHOOD.

In the beautiful language of an eminent writer, " When once a concealment of deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as the day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum, which you have once pressed in your hand." How true is this, and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind !

Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is certain to lead to

many serious crimes. With partners in trade—with partners in life—with friends—with lovers—how important is confidence! How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in the intercourse between such parties! How much misery would have been avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been controlling motives, instead of prevarications and deceit! “Any vice,” said a parent, “any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child should commit an error, or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived, and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming exposure may come.”

THE OLD MAN AND THE PRINCESS.

THERE were once assembled, in Dr. Michael Schupach's laboratory, a great many distinguished persons—some to consult him, and some out of curiosity; among them were many French ladies and gentlemen, and a Russian prince, with his daughter, whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous doctor; but the latter, though not acquainted with the French language, answered so cleverly, that the marquis had not the laugh on his side.

During the conversation, there entered an old peasant, meanly dressed, with a snow-white beard, a neighbour of Schuppach's. The doctor directly turned away from his great company, to aid his old neighbour; and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and, therefore, chose to turn his jokes against the old man, who was waiting while his neighbour, Michael, was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly observations upon his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'or, that none of the ladies would kiss the old fellow. The Russian princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a salver. The princess put twelve louis d'or on it, and had it carried to the marquis, who, of course, could not decline to add twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant and said, "Permit me, venerable father, to salute you after the manner of my country." Saying this, she embraced him, and gave him a kiss. She then presented him with the gold which was on the salver, with these words, "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a proof that the Russian girls think it their duty to honour old age."

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

How inestimable a gift is reason, and yet how often do we forget the debt of gratitude we owe for it! The incident given below from the Charleston Courier, is replete with melancholy instruction:—

In the morning train from Petersburg, there was a lady, closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly-embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times, when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the cars all was confusion; passengers looking to their baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely features we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and

clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven! What agony was in that look! What beauty, too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been stamped upon it! Alas! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

" She was changed
As by the sickness of her soul ; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth ; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things,
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat ; but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation. Suddenly a wild melody arose ; it was the beautiful maniac's voice—rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she waved her body as she sung with touching pathos :—

" She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying !

" She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !"

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept as only man can weep. The air changed, and she continued :—

“Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o’er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet!
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I’ll weep with thee tear for tear.”

She then sung a fragment of the beautiful hymn,

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

Another attempt to rise up was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look, with a plaintive “Save me, my brother! save your sister!” that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. We say scarcely, for there was one man (was he a man?) who called on the conductor to “put her out of the car.” He received the open scorn of the company. His insensibility to such a scene of distress almost defies belief; and yet this is, in every particular, an “*ower* true tale.” Should he ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of his brutality!

Again the poor benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn sacred airs :—

“O, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?”

and continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James river, the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies' cabin." His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation ; and no one dared intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away for the shore with the unhappy pair, en route for the asylum at ——. She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk. They were gone!—that brother, with his broken heart ; that sister, with her melancholy union of beauty and madness.

ALMOST FATAL

A NURSERY-MAID in a family had often been forbidden to take the children into the kitchen ; and as she frequently transgressed this injunction, she had, more than once, received such rebukes as led her to reckon her mistress a proud, passionate person, whom it was impossible to please. It happened that the mistress was from home, when the nurse-maid, bringing in the children from a walk, instead of obeying her orders, and proceeding at once to the nursery, first went to indulge in a minute's gossip in the kitchen ; and, to rest her arms, set down a

child of a year and a half old on the dresser. The child being hot and thirsty, hastily took up a china tea-cup which stood on the dresser, and began to drink; but, in an instant, dashed away the cup, and screamed in agony. The thoughtless housemaid had just obtained from the apprentice a little vitriol to clean her coal-scuttle, and had incautiously put it in this improper place. The equally thoughtless nurse-maid, by disobeying her mistress's orders, thus endangered the life of the child. The consequences would, probably, have proved fatal, had not the father, a medical gentleman, been on the spot, to afford immediate assistance.

For very Young Ladies.

TWO NOBLE-HEARTED CHILDREN.

It is a beautiful sight, when children treat each other with kindness and love, as is related in the following little story:—

“Last evening, (says the narrator,) I took supper with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents, and myself, were sitting in the room together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard drawing his cart about.

“The mother went out and brought in some peaches; a few of which were large, red-cheeked, rare-ripes—the rest small, ordinary peaches. The father handed me one of the rare-ripes, gave one to the mother, and then one of the best to his little daughter, who was eight years old. He then took

one of the smaller ones, and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her brother. He was four years old. Lydia went out, and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in."

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father again, a little more sharply.

"No, father," said she, "I did not give him that."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"What! did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.

"Yes, I did, father," said she, "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give?" asked the father, rather sternly.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.

"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she; and her bosom began to heave, and her chin to quiver.

"But you were, my daughter," said he.

"I thought you would not be displeased with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give brother the biggest peach;" and the tears rolled down her cheeks. "But I want you to give the best things to brother," said the noble girl.

"Why?" asked the father, scarcely able to contain himself.

"Because," answered the dear, generous sister, "I love him so—I always feel best, when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my precious daughter," said the father, as he fondly and proudly folded her in his arms. "You are right, and you may be certain your happy father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your affectionate little brother. He is a dear and noble little boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you do him?"

"Yes, father," said the little girl, "I think he does, for when I offered him the largest peach, he would not take it, and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A BELOVED minister of the Gospel was one day speaking of that active, living faith, which should at all times cheer the heart of the sincere followers of Jesus, and related a beautiful illustration that had just occurred in his own family.

He had gone into a cellar, which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door; but on looking down all was dark, and she called:

"Are you down cellar, papa?"

"Yes ; would you like to come, Mary ?"

"It is dark—I can't come down, papa."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me ; and if you will drop yourself I will catch you."

"O ! I shall fall ; I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, and then advanced a little farther ; then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms. A few days after, she again discovered the cellar door open, and supposing her father to be there, she called :

"Shall I come again, papa ?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arm toward her, when, in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms ; and clasping his neck, said :

"I knew, dear papa, I should not fall."

THE END.









